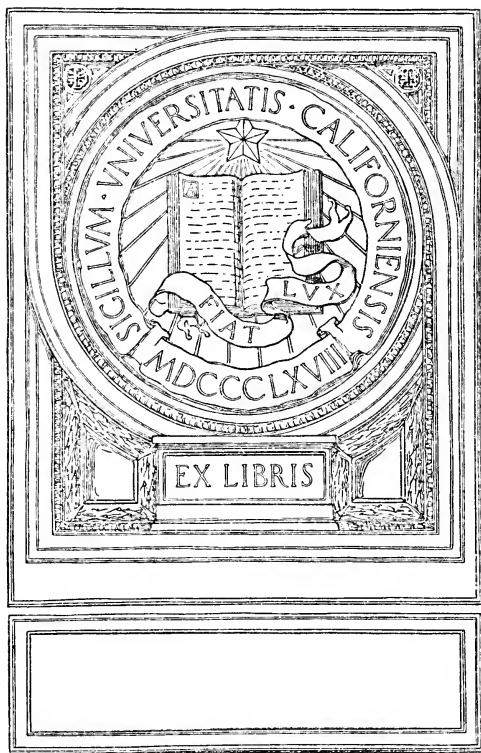


THE LYON CAMPAIGN

THE
HISTORY OF THE
LYON CAMPAIGN
IN THE
WORLD OF
THE
LYON CAMPAIGN



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General Order }
No 5 }

Head Quarters
Department of the West
St Louis Arsenal May 31-1861

Brig^d Genl Harney
having relinquished command of
this Department pursuant Special
Order No 135 of May 16th 1861 from
the Adjutant General's Office, the
undersigned assumes command
thereof, which thus devolves upon him.

N. Lyon.
Brig^d Genl
W. L. Pol.
Com'g

[The original is in possession of the author.]

THE LYON CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI.

BEING A HISTORY OF

THE FIRST IOWA INFANTRY

And of the causes which led up to its
organization, and how it earned
the thanks of Congress,
which it got.

TOGETHER

With a birdseye view of the conditions
in Iowa preceding the great
Civil War of 1861.

BY

E. F. WARE,

A private soldier in Company "E"
of said regiment.

War is the schooling of the nations.

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
CRANE & COMPANY,
TOPEKA, KANSAS,
1867.

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PREFACE.

IN the FIRST IOWA INFANTRY the writer of this book was a private soldier. He desires to give a history of the Regiment, and feels that he cannot do so in a proper way without drawing a brief picture of the conditions that preceded the great conflict, so that the reader may understand what was done and why it was done. The story of the great war is not understandable unless one knows the conditions of society at the time, the feelings of the people, and the facts which preceded the first enlistments.

The story of the FIRST IOWA INFANTRY is typical. It was the first body of troops which the State sent out. The Regiment came up to expectation; it brought glory to the State; it set the pace to all other regiments that came after it, and became a matter of State pride. It was a three-months regiment, which served and fought battles after the term of enlistment had expired. Almost all of the survivors afterwards enlisted in other regiments. Most became officers and fought through the war or were killed. When the great Civil War had closed, not many were left of the FIRST IOWA INFANTRY,

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and at the regimental reunions which came afterwards but few were in attendance, and such as did attend were mostly those who had become officers of other Iowa regiments subsequently organized.

The writer of this book served entirely through the war in Iowa regiments, and he cannot write the story of the FIRST IOWA INFANTRY without going somewhat into details, because he wishes to write a true history; and history without details is neither comprehensible nor philosophic.

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THE LYON CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER 1.

Early Iowa.—The Mississippi River.—Saint Louis.—Rivers and River Towns.—Politics and Population.—The Mexican War.—Abolitionists.—Slavery Discussion.—The Germans.—The Irish.—Whisky.—Tobacco.—Money and Exchange.

An Opening Statement may be pardoned here, because it is pertinent and illustrates what will follow. My grandfather, born in Massachusetts, moved to Maine when it was part of Massachusetts; and my father was born there. My grandfather was a merchant cooper, and engaged in making barrels wholesale for the West India trade. My father moved to Connecticut at an early day. My mother was born in Connecticut, and was married in Hartford, where I was born.

While Iowa was a Territory my father and mother moved there to one of the busy cities on the Mississippi River. I was a young lad, but I remember many incidents of the trip. I remember traveling on the stage-coaches, the steamboats and the canal-boats. I well remember how finely upholstered and fixed up the canal passenger-boats were, and how the horses on the towline were whipped up, and how the dancing on the deck prolonged itself late at night, while the fiddler chewed to-

bacco and looked into the canal. I did not see a railroad until several years after.

The River Towns of Iowa were kept busy by the steamboats. Some of the amusements were furnished by floating circuses and theaters towed up and down by the steamboats. Barges and flatboats borne by the current were continually descending the river with extra men who were going on cheap passages to St. Louis or New Orleans. Those who had been to New Orleans had great stories to tell of adventures going and coming. St. Louis was the great metropolis. It did the business for the river points above. Merchandise upstream was carried on steamboats. Every wholesale house in St. Louis was also an insurance company. To every bill of goods was attached an item for drayage and an item for insurance. Different merchants had different rates of insurance upon goods which they sold and shipped. It was one of the matters of bargain in buying goods. If the goods were lost in transit, the merchant duplicated the bill. The river towns seemed to be settled up by people from along other rivers. The style of up-river architecture was derived from St. Louis. There was a strange and quaint style of building and roofing, but it had disappeared entirely before 1850. The boys who were my playmates would talk about the Sciota River, the Muskingum, the Alleghany, the Big Sandy, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee. It seemed as if every boy had lived on a river; they were all loyal to their rivers, and the boys would fight over the question whether or not the Alleghany was

bigger than the Muskingum; and over the size of the boats that could go up either.

The city where my father settled in Iowa was, in politics, Democratic. Whigs were few and their influence waning. The State gave Democratic majorities. My first recollection of political discussion was upon the right and wrong of the war with Mexico. Our preacher said the Mexican war was wrong, and that it was provoked by the South for the purpose of getting additional slave territory. Others were strong in their denunciations of the attitude of our government against Mexico. When the returned soldiers talked about Buena Vista and Chapultepec, there were those who would say that the United States forces ought to have been whipped.

My father used to say that when he was a sailor on the Pacific they once sailed into the bay of San Francisco, and an English sailor looking over the bay said: "In this magnificent bay sometime there will be more ships than in any harbor in the world." So my father rejoiced that the Mexican war had ended with as little bloodshed and as great an accumulation of territory as it did, especially of San Francisco Bay, but he was very strongly opposed to slavery. The boys played the "Battle of Buena Vista," and the fights which were constantly taking place among the boys had some supposed reference to and representation of the Mexican war. Fighting was so common and continuous among the boys that parents took no notice of it.

The sugar of that day was a brown sugar that came up in steamboats from Louisiana in hogsheads. It was rolled ashore

upon the wharf and was emptied out of the hogsheads there, by shovels, into barrels which were weighed and marked and placed in warehouses, the hogsheads being too large for convenient handling. In these hogsheads were short stalks of sugar-cane among the sugar, and the boys who were always playing on the wharf, catching fish and swimming, ate the refuse sugar scraped from the sides of these hogsheads and fought each other with the stalks of cane. I remember upon one of these occasions getting into a fight and being called an "Abolitionist" and being pounded up pretty well with some stalks of cane. I went to my father and asked him what an "Abolitionist" was, and was duly informed.

The discussion concerning slave territory and slavery grew more and more rabid. I well remember in 1850, when nine years of age, a number of very heated discussions on the slavery question growing out of "Compromise" legislation in Congress. My father had taken and always did take, during the life of Horace Greeley, the *New York Weekly Tribune*, and it was the political Bible of our house. This was supplemented by the *Independent*, a religious newspaper of the same type. My father used to take me around with him, and it seemed to me that he was constantly engaged in the discussion of the slavery question, and somebody either on one side or the other was talking about the United States Constitution. Both sides seemed to think that the constitution was in very great peril.

My Old Grandfather had in the meantime moved from Maine to Iowa. He had seen military service during his younger days,

and he was greatly perturbed at the condition of things. He used to say that the country could not hold together much longer. My grandmother, who came West with him, was a great reader of the Bible. She never cared to read anything else but it and the *Weekly New York Independent*, and she was constantly finding passages in Holy Writ which indicated that there was to be a great war and that the country was to be divided and never come together again, like the tribes of Israel. The good old lady died before the opening of the war.

I well remember traveling on a passenger canal-boat in Illinois, and how the passengers, siding up on the canal-boat, upon the slavery question, had a joint debate. The progress of the canal-boat through the water was so silent that a joint debate was easily carried on, and it was carried on all day, and at night my father quarreled with a man for two hours more on the slavery question.

Two military companies existed in our town, one composed of Germans and the other of Irish. They were both fiercely pugnacious,—the Germans having a little more fight than the other. The Germans talked about the Revolution of 1848 in Germany; they were mostly military refugees. They had festivals and balls and literary exercises, which, as I now remember, would have done credit to an Eastern city instead of a frontier town. There were men among them who were called Colonels and Majors, perhaps from the rank which they had occupied in the German insurrection. They were, as a rule, a very high-grade class of citizens, although essentially German, and apparently very

desirous of retaining their language, usages and customs. The Irish, on the other hand, were coarser. They did not plant vineyards and have literary exercises. They were boisterous, and yet among them were some very notable people. I remember one who wore the Victorian cross for bravery in battle in India, and he said the cross was pinned on him by the Queen herself, which I have no doubt was the fact. He seemed to be the leading spirit among the Irish. So that when there were festive occasions and these two military companies paraded, they paraded separately, and when the thing was over and military discipline at an end, there was liable to be a fight, and generally a fight that was stubborn. The Germans had their Turner halls and Turner exercises, and they were all athletes. They used to have gardens where they had speaking and where they drank native wine and beer. It was about all that a man's life was worth to disturb one of these occasions. I remember one time, in an ill-advised moment, that I joined as a boy a party of Irish yeomanry who thought it would be a good idea to go down and break up the exercises. After having been thrown over a high-board fence, I was never guilty again of such an indiscretion.

Whisky in those days was exceedingly common. It was manufactured at many places and occupied the same relation to other business that the manufacture of cider does now, and the then price of whisky coincided with the present price of cider. Some large stores kept it free for their customers. I remember a large retail store in which they kept a barrel of it with a movable head and a tin cup hanging from a chain. People went in

there and would dip up a cupful and drink it and go on talking the same as if it were lemonade.

New whisky which was clear like water sold for fifteen or twenty cents a gallon. It was found, as near as I can now remember, about everywhere. But there had grown up against it considerable sentiment in favor of restricting its use, and I remember temperance meetings, but there were few restrictions possible. Everybody could make it; everybody could get it, and everybody could drink it. Beer came in much later, and its use was very much limited at first. Beer did not seem to suit public taste. In those days the great moral reform crusade was against gambling;—intemperance was secondary.

Nearly everybody used tobacco. As I now judge, it appears to me that nine men out of every ten chewed tobacco. Cigars were long and coarsely made. There was no tax; not much skill in the manufacture, and good cigars, as taste then ran, could be had for a cent apiece. The only man who did not use tobacco that I can recollect, was our Congregational preacher.

The Money of the Country was in private banks. The banking business was profitable because there was so much made in "exchange." It was very difficult to convey money from West of the Mississippi to New York or Boston. My father was engaged in business, and when his trading-point changed from St. Louis to Boston, it was very difficult for him to get the right kind of money to take to Boston. Different kinds of money were subject to different kinds of discount. There were perhaps five hundred banks that emitted currency, and the money was

worth from ten cents a dollar to par, and the skill of the banker consisted in his being able, *first*, to tell a "counterfeit," which was about as common as the genuine money; and, *second*, to tell what, upon any particular day, the currency of any certain bank was worth. So, in buying a bill of goods, if the purchaser handed my father a bill which he was not familiar with, he immediately sent out and asked the bank what it was worth, and if the bank said it was worth eighty-five cents on the dollar, it went at that figure, and every week my father received a printed folio publication, a large one, called "The Counterfeit Detector," in which the salient points of each counterfeit upon each kind of bill issued by each bank was set forth. It was a voluminous magazine. An inquest was hourly held in every store over some bill, with a magnifying-glass, and the various persons present, after reading "The Counterfeit Detector," would pass judgment on the bill. My father lost considerable money from time to time in the value of money depreciating overnight, so it was his wont to deposit every dollar he had in some bank overnight; and the bank book had a double column; one column for "specie" and one for "currency." The depositor had the right to get out of the bank as much specie as he had put into it and no more. American silver was quite scarce and Mexican dollars were a very common currency. The Mexican dollar was cut up into eight pieces with chisels and these pieces were called "bits." This was a portion of the subsidiary coinage. A Mexican half-dollar was cut into four and a Mexican quarter-dollar was cut into two. So that everything went by dollars and

"bits," and four bits and six bits were much easier expressions than fifty cents and seventy-five cents. I remember in my boyhood to have seen many of these bits; but the United States endeavored to supply the people with fractional coinage, and finally succeeded. Afterwards the habit of using "bits" in matters of price remained in expression, and probably will for many years to come. There used to be people pointed out of whom it was said that they had cut a dollar up into nine bits, instead of eight.

My father at one time, returning from an absence, brought back a box of five-franc pieces, about forty pounds avoirdupois. They all went in with the Mexican dollars as dollars, but they cost in New Orleans only ninety-five cents each. All hoarding was done with silver or with gold, but gold in business was scarce. I saw but very little of it before the war. It was impossible to hoard any of the paper currency. It was unwise to keep it overnight. Each State seemed to have its favorite currency. If a person was traveling in Illinois he inquired as to the favorite currency of Illinois, and took "Illinois money." If he went to St. Louis he took "Missouri money," if he could get it; and the banks kept their clerks sorting out money all the time, either running the banks together of a State, or the money of a certain bank together. The teller who took in the money at a bank did not have as much work as the assistants, who were constantly sorting money, and if a person was going to travel, he would go to the bank and get the money of the State he was to visit, and the bank would charge him "exchange." I remember when my

father was going East once, he went to the bank to know what he could get Massachusetts money for, or a draft on Massachusetts, and they told him twenty-five per cent. My father said that he would not pay one-fourth of the money to have it taken there.

Banks were constantly being organized for the purpose of unloading onto a community the money which the bank would invent; and I remember it stated when I was a boy that an Iowa man of our town had got up a bank in North Carolina, and, together with one in which he was interested in Iowa, they sent their money respectively from one bank to the other for circulation, so that the Iowa money was circulated in North Carolina, and the North Carolina money was circulated in Iowa. Nevertheless, there were some banks and some bankers who aspired to great credit, and who kept their paper good and who pretended always to redeem in Mexican dollars, throwing in occasionally American gold, and who arranged to have their notes, when presented, paid by banks in St. Louis or Cincinnati, that is to say, redeemed in the currency of those banks, but not in specie. A bank that issued money that a person could take to St. Louis and put in a bank there, and get out the bills of the St. Louis bank, had established a great credit. This condition of things continued up until the Civil War. The following is from the Burlington *Hawk-Eye* as late as May 8, 1861:

“Persons remitting money to us will save themselves and us trouble by sending no Wisconsin money. We can’t sell it at

any price. This is also true of the discredited Illinois currency. We can use no Illinois currency except of banks printed in the list at the head of this paper, and we only bind ourselves to take it if we can use the money when it reaches here. We cannot be responsible for breakage on the way."

The list referred to is of 34 banks in various parts of Illinois.

CHAPTER 2.

Pistols and Game.—Schools.—Indians.—Free Negroes.—Rifles and Target-Shooting.—Shooting for Beef and Turkeys.—Fishing and Ferry-Boats.—The River Pilots.—The Stage-Drivers.—The Professional Gamblers.—Boots and Shoes.—Counterfeiters.—Gambling.—Stage-Driving.

The Emigration Prior to 1856 was constant and strong. People were coming on every steamboat and in multitudes of covered wagons. It seemed to me, as I now remember, that the settlements were made up of about one-half Americans and one-half foreigners.

Some few people went armed, but in those days the pistol was somewhat harmless, and mercifully spared its victim. The only pistol of that day that would do much good was what was called a "dueling pistol"; I well remember Virginia farmers and Kentucky farmers, who lived in the neighborhood, had dueling pistols, two in a box. Some of the country boys used to steal out those dueling pistols and go a squirrel-hunting with me from time to time. The squirrels in those days in the forests were very numerous; turkeys, deer, coons and possums could always be had, and now and then a bear. Ducks and geese in spring and fall were seen in myriads; blackbirds and pigeons at times filled the sky and blackened the air, and there was no boy who could not go out any day and catch his weight in fish. Sport was one of the habits of the people. The boys went on camp-hunts, and although mere boys, they would take

along forty cents' worth of whisky and ten cents' worth of tobacco, which, as prices then ran, was enough for the whole party for the whole trip. The farmers—and there were many who were wealthy, or at least aspired to a sort of baronial way of living—had many dogs, and fox-hunting was very common. To start on some moonlight evening after supper on a fox-hunt and chase foxes all night was the way-up thing to do. A bon-fire in the morning at which some coffee was made, and the hunt declared off and the whole event discussed, was the end of the occasion.

Schools were not much organized. I made considerable progress in a log school-house in which I was taught by a young lady who afterwards became the wife of a man who became a millionaire, and who used to speak affectionately of her teaching experience. I remember a little blue-eyed girl in that log cabin who musingly asked why she could not go and play in the water with the boys. It was the Mississippi. She is now educating her grandchildren in Paris. From that log school-house there have come several millionaires, and other men well known in the United States. The studies were few, but it seemed as if the principal theory of teaching then, in the log school-houses, was to educate the memory. I have often since thought that the teaching of those days did much more good than it does now, because, after all, memory is about the most necessary faculty to be improved. The person who can remember ten per cent. more than another of what happens every year will in ten years have gained a hundred per cent. more than the

other and be much better équipped. Concerning the higher and later schools I will speak hereinafter.

The Indians were constantly on exhibition in the streets, coming and going, trading moccasins and various ornamental work in the stores for something to eat or drink. One could always find Indians somewhere on the streets, and they seemed to conduct themselves fairly well. I remember to have seen several of them drunk, and seen the excitement on the street caused by their arrest and confinement. There were many half-Indian and half-white children playing in the streets, talking both Indian and English and seeming to enjoy life as much as any other children. There were very few colored people, and they consisted generally of slaves who had been manumitted by their masters, after being brought to Iowa. A black person was obliged to have some protector. It was a constant occurrence that they were kidnapped and carried South and sold back into slavery, where they could not extricate themselves. They were not allowed in slavery to read or write or send off letters, and hence slave-stealing was a profession; so it was that a colored person was obliged to have a white person as a guardian and was obliged to stay close at home. Every once in a while there was something very gallant about some of those old slave-owners. They had moved from slave territory and had brought their slaves with them and freed them. One of these men would be on the street and somebody would start a quarrel with this man's "nigger," and then trouble would begin of the very worst description. The man would fight for his "nigger"

the same as he would for his dog or his baby, and when a person abused a "nigger" of one of these men, that person had a fight on his hands, sure.

I remember of Cassius M. Clay coming to our town and making a violent and vindictive speech against slavery. He held in his hand half a lemon which he occasionally bit, and then he would lapse off in perorations that would make the crowd howl and yell. I remember in this speech of hearing the first alliterative expression about "ballots and bullets." All that I can remember of his speech is that he said slavery was a curse to his State of Kentucky, because, he said, every black man that came in kept a white man out.

The Amusements of that Day were generally out of doors. In addition to what I have described, there was on all occasions and upon all holidays competitive rifle-shooting. The country was full of the old pioneers, and the rifle of those days was a home-made weapon practically. Every town had a man who was considered the best man in the country to make a good rifle. I have watched rifles made by hand a great many times. Everybody seemed to have his favorite style, and a person was measured for a gun the same as he would be now for a suit of clothes. The rifle was made in length, size and weight proportionate to the strength and height of the individual; so some one person would want a rifle with a three-and-a-half-foot barrel to weigh nine pounds, and to shoot a ball say fourteen to the pound, and to have so many revolutions in the twist, and he ordered his gun so made, the same as now a person would order an over-

coat made, with precise description. Every marksman seemed to have his own ideas as to the length of barrel, twist, and weight of bullet. The bullets went by the pound. One person would say, "I would not have a gun that did not shoot a bullet forty to the pound," while others agreed upon sixty or some other number, and when a person showed his favorite gun the first question was, "How many does it run to the pound?" or in briefer terms, "What does she run?" I remember on one occasion an old gentleman borrowing a chew of tobacco; the person from whom it was borrowed expressed a good deal of surprise at the size of the chew which was bitten off; the man apologetically observed, "My mouth runs four chews to the pound."

The Germans were, of all foreigners, the ones who seemed most devoted to shooting, and they had their target societies that would compete in shooting against the hunters and trappers and pioneers; so that shooting for beef and shooting for turkeys was constantly going on, and every person shot with his own gun. "Shooting for beef" was simply that some person would kill a fat animal and put up the quarters, to be shot for, at say ten cents a shot, more or less; at a distance of one hundred yards, more or less. The person making the best "string" to get the quarter of beef. If a person took a dollar's worth of shots, ten shots at ten cents a shot, and shot at the target, they measured the distance of each bullet-hole from the center of the target, and if the ten shots aggregated a distance of, say, ten inches, that was his "string." The person who made the shortest "string" got the beef, and it was always a matter of

fun to see the man shoulder the quarter of beef and walk off with it. In shooting for beef, everybody carried his own target, which consisted of a board drawn and decorated according to the taste of the shooter, and this board the shooter carried home with him for exhibition if the "string" was a good one. Hence, people had their boards as trophies of the shooting that they had done on certain occasions. I remember one time, when some persons in a store one evening were telling wonderful and fanciful stories about their adventures with Indians and game, an old gentleman who had listened somewhat reflectingly for some time got up and walked out of the room, saying, "Well, I will take in my board," which was construed by those present to mean that there was no use of his attempting to engage in a lying contest with the balance of them. Once in a while some particularly good marksman would be "barred." For instance, on Fourth of July handbills would be circulated that John Smith up at Distillery Point would have shooting for beef, ten cents a shot; distance, one hundred yards; free for all except Tom Jones, or free for all guns under four-foot barrel, or with some other limitation which suited the proprietor of the occasion. It was a matter of great pride to a man to be "barred." Shooting for turkeys was more fun. The turkey was put in a box just high enough for him to stand in and put his head out through a hole in the top. He was generally moving his head, and the box was put at a distance of 125 yards, and for a certain specified sum any man could shoot at the turkey. I have frequently seen two wagon-loads of turkeys go off in an after-

noon, and it used to appear to me that the best shots were those who belonged to the German military company. There were many professional hunters who were very fine shots, but there were several of the Germans who held them even. I remember one time a German, of whom I had been taking German lessons at the request of my father, shot the heads off of six turkeys in succession, and he gave me one to carry home.

The Mississippi River was a wide and deep river, and the first ferry-boats were run with horsepower. They would start with a load and then slowly jog upstream until by going across diagonally they could reach their landing on the opposite shore. These horse ferry-boats were always crowded with people, and owing to the kindness and indulgence of the owners the boys could always fish from the ferry-boat. The result was that some boy was always hauling out a large catfish. I remember straggling home one afternoon with two large catfish, one in each hand, their tails dragging on the ground, and I so exhausted before I got home that I had to stop and guard the catfish until somebody came who could help me on the trip. Afterwards, steam ferries were introduced, and afterwards the river was bridged.

Three classes of persons seemed to lay on the most style in the community. They were the *river pilots*, the *stage-drivers*, and the professional *gamblers*. The professional gambler was a man whom I will always well remember. He wore black broadcloth, with heavy gold watch-chains and highly polished boots. In those days everybody wore boots. Shoes appear to have

been a subsequent invention. I never wore a pair of shoes until I went into the army (1861).

The arrest of counterfeiters was very frequent. The business of counterfeiting was one which involved a great amount of talent. I have on various occasions seen officers go by with counterfeiters all dressed in black the same as the gamblers. The two professions ran together. The gamblers generally traveled on the Mississippi river steamboats and gambled until for some act they were put off. If they were unusually lucky and had won a great deal of money, the captain would push them off on the first landing, if they would not return the money *when demanded by the loser*; most losers would not demand it back. It was impossible to prevent gambling, because it seemed as if it were part of life. I never traveled on a Mississippi river steamboat in those days but what I saw prodigious gambling taking place. Every steamboat had a bar, and there was enough drinking on every steamboat to support a bar and keep a barkeeper. Nowadays the barkeeper would starve to death; almost everybody in those days patronized the bar. When the gamblers had played cards with the passengers and had made winnings they left the steamboat, and worked the towns with counterfeit money. If they lost, they often lost bad money, but if they won, they won good money. The first game of cards I ever saw was on an Ohio river steamboat coming around to St. Louis, and I remember both gold, silver and bank bills piled up on the table. On one trip down to St. Louis I remember a man with twenty-dollar gold-pieces piled up in front of him,

which my father said was several thousand dollars in amount. As any boy would, I watched the game, and when it was over the gambler took the pack of cards and made me a skillfully built card house as big as a bucket, which I carried around for a day.

The pilots of the boats each had his run, and when the run was over they went to the first-class hotel. They were persons who had upon them great responsibility. They received large pay and were the nobility of the salaried class. To be a pilot and to be responsible for the boat and its passengers and cargo while on a run was considered a great thing. It was often discussed among the boys how when they grew up they were going to be pilots.

The stage-coach drivers were the next of the aristocracy. The stage-coach driver endeavored to exalt his profession to the dignity of the pilot. The stage-coach was the principal means of public conveyance outside of the steamboat. The stages were of the so-called "Concord" style, with big heavy leather springs. They had come West from the Atlantic coast, and the city of Concord, New Hampshire, which had originated the variety during the early days when civilization was growing, had enlarged its business and manufactories until the Concord coach was the favorite type. The driver always boarded at a first-class hotel, and wore the finest, high-heeled calfskin boots, which fitted him so tightly as to give him pain. Then he had "doeskin" pantaloons and large gauntlet gloves which came up to his elbow, and a whip which took several years of

practice to learn the handling of. The driver would never turn his finger to do anything but simply drive. He took no care of the stage or the horses. A subordinate drove the stage up in front of the hotel and held the horses by the head. When the time arrived, and the passengers were seated, the driver mounted the box, cracked the whip and off he went, generally with horses pretty nearly on the run. He drove his accustomed route to where he met a return stage or returned with his own. He did not look after the feeding, watering, or attention of the animals, but when he came back he drove up to the hotel, where a man was in waiting, threw the lines over onto the sidewalk, put the whip in its socket, shouted to Tom, Dick and Harry to come in and take a drink with him, and they all went in, and he told them everything that had happened on the trip and discussed the program for the evening. He had a couple of pistols and a water-proof coat on the box with him, and if he had heard anything about highwaymen he immediately reported it. He was out in all kinds of weather, was brave and alert, and as tough as a pine knot.

CHAPTER 3.

The Churches.—Lecturers.—Horse-Thieves.—Robbers.—“Banditti of the Prairies.”—Steamboat Robberies.—Pistols and Guns.—Indian Ponies.—Homemade Clothes.—Boots.—Hogs and Bacon.—Fiddlers.—Pittsburg Coal and Lumber.—Lamps and Oil.—Fire Engines and Fights.—Panic of 1857.—“Shinplasters.”—Fractional Currency.

The churches in those days were small and feebly attended. The denominations seemed to be numerous enough, and they seemed to go according to the political beliefs of their attendants. The Protestant churches were always inferior in construction and attendance to the Catholic. The Catholic church always had more members, mostly Irish and German, than the others. Church fairs, church frolics and church picnics were a matter of frequent occurrence. There was constantly some excursion or some picnic or some fair or festival being held; there were also a great many lectures. The churches were always open for lectures, free; and it seemed as if lecturing had a great stimulus, because there were lectures all the time by somebody. For instance, an army officer would be seen with his shoulder-straps at a hotel. He would be asked where he was from. He would tell, and then he would be asked to lecture. I remember all sorts of lectures from all sorts of people upon all sorts of subjects, and it seems to me now as if it were one of the chief amusements of those times. It was a very proper one when we remember that the Iowa towns then were far off from any railroad, or any literary or trade center, and the people were obliged

to provide themselves with amusements. The Germans had theatricals galore.

During the Early Days of Iowa horse-thieves and robbers were plenty. A man might be knocked down and robbed almost anywhere; there seemed to be more incentive for it then than now, because people carried their money more with them then than now. Banks were too insecure to permit a person to trust them far, and although there were many banks of very high standing, the condition was perilous, and it seemed as if everybody expected that sooner or later every bank would have to "go broke" or "fail up," and there was more of a feeling of distrust in the community ten times over than now. So that robbery and organized bands of robbers were common, and I remember of many arrests and at least one hanging, and several trials of persons who were claimed to belong to what were then known as "The Banditti of the Prairies." It was claimed that these gangs would distribute themselves along the river and would get on one after another at different landings, as the boats went up the river, and finally after riding along as confederates until they had discovered what passengers had money, would rob the passengers and then get off one at a time at different landings as they had got on. I do not remember ever to have ridden on the Mississippi river a hundred miles at a time without some circumstance of robbery taking place upon the boat, and I was on steamboats often with my father and relatives. Upon two different occasions I remember the boat to have been stopped out in midstream and every passenger lined

up in the cabin, while the officers searched the boat in every particular and then searched every passenger. I remember one morning a passenger breaking out of his stateroom during breakfast; his suspenders were hanging down his back, and he shouted, "I am robbed! I am robbed!" The passengers all arose from breakfast because the man shouted in such an excited manner. He said that somebody had taken sixteen hundred dollars, and that it was in a leather bag. The captain satisfied himself that the man was in earnest, and ordered every passenger into the ladies' cabin, and the passengers stood there in a large group. No track of the money could be found, and the passengers were all searched. Afterwards on the floor among the group of passengers was found a flexible leather bag which had been trodden under foot and which the man recognized as the bag from which his money had been taken. The robber was among the passengers in the group, but could not be identified. I remember upon one occasion I heard a good deal of noise about four o'clock in the morning. There were so many burnings and explosions that we were always afraid that the boat would somehow get on fire or explode; so, when any noise took place everybody got up. Nobody ever seemed to undress when going to bed. I got up in the morning, hearing this commotion, and looked out and saw the mate walk out on the gang-plank which had been laid out on the bank of the river right in the heart of a deep, dense forest. A light shone from burning wood in a large iron cresset. These cressets were made by blacksmiths, and would hold an armful of stovewood. It was

an iron frame on an iron stalk made sharp at the end so that it could be pushed down into the ground. The cresset was burning brightly on the bank, and in back of it was the black and somber forest. The mate got the gang-plank out onto the bank and five gamblers all dressed in broadcloth were walked out, and then the plank drawn in and the steamboat went its way. I remember of the mate saying that those fellows would get mighty hungry before they found anything to eat. They had won a lot of money from a passenger, and would not give it back when the wife of the passenger demanded it. The captain, so it appears, had got a posse of his men with guns, and had made the gamblers give up what they had won and then made them get off on the bank where they might have to walk, nobody knows how far or where or through what, to reach a human habitation in what was then a wild country.

The Banditti of the Prairies seemed to thrive as the emigration increased, and I do not know any house of the time that did not have a gun, nor do I remember a boy that did not have a pistol. It seemed as if pistols and boys went together, and the boys were always shooting the pistols and always having some accidents with them. Pistols were for sale everywhere, made so as to be used with a percussion cap, which was not then an old invention, but they were muzzle-loading, and although I do not think I had any more experience than most of the boys of the time, I remember three of them to have burst in my hand, while I was never injured.

When I was fifteen I was measured for a rifle. It was made

and was a splendid, good-shooting weapon. It was remarkably accurate. I have often thought since then that no more accurate gun for short range was ever made. It cost me \$14, and as soon as I got it I went to work "barking" squirrels, which was the scientific way of killing them. It consisted in killing the squirrel without breaking its skin. The squirrel being seen lies flat on the tree watching, and the science consisted in shooting at the bark of the tree under the squirrel's throat, so that the concussion on the bark would knock him off and kill him.

Indian ponies were cheap, and somebody was always wanting to trade them for something, and it was a very dull boy who could not get hold, first or last, of a pony; so that all the boys had ponies and everybody could ride a horse,—and every boy could get a job of work. There was not much money in the work, but he could nevertheless get a job of work. The saw-mills and the brick-yards and the stone quarries were being constantly drawn upon, and when I needed a little spending-money that I could not get any other way I would run into a sawmill or a brick-yard and pick up a couple of dollars. It was sometimes pretty hard work for a boy—carrying slabs away from back of a circular saw or toting brick out into the sun, but the constant emigration supplied a field for business, and every boy could get the money to buy a pony, and a gun.

The clothes were made by old women, as a rule. There were widows and others who, as seamstresses, would go around to the houses and make the clothes for the children. There were a couple of old ladies who always came to our house and whom

my mother employed to make clothes, and my mother frequently did the cutting-out of the clothes herself. They were not scientifically fashioned, but I never found any trouble with them. The boots were made by shoemakers at their shops, who would in advance take orders and turn out the boots as they got around to it and send them to their destination. I remember that I was a pretty large-sized boy before I had any "rights-and-lefts." The boots I wore would fit either foot, and each was put on the first foot that it came to. I remember the first time that I ever got a pair of boots that were "rights-and-lefts," and it pleased me a great deal to think how scientific the world was then becoming. There were old women who knit stockings as a business, and there were women who made men's caps. I do not remember of ever wearing a hat until I went into the army. The collars of the shirts were all made onto the shirt, so that the collar and the shirt were washed together; the collar turned down, and the boy wore a necktie of such gaudy color as the taste of his mother permitted.

During the winter skating was much enjoyed as an exercise, and large bonfires were built on the ice, and every boy had skates. While this was going on the farmers were piling up dressed pork on the wharves as if it were cordwood. The hogs were slaughtered and hung up and frozen stiff, then they were hauled into town, bought by the dealers and piled on the wharves, frozen, under tarpaulins. There were boats, in the nature of barges, that would go up in the fall and get frozen in during the winter; and when the ice melted they were loaded with this

frozen meat and taken down to St. Louis. Such meat as did not make this trip was cut up and smoked and made into "sides" and bacon. These sides and bacon were packed into the barges and, as before described, taken down to New Orleans. Often jolly parties supplied with provisions, liquors and tobacco made the trip to New Orleans for sheer fun, always having a fiddler along. It seems to me now as I look back that in my boyhood every fifth man was a fiddler. There was never any trouble to find all the fiddlers that were needed for dances and festive occasions. They fiddled all night for two dollars.

About the year 1856 a gas plant was advocated in our little city. Some time afterwards gas was put in and lamp-posts were erected on some of the principal corners of the streets, but gas was not much used. The people still adhered to tallow candles and oil lamps. Coal oil was not invented, and various kinds of oils were used with a wick, which required to be constantly picked up so as to burn brighter. Lard oil was most commonly used, but there were in the market various kinds of fish oil made from ocean fish, the chief of which was "refined sperm" and "walrus." Everybody burned wood, and most families made their own soap except the best-to-do families in the cities. The coal used in the gas works and what little was elsewhere used was called "Pittsburg coal," and was represented as having been brought from Pennsylvania or West Virginia, and was hauled in barges towed by the steamboats. The Iowa, Illinois and Missouri coal mines were not dreamed of. The first pine lumber used came from Pittsburg, Penn., and I remember that a city

hotel, which in an early day was considered a very nice hotel, was claimed to have been finished up from pine lumber coming from Pittsburg, Penn., to Iowa by river.

Fire companies were voluntary organizations, without pay. Fire cisterns were placed in the streets and water forced up into them from the river by horsepower and by hand engines. The city had two fire engines; one was of the best pattern, a double-decker worked by sixteen men. Everybody ran to a fire and everybody helped on the hand engines. As soon as one man was tired another took hold; the work was constant, and a good stream was thrown. The regular firemen were very proud of their engines, and the hook-and-ladder company, being a separate organization of its own, felt that it had a duty to do in having a fight with the engine company at the end of every fire. *In fact, fighting seemed to be the order of the day.* Nobody regarded fighting as serious, and down on the wharves it seemed to be nearly a continuous performance between the deck hands, lumbermen, ferrymen, and loafers.

The Panic of 1857 very much restricted all kinds of business. All kinds of money became scarce and coin practically went out of existence, so that it was almost an impossibility to do business for want of small change. As the matter became more stringent, fractional currency was issued by the principal merchants, and tickets good for fifty cents, or good for twenty-five, ten or five cents were issued by them. The counterfeiting of these tickets became an occupation; and the issuance of such tickets became general. I remember one time my father was

to be paid fifty cents, and the parson offered my father five ten-cent tickets good on the town plasterer. The plasterer was a worthless, drunken fellow who "emitted money" under the same constitutional right as others. My father was willing to take ten cents' worth of plastering tickets on the fifty, but he sorted out from the debtor's pile such tickets as he was willing to take for the balance. The debtor had a double handful. The ticket was of course good for plastering. I remember my father had a drawer in which he had about a gallon of these tickets of various kinds, and in making change the person selected out what he thought he could use of various persons. Some clearing-house arrangement was most probably in existence by which different persons exchanged with each other their tickets, but as to that I do not know. Tickets were legitimate change for tickets, but not for bank-bills or "currency."

Shortly after the panic of 1857 it seemed that its influence in the East was to throw thousands of people West, and the emigration became greater and greater. Only a few comparatively came by steamboat at this date. Miles and miles of covered wagons poured through from Illinois. Out on the edge of the towns great camps were located with fires constantly burning, one group coming as another passed on. The emigration seemed to modify the political tone. Those who came in wagons from the North seemed to be mostly opposed to slavery, while those who came in the steamboats, and appeared to have some property, seemed to be in favor of slavery. *The discussion upon the subject never for an instant ceased.*

CHAPTER 4.

The Harness-Maker.—The Workman.—The Discussions.—The Mudsill.—Schools and Education.—Uncle Tom's Cabin.—Aunt Phyllis's Cabin.—Attitude of Church.—Church Support of Slavery.—Campaign of 1856.—The Wide-Awakes.—Douglas and Lincoln.—Lincoln's Speech.—Douglas's Speeches.—Douglas's Theories.—Popular Sovereignty.

My father had a good old Puritan idea that every young man should learn a trade, so he assigned me to a term of six months of school each year and six months work each year at the bench. I became a good harness-maker, and made coach harness. I worked often in company with as many as twenty-five others. The harness business at that time was perhaps a fair index of the trade condition of the times. The finished workman in the harness business was the "jour." He was a good workman; in fact, an excellent workman. They were a class of bright men, as I now recollect their discussions; they were reading men. They would work at their trade and meanwhile at the bench discuss important topics. The first time that I ever heard of the great Cromwell was by some "jour" workman discussing him at the bench. The "jour" talked of him in a manner which, as I now remember, indicated a close study of his life and times. They talked about the wars of Napoleon and of Europe and the American Constitution, and discussed slavery constantly. A "jour" harness-maker would come to the city, go to the proprietor of a harness-shop, present his card, and ask the latter if he had need for any work being

made up. The proprietor would perhaps say, "Yes,—I want four dozen riding-bridles made up," of such-and-such a pattern. The "jour" would say, "What do you pay?" An agreement being reached, the "jour" would go around to the hotel, change his clothes, bring around his ornamental box made of stamped leather, or something of the kind, which contained his kit. He would then go to work, make up the stuff, and it would be inspected and paid for. Then the proprietor would ask him if he wanted to do some more work, and he would say, "No;" "I am just looking around." There was no harness-makers' union. He would scarcely be gone before another "jour" would come; and for that reason the hands in the shop were changing constantly, and they were always telling of what they had seen and where they had just been and where they proposed to go. It used to be a boast among some of them that they had done work in every State in the Union. As I now remember it, it would seem to me that they were the most peripatetic workmen in existence. One of them would, for instance, indulge in a talk like this: "Last month I was in Vicksburg, and So-and-So that runs the big shop on Water street is working ten niggers and only two white men. He has just bought a mighty bright nigger down in New Orleans who was a shoemaker, and he wanted me to teach him how to make blind-bridles, but I would not do it." Then another would say: "I was down in Nashville five years ago, and did not have any difficulty in getting a job; but I went around lately to the shop there where I worked last and the boss owns all of his own help,

all niggers,—has not got a white man in the shop except the foreman, and won't keep him long." There was so much of this sort of talk that it all went toward demonstrating that as the colored man was trained up he would take the place of all skilled labor in the South. Hence it was that among the tramp "jours" it seemed as if they were all Abolitionists and opposed to slavery; I am inclined to believe that it was from the workingmen that the opposition to slavery received its first and most powerful impulse; the hatred for slave-owners and what they called the "slave oligarchy" was bitter in the extreme among the workingmen who had worked more or less down South.

Senator Hammond of South Carolina, a Southern leader in Congress, in March, 1858, referring to the workingmen of the North, called them the "mud-sills" of society. In those days a "mud-sill" was a well-known term. Water-mills were erected along all streams, and the lowest timbers of the mill that were put down in the bottom amid the mud and water were called "mud-sills." They were what the mill rested on, and were usually made of black walnut, because it was the wood which longest resisted the action of the mud and water. The idea of the Southern Senator was that the North had become a manufacturing community, and that its progress rested upon the skilled laborers, and that they were the mud-sills of its organization and support. The laboring-men immediately took up the phrase, and it was a very common manner of greeting, then, for one to greet the other as a "mud-sill"; and in the

morning if one workman met another coming to the bench, he would say to him: "Good morning, old mud-sill; how did you sleep last night?" But the significance of the expression was not much relished by the Northern people. Hence it was that the Civil War was in fact a great labor movement, and the most intense sentiment existed in that portion of the community from which the strongest and most active recruits could be drawn,—the workingmen. Hence it was, after the first battle of Bull Run, when things seemed in such a disastrous and disorganized condition and when so many were losing heart, and Lincoln had issued a call for three hundred thousand volunteers, following it in a very short time with a call for three hundred thousand more, that the workingmen of the North volunteered with the most miraculous speed and spontaneity. They felt that they would be opening up a labor market by breaking down slavery and overthrowing the competition of unhired labor. This sentiment seemed to permeate the foreign-born Americans, as well as the native-born; each seemed to feel the same necessity and the same impulse. *This will account for the personnel of the company and regiment whose history I am writing.*

Education in those days seems to have been on somewhat different lines from the present, as I have stated, because there was so little known then of what is known now. In the higher class schools then recently established the United States Constitution was a separate study and was made considerable of, the school text-book, I remember, being entitled, "The Govern-

mental Instructor," upon which we were rigidly drilled. It seems to me in looking back that more than anything else in those days there were studied and discussed the formation and science of our government, the separation of its various departments, and its general scope from top to bottom. And it now seems to me that we were then engaged in the perfecting of a new scheme of government—the Republic—which had to undergo a vast amount of argument and criticism. There were schools of political theorists in those days who claimed such forms of government to be republican, that to-day would hardly be classed as such. I remember more than one philosopher of the period who thought that the people ought to elect only the members of the Legislature and the Governor, and that the Governor ought to appoint all of the subordinate officers of the State, even including the mayors of the cities, the county officers, and justices of the peace; that there ought to be one responsible head elected by the people, and then that responsible head held responsible for all of the local administration. And they called such ideas "republican."

Uncle Tom's Cabin was a book of which I well remember the appearance. It came first as a serial in an Eastern newspaper. As soon as it appeared in book form my father brought home a copy, in two volumes, and he and mother took turns in reading it aloud; I listened. Afterwards, I read it to myself. It seemed as if everybody else read it. From a political point of view it was like pouring a bucketful of coal-oil on a bonfire. Everybody knew the book and everybody discussed it.

Every Abolitionist read it, and every champion of slavery read it so as to meet the discussion. The latter scoffed at the inhuman features of the presentation and pronounced them false and overdrawn, and dilated proudly on the portion that was kindly and humane as being a truthful portrayal of the benevolent and philanthropic institution of slavery. No novel ever written was so thoroughly understood. No country was ever before thrown into such a spasm by a novel. In the harness-shop and in the fire company and on the camp-hunt, the boys talked over and discussed the characters of the novel, criticised, praised or condemned them as if they were real, live, acting, breathing people whom we all knew. Mrs. Stowe, in obedience to what she felt a public demand, published another book, called "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." It seemed a great collection of serap-book facts. It was intended to back up any statement that had seemed to be overdrawn. I guess any expression hostile to slavery could be proven by the new book. My father bought a copy of it, but I never read it and I never knew of anybody who did. Those who knew, knew; and those who did not know, did not want to know. To offset the force and effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the South brought out with great acclaim and trumpeting a novel called "Aunt Phyllis's Cabin." Paid-for editorials and notices appeared everywhere. The book was handbilled and placarded. It was be-praised and be-puffed in all the book-notices and metropolitan newspapers. It was heralded as a "complete answer" to "Uncle Tom." It "completely overthrew" (?) it. Editorials commented on

"Aunt Phyllis" as being one of the most graphic portrayals of "the peculiar institution," its beneficence and its usefulness, ever written. My father bought the book and I tried to read it. I did read most of it. It was "cooling and healing and drawing." It was mildly hydro-lacteal, although toward the end it was less milk and more water. It was no answer; it was the best that could be said; it was the most that could be written, and it fell in a short time into a deep and well-earned oblivion as an attempt to bolster up an illogical and vicious institution. But "Aunt Phyllis" seemed then to be a truthful exposition of the theory which the pulpit and the ministry seemed to adopt. Some of the preachers, generally of minor congregations, espoused the cause of abolition with great force; some of them were outspoken and vehement, but the clerical sentiment was, as a whole, in my then neighborhood, mildly in favor of slavery, and that nothing harsh should be said or done. They put it all upon God. If He did not want it, it would not be. "Cursèd be Canaan" was the expression found in the Bible. The bondage of the African was alleged to be more of a blessing to the African than to the white man, and it was claimed to be God's plan (by those who knew His plans) to bring up the African from a barbaric condition to usefulness and Christianity. There was in fact a great deal of good argument in the proposition that the African was a barbarian who was being bred up from a cannibal to a Christian, and was being taught industry and good manners. There was much of truth in it, but no sentiment.

It was difficult to overcome the influence and arguments of the

church in favor of slavery. The phrase, "Cursèd be Canaan," seemed to be invincible. I never heard but one answer that seemed to meet the point, and that was by a Scotch carriage-trimmer in my father's employ, named Givens, who said, "The Bible be damned." Thereupon all the workmen, about twenty in number, began pounding upon their benches with hammers. Givens was an Abolitionist.

As matters progressed and the anti-slavery sentiment increased, the preachers had less to say about "Ham" and "Canaan," and joined more and more in the anti-slavery procession. In fact, the church could not control the movement; could not even guide it: it was a movement by the white man for the white man's benefit, by the laborer for the laborer, and what the African had been, was, or would be, was only collaterally considered. The movement, as I have said, was a great labor movement. It was an effort by the paid free laborer to break down the competition of the unpaid slave laborer. It involved not only the dignity of labor, but the very existence of free labor, and biblical texts did not meet the exigencies of the situation. Nor did the laborers believe that anyone had with certainty detected what the plans of God were; others with a spirit of prophecy declared that God was going to change His plans. Of this subject I will speak again in the next chapter.

When General Frémont was nominated, in 1856, his candidacy was thoroughly espoused by all of the anti-slavery element, and we boys who had been brought up in the atmosphere of excitement and disturbance readily fell into the campaign. An or-

ganization was got up, called the "Young Republicans." It was the first marching-club which I had ever seen. We had a simple drill to start on; and were all boys under voting age. We drilled with great enthusiasm, and the tactics becoming complicated and interesting, we adopted an oilcloth uniform with oil lamps. I remember once we needed some oil to fill the lamps in the *armory*, as we called it, and I was sent for "walrus oil."

The Frémont election was an exceedingly exciting one. The latter part of it was a series of free fights. The slave question had got into such an acute condition that prior to the voting everybody had his mind made up, and everybody was trying to convince somebody else, and somebody else would rather fight than be convinced. Our Republican Club had a fight every time it paraded. As I now recollect, it seems to me that upon the slavery question the Germans and Irish took opposite sides, although afterwards, when the war broke out, it was not so much so. But in 1856, my recollection is that the Germans were against slavery and the Irish were adherents of the Democratic party, and it used to be said that the Democratic party in New Orleans was composed very largely of the Irish who had settled there. Afterwards they formed a noted portion of the Confederate army. But, nevertheless, I remember some few Germans who were Democrats and who were in favor of slavery. There were "Anti-Abolition" societies and "Democratic Young Men" societies, and considerable opposition to what were then called the "Abolitionists," and when the Republican Club paraded there

were always rocks thrown in, and before the matter was over there was always a fight. The macadam of the streets was very generally used on those occasions. When we paraded one man carried a pick.

When Douglas and Lincoln had their celebrated debates in Illinois over their contest for the United States Senate, the whole State of Iowa was filled with enthusiasm. Lincoln came to our town across the line and made a speech. I remember him well, but somehow I was not attracted toward Mr. Lincoln as I was toward Mr. Douglas, although I believed as Lincoln did, and my father was for Lincoln. Lincoln's speech seemed to be on a high plane, but he seemed to me to shoot over the heads of his hearers. He was philosophic and argumentative and no doubt convinced many by his logic, but he had such a long, loose, gangling manner that he seemed sort of ill at ease, and he was not as handsome a man as his pictures made since then have appeared to me to show. He was no orator then. In those days everybody went to hear anybody talk. Douglas came to our place twice, and got "full" both times. We had in our town a very conspicuous New England Democrat who was himself a great lawyer and a good speaker; he was always full of brandy, and everybody said he had more sense when he was drunk than when he was sober. I remember the first time that Douglas came to our city. He was introduced by this lawyer. Douglas was "full" as could be, and so was the lawyer. The lawyer had a cane, and from one of the side benches of the hall when the time came, the lawyer took Douglas by the arm and their voyage up onto the plat-

form was incredibly amusing, and we all yelled and cheered our best. There had been put a table upon the platform. The lawyer with the aid of his cane managed to return back to a seat on the side of the platform, leaving Mr. Douglas alone, who steadied himself by the table. Mr. Douglas's utterances were at first somewhat pointless and labored, but in a little while he seemed to get under steam, and before he got through he was sobered up so that he could stand away from the table,—and such a speech I thought I never heard in my life. If the art of oratory is the art of pleasing an audience, Mr. Douglas surely had it. He was a pleasant-mannered man, and spoke of Mr. Lincoln in kind terms; but his speech was so full of fun and ridicule and good-natured jest that he soon had his audience completely under control. As time went by his speech grew better and better, and as he proceeded he seemed to be freer from himself; before he was through he was prancing over the platform and his remarks were followed by applause and yells after every sentence, in which I myself joined. Mr. Douglas's second speech, made a while after that, was also made when he was greatly under the influence of liquor to start with, but the speech improved as he proceeded. I remember my father reading a newspaper squib about that time in which it depicted Douglas preparing for a speech. He had his feet in a tub full of ice-water, and was drinking two quart bottles of champagne to get ready to make the speech.

There was something about the attitude of Stephen A. Douglas which, it seems to me, was never plainly understood. My

father held him in great respect. Yet my father was an intense Abolitionist. He used to say that Douglas's policy would, in time, overthrow slavery. Mr. Douglas advocated a policy which he called "popular sovereignty." It was that the people by their votes should be able to control slavery in the Territories. This was believed by the Southerners to throw the Territories open to conquest by the Abolitionists. It was considered dangerous because the Northern States were becoming overwhelmingly populous, and the labor question, that is, the anti-slavery question, predominant. It was considered equivalent to saying that slavery might be exterminated in the Territories. This was contrary to slavery principles, viz., that slavery was recognized by the Constitution; that slavery could go anywhere, and that "Slavery is national and freedom sectional." Further, if the Douglas heresy prevailed, what would be the difficulty of applying it to the States after the Territories had been subjugated by the Abolitionists. These theories of Mr. Douglas were portentous in the apprehension of the Southern people. And yet Mr. Douglas advocated slavery and believed in it. What he advocated was a solution of existing difficulties. It seemed for the time sensible; it recognized the rights of the American citizen. It was, in effect, to make slavery local, and to give labor a chance in each community. It was seen that the Douglas theory would in the long run strangle slavery, but would do it gradually and so slowly that much time would elapse. The Douglas doctrine would not do for the Abolitionists. It was far too slow. It would take a century. They wanted it done in thirty minutes. The doctrine would

not do for the slaveholding aristocracy. It meant a long conflict and death finally by suffocation. But for the United States, it was either the Douglas theory, or it was war. The ardent people on both sides opposed it. The "Abolitionists" and the "Fire-eaters" both opposed it. They nicknamed popular sovereignty and called it "Squatter sovereignty," and voters were called "sovereign squats." The latter slang term was so universal that it became a term equivalent to the word "people." I remember once of a school-house orator beginning his address with, "I appear with pleasure before this intelligent body of sovereign squats this evening," etc., etc. Mr. Douglas's theories went to pieces and he with them. The Abolitionists were geared up too high. Their speed was too rapid. They could not work with him, and hence they fought him,—and they fought hard,—very hard. The South fought him because he was impossible from a Southern point of view. Slavery could only live by expansion and aggression. Like a wild animal, which it was, it would perish from confinement. To the theories of Mr. Douglas, my father was opposed; my father wanted to see slavery wiped out. He wanted to live to see it wiped out. He wanted to see it abolished everywhere and anyhow. My father was a typical Abolitionist. Mr. Lincoln was slow; Mr. Douglas was exceedingly slow. To the Fire-eaters, Mr. Douglas was altogether too fast, and his election as President meant to them ultimate secession, because they preferred disunion to abolition. Perhaps it would have been better for the United States had Mr. Lincoln been defeated and Mr. Douglas elected President.

CHAPTER 5.

Frémont's Defeat.—Troubles in Kansas.—Zouave Company Organized.—Abolitionists.—Emancipation.—Negro-Stealing.—Boycott.—Attitude of Church.—Underground Railroad.—United States Marshals.—Attitude of Lawyers.—Discussion of Constitution.—School Oratory.—A Lincoln Story.

After the defeat of Frémont for President, the slavery discussion increased. The troubles in Kansas took a deep hold upon the people of Iowa. Every phase of the Kansas question was watched with great eagerness and discussed by everybody. Societies were formed for the purpose of sending aid to Kansas. As the pro-slavery forces had held the Missouri river and cut off communications, shipments were made by wagon through the southern part of Iowa over into Nebraska and then south by the main road. The stuff was gathered by contribution, and consisted of food, clothing, and ammunition. These contributions were sent to certain persons who kept what might be called depots, and when a good large wagon-load had accumulated, it was properly sacked or boxed and sent to the north-eastern part of Kansas by contract with some trusted wagoner. One of the persons who was made a designated depositary was my father, and I remember more than once of his making contracts and inventorying the contents of the wagon to the person in charge. If others sent as much as my father the total must have been very great, by which I mean upwards of a thousand wagon-loads from Iowa. But it was all done in a

very silent way, and the persons to whom the stuff was sent were well-known and trusted persons who had moved to Kansas. Several of them had gone from our neighborhood,—young, reputable, ardent men, with education and a determination to join in the anti-slavery campaign. Several of them afterward became well-known and honored citizens of Kansas.

The Torch-Carriers of 1856 got a taste of military drill, and soon afterward formed a military company of their own, to which were added a number of other young men. We bought our own uniforms, and after some degree of drilling we became quite proficient and gave exhibition drills in the city, and it was called by sneerers, “The Abolition Company.” It also received many courtesies from some of the citizens; they hired us a hall to drill in. It was noteworthy that the wealthy people seemed to be Democratic in their tendencies, and to be pro-slavery. The principal merchants, the principal lawyers and the principal bankers gloried in being Democrats and opposed to abolitionism; and a great many who were opposed to slavery concurred with them in general political matters, so that it restrained any very ardent public ebullition of sentiment. The State had been going Democratic, in politics.

The word abolitionist was not popular, and there were only a few anti-slavery men who would permit themselves to be called “Abolitionists.” Many a man who was an anti-slavery man would fight in a minute if he were insulted by being called an Abolitionist, because the word “Abolitionist” as then used had a significance attached to it which can hardly now be under-

stood, and it grew out of the peculiar condition of things. To illustrate: There were a great many zealots and a great many who desired notoriety, as there are in all communities. They desired to be doing things which would attract attention, and occasionally one of these men would say that he had been down South somewhere and had influenced certain slaves to run away from their masters; or that he had helped slaves to escape. Without doubt there was considerable of this going on, and it so infuriated the owners of slaves in slave territory that anyone caught in the act was immediately shot, imprisoned or hung; and as the sentiment of emancipation and liberation grew, it became more and more necessary for slave-owners to keep strict guard over their property, and the restrictions became more and more severe both as to slaves being educated and as to their associating together. It became a crime to teach a slave the alphabet. It became a crime to talk to a slave about escape or about the free States or about liberty, and it became a crime among the slaves for them to be seen together in bodies or under unusual circumstances or in company with any unknown white man. Owing to the fact that some slaves by accident or peculiar situation acquired the knowledge of reading, such slaves became very dangerous persons in the inflammable condition which then existed, and the more that repressive measures were used by the slave-owners, the more intolerable became the condition of the slave. It grew to be one of the definitions of an Abolitionist that he was "a nigger-thief." A nigger-thief was, in the nomenclature of the times, not only

the worst kind of a thief, but he was a man who might precipitate a servile insurrection and promote rapine and murder.

I remember upon one occasion a minister in a little pulpit advocating the duty, to his meager congregation, of sending trusted men with money down South to do missionary work among the negroes and explain to them the rights of freedom and direction of Canada; and to start them on the road to freedom and Canada. I remember not long after the latter event that a certain bilious young man made up his mind that he ought to attempt this, and he went down into Missouri and in a very short time afterwards wrote back for money to get himself out of jail. He had been seen talking to a slave, and was compelled to show where he lived, and where he had come from. While nothing was proved against him except the fact that he was seen talking to a slave, he was put into a jail, and \$250 was raised and sent down to get him out, and pay his way home, where he began lecturing in the field as an Abolitionist and "martyr." This class of people were undesirable, and generally "frauds." Another middle-aged man of his own volition went down into Missouri, and in a very wise manner started some little business and occupation, and succeeded in sending ten or a dozen slaves up through Iowa to their freedom. It seemed that nothing could be proved against him, although he was put in jail, and I remember a discussion between my father and mother upon that subject as to whether or not the man had violated any moral law, my mother claiming that the man had a perfect right to go as a missionary to slaves and teach

them religious and Christian conduct, but had no right secretly to induce them to leave their masters. To this my father did not wholly assent, claiming that any person in bondage had a right to run away, and that nobody did an immoral thing in telling him what his rights were and where to run to. I only give this instance to show to what an extent the discussion of the slavery question entered into every part of life. As stated in the last chapter, the ministers differed upon the proposition.

I remember a very noted minister saying that slavery was a divine institution, established for the especial benefit of the slaves; that it took man-eaters from their native haunts and compelled them to be of service to themselves and to mankind; and that it was part of a necessary hereditary training to bring them up to a position in which they could be useful members of society, and that emancipation and the permitting of the negro to carry out his idle and animal wishes and instincts was a detriment to society and to the negro, and was contrary to the divine ordinances, which were in turn recognized by the Constitution of the United States. The question whether or not the Constitution recognized slavery was a theme of universal discussion. Through the missionary efforts—if that is the right name for them—of a number of people who were generally believed by the greater portion of the community to be misguided, stations were formed from Missouri to the Canadian line. These stations were supported by voluntary contributions from various sources, and the fleeing negro could go from one to another

until he reached the Canada line. The persons who kept the secret of these stations were ready at a call to come and resist the United States marshals. It was not an unusual thing to hear a person spoken of as being a man whom the United States marshal had called to his assistance to capture a fugitive slave, and that the man had told the United States marshal that he would not do it, and thereby became a marked man. The judges of the courts seemed to uphold slavery, and when the deputy United States marshals caught a fugitive there was no great difficulty in Iowa in getting him back to his master. Although there might be some persons who stood ready to rescue the negro, there were always plenty who believed in slavery to assist the marshal. So that, as I now remember, there was but very little trouble in that respect, where I lived; and I remember several times of seeing fugitive negroes marched down the street to the steamboat to be taken South.

I cannot illustrate the fugitive system as it then prevailed better than by an occurrence which happened as follows: A new, well-advertised private school having been started in an adjoining county by some enterprising people from Massachusetts, my father thought it best to send me there for six months, to see what progress I would make. With two or three other young men, I boarded at the house of a deacon, who was one of the principal men in the village. One night one of my room-mates woke me up and said that he had been outdoors and that a wagon drove up with six negroes in, and that the deacon's wife had given them all a feed, and that the

man who brought the negroes had gone back, and that the deacon hitched up his own wagon and drove off with these negroes north, the wagon apparently being filled with hay. After discussing the matter somewhat, we came to the conclusion that we were boarding at an "underground railroad station" as it was called. About a week after that one of my room-mates conceived that it would be a very bright, interesting thing for us to black ourselves up and get on some old clothes and come up to the house at night and play fugitive and get something to eat. So, five of us, all staying at that house, managed to get some old clothes; some of us turned our clothes wrong side out, we blacked ourselves up, and our leader took us forward. As this leader is one of the prominent lawyers west of the Mississippi river, a great lawyer and a great man, his name is withheld. But most excellently did he do his part. In a disguised voice he came with us, in the shade of the trees, at about one o'clock in the morning, and insisted that there should be no lights; we were given a midnight lunch all in the darkness. It was an excellent lunch. Then our leader, making an appointment to come again, retreated, as he told them he would do, to the timber, and we went around back up into our rooms, enjoying the circumstance, until we began to reflect that it might mean expulsion from our boarding-house and perhaps from school, and we kept it still.

The slavery question, besides entering into all discussions, entered almost every affair of life, and it produced so much bitterness that friends pulled away from each other, business

relations changed, and it seemed as if society began to show a distinct line of cleavage even back prior to the Frémont election. It certainly did afterwards. My father's business was thoroughly boycotted by all of the pro-slavery community. Perhaps nowhere stronger than in the ministry was this intolerant feeling shown. Devout church people changed their church relations; pastors found revolutions in their churches and were discharged or permitted to resign, or churches split. The Dred Scott decision greatly intensified matters. It seemed to me, as I now remember, that there were many more lawyers who were pro-slavery than anti-slavery. In fact, as I now recollect, the lawyers of that period, with whom I did not associate much but whom I knew simply from hearing them discussed or hearing their speeches,—it seems to me now, that the best lawyers were pro-slavery. In fact, I do not now remember any expression or speech or remark by any lawyer anti-slavery, but I do remember many that were pro-slavery, and the discussion always went upon constitutional grounds. The discussions seemed to be to prove that the Constitution favored slavery, recognized it and protected it, and that property in chattels included slaves, always had and always would. Negro equality was the argument thrown at the anti-slavery adherents. The question on one side would be: "How would you like to see your daughter marry a nigger?" That argument was considered a clincher, it being the effort of those advocating pro-slavery to show that the moment the slaves were free they must of necessity be citizens and have the right to vote.

The constitutional proposition came up constantly, whether or not any person, black or white, born in the United States and arriving at the age of twenty-one, was not *per se* a voter as well as a citizen. It was claimed that the courts of North Carolina had so held. There was a very common and pithy argument used by the anti-slavery people. I first heard it used by my father, and it ran as follows: He who takes the property of another forcibly is a thief and a robber. He who takes a person's work without paying him for it is a thief and a robber. Hence a slave-owner is a thief and a robber. Any man who sees a person in the act of being a thief and a robber has a right to interfere and prevent it.

Argument of this kind only tended to increase the general bitterness of the situation.

The whole country was slowly drifting into the vortex of war. In our schools where we had debates, it would appear that the boys stood about half and half upon the slavery question. In those days, Friday afternoons were always devoted to speaking. In fact, I think that in those days oratory was more taught than now, if it can be said to have been oratory. Of the pieces recited some afternoons, nearly all of them would be upon either one side or the other of the slavery question, being oftentimes extracts from Congressional speeches. There was also a great deal of so-called poetry—or perhaps rhyme is a better term—upon the subject, in which various noted poems were paraphrased. I remember of speaking one Friday afternoon a piece paraphrased upon *Excelsior*. Two Congressmen had a

fight in Washington over the Lecompton Constitution of Kansas, and the refrain of the piece instead of being "Excelsior" was "Lecompton." It was a very witty and funny production, written from an anti-slavery standpoint, and was very loudly received. The piece of music, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," must have been invented, or rather written, about the first of January, 1855, because it was about that time that I remember to have heard it. A paraphrase was rendered by a little musical trio one evening which ran, "Listen to the Bondsman's Groan." In fact, the "bondsman's groan" and the crack of the "slave-driver's whip" and the "clank of the bondsman's chain" were three of the pet phrases of the time. In the school compositions, both girls and boys discussed the slavery question in their little simple school theses, and made frequent use of these expressions.

Abraham Lincoln was looming up considerably as an anti-slavery candidate. He was not considered to be an advanced thinker. In fact, he was looked upon as being a man dragging in the rear and as not being up to the real sentiment of the people whom he sought to represent. I heard him often discussed as a person who was a political coward and afraid to come forward and talk the straight stuff. My father had at times but little patience with Mr. Lincoln, but greatly admired Governor Seward of New York, Horace Greeley, and Charles Sumner. There was a prominent Democratic lawyer of Iowa who had known Mr. Lincoln during the latter's youth, and he used to tell a great many stories about "Abe," as he called him. As the stories

which he told have since appeared in print in the current books upon the life of President Lincoln, it is not desirable to repeat them, and there is only one of the stories of this Iowa lawyer that I have never seen in print. It was this: One time he was telling what a lazy man Lincoln was. He said that "Abe" did hate to work worse than any man he ever knew; that he could work all right and had worked, but it was only when poverty and necessity compelled him to work. The lawyer told this story to illustrate Mr. Lincoln. He described a country store, where Abe Lincoln was clerking. It was not much of a store, and kept a general lot of stuff, and among other things, whisky. The counter was only about eighteen inches wide, and stood up pretty high from the floor and was not very long. Lincoln, he said, was in the store on the counter lying down, with his head on a bolt of native jeans, and the counter was not as long as Lincoln, and so he had his feet drawn up with one leg over the other, sticking up in the air. Lincoln was reading a book. Two men came in and said, "Whisky for two." Lincoln never looked up from his book, but reaching his long arm down back of the counter seized a bottle and carried it across to one of the men, who took it, then reached down and grabbed a couple of glasses and handed them to the men, and they poured out what they wanted and drank what they wanted and stuck down a silver dime on Abe's vest, and Abe put the bottle back and the glasses back and the men went out; and during the whole occasion Abe had never taken his eyes off from the book, never saw the men, and did not know how much

they drank. He said: "Now that's Abe Lincoln for you. When he was in the store, there wasn't any git-up to him." The person who told this story did not see behind the story. Lincoln was after what was in the book. I refrain from giving the story-teller's name, because his son afterwards enlisted as a private and became a major and a regimental commander of one of the best regiments that Iowa ever sent out, and earned a title of distinction which he most certainly merited. The young man was always a Democrat during the war and was a Democrat when he came out. He belonged to that type of American citizens, of that day, called "War Democrats," of which no better type of citizens either as to bravery or patriotism was ever seen on this continent or any other. The writer feels that way, although he was never of that number.

CHAPTER 6.

The Dred Scott Decision.—The John Brown Episode.—Negro Minstrelsy.

One Great National Occurrence took place in the year 1857. It was the promulgation of the Dred Scott decision, in March of that year. It had scarcely been handed down and been officially printed when a great wave of anti-slavery sentiment swept across the country. Sentimental matters in governmental affairs seem to go in waves. The Dred Scott decision seemed to produce a tidal wave. My father said the decision was logical but unjust. The decision was printed by the million copies; it came out as a supplement to many newspapers. The New York *Tribune* published and distributed a great number of copies. Everybody discussed it,—men and women, even children over the age of fourteen. Scholars in the public schools wrote compositions on it. It was talked up by the press, the church, the prayer-meeting and the sewing-society. The Abolitionists thereupon contributed more time and money to the propaganda and redoubled their efforts. On the other hand, the Fire-eaters circulated the decision as a clincher,—as an indication that everything was now settled, and then asked the Abolitionists, “Now, will you be good?” The two sides took the decision in a very different way. The Abolitionists said, “If that is the law, something must be done.” The Fire-eaters said, “That is the law, and the question is ended.” My father, when the Dred Scott

decision was rendered, seemed to lose much of his veneration for the Constitution of the United States. He thought that it needed fixing. He thought that if the Constitution could be invoked to perpetrate such a wrong as that decision was,—why, that then, something, he did not know what, must be done. On the other hand, the Fire-eaters developed that wonderful devotion to the “Union as it is and the Constitution as it was,” that enabled them to speak of the Constitution as the sheet-anchor of their politics and hopes. Their devotion to the Constitution was extravagant, and remained so until they made a new one at Montgomery, Alabama, in March, 1861.

John Brown and His Career became one of the episodes of the times. When he was in Kansas he was a drawback to the cause, and did nothing but point arguments against it. He was one of those men who are utterly without gift to benefit a principle which they espouse. He could not write anything. Horace Greeley could with his pen do more good in thirty minutes than a regiment of John Browns could do with a pen in a year. He could not make a speech. Jim Lane, an anti-slavery Democrat, could get onto a store-box, on five minutes’ notice, and do more for the cause than John Brown could do in a lifetime by speech-making. John Brown was ambitious, lawless, and egotistic. He wanted to be a leader, but lacked pen, speech, and ability. He never could get but a few, very few, followers, and they were the gullible nobodies whom he picked up here and there. He was a monomaniac on the subject of his own importance, and with a desire to be a leader. A man who

does not get ambitious until late in life generally has a bad attack of it. Brown was vain, and wanted to be the subject of neighborhood discussion. His mind had a preposterous way of working, and he had no scruples. He made more trouble for his friends than for his foes. His actions gave talking points for his enemies against his friends. His Free-State colleagues had to be his apologists, and many little fictions were invented as reasons for his lawless acts. Finally, the Republican party had to have him run out of Kansas. They were glad to get rid of him. This was December, 1858. It was quite a while afterwards that he turned up at Harper's Ferry. He had there a mongrel lot of half-baked, witless followers, none of whom were ever heard of before in any reputable connection, and of whom the survivors were never heard afterwards. The whole plan of attack on Harper's Ferry was senseless and irrational. The time and place were impossible. As a mental effort, the scheme was one of hopeless imbecility. It could end only one way.

The Fire-eaters had achieved a great victory. They pointed out from John Brown's career that Abolitionism meant murder, invasion, robbery and treason. The Abolitionists could make but one answer to all this. They said that John Brown did not represent anybody but himself,—that he was insane. "He was a crazy man,"—and so the matter was glossed over and disposed of. My father thought that John Brown did more harm than good to the Abolition cause, and was very much put out with the whole performance, and had no sympathy with it.

A newspaper said that a Georgian who attended the hanging called attention to the fact that John Brown was hung with a rope made out of cotton, and that cotton was king. The story that John Brown kissed a negro baby on the way to the scaffold was invented as a palliative. There was no foundation for it and no truth in it. This was told me by a Major with whom I afterwards became well acquainted in the army. He had gone from Massachusetts to help defend Brown at the trial. His name was Hoyt. The only benefit of the John Brown raid, and fiasco, to the North, was to demonstrate what a vast amount of scare and apprehension there was among the people in the South. Two dozen men threw them into a spasm. The North was growing rich and populous and strong, but did not know how many "copperheads" and "doughfaces" there really were. About one-third of the North was willing to be bluffed; in the language of the day, they were "Peace at any price." In the end they had to be held by the throat with one hand while the armies of the North coerced the Confederacy with the other.

The "Copperheads" constituted about one-third of the population of the North; this made the fight about an even thing. They were perhaps the most numerous and most contemptible lot of scoundrels that appear in history. They wanted the South to win, but would not fight for it. After the war was over the soldiers of the North and South, having gotten acquainted with each other, fraternized. Neither side ever afterwards fraternized much with the Northern "copperhead" or "doughface." The John Brown raid cut no figure except to

injure the Abolition cause, cut off its neutral friends and embarrass the progress of the Republican party. The only way to meet the argument of the day was to work John Brown as a "lunatic" for all he was worth. The South worked him as an "Abolitionist" for more than he was worth. They overdid it, as they did everything else, in those days.

Negro Minstrelsy is another thing which comes in for consideration in a survey of the times, although perhaps it pertained more to the North Mississippi valley than to the States along the line of the Atlantic. In the vast areas west of the Alleghanies were an active, thriving, hard-working, prosperous, fun-loving people. They loved wit, and sane, rational music. Opera troupes never then visited them. About one-half of the music of the community was originated by local talent, such as singing societies, string bands, and church choirs. These organizations were generally presided over by some German, a refugee of the Revolution, a musical artist in training and a gentleman by inspiration. The balance of the music was furnished by the "Nigger Minstrel." There was a great continuous swarm of these troupes flying over the country. Good troupes made money, were prosperous, and foot-loose musicians wanted to get into them. Onto the minstrel stage all of the wit of the hour was concentrated, and here all of the good jokes were first cracked. Here was a cash market for witticisms and little short, catchy monologues. And here appeared, sung by the finest voices in the land, the many beautiful songs of that olden time. The populace, not then being diseased with opera,

swarmed to hear them and to profoundly enjoy them. Hence, in the realm of stage music "black face" reigned supreme. Sometimes two strolling bands struck our town the same night. They were easily and cheaply accommodated: the court-house, a big church, a public hall, or a large warehouse, could be fixed up to answer a requisition in two hours. The popular price was, "Admission 25 cents; infants in arms, \$1." Every town had a band of boyish amateurs. I remember that one day our town was billed by a "colossal aggregation" of minstrel talent; everybody went, but it was finally discovered to be a deftly concealed "aggregation" of home talent.

One can readily see on reflection, when one comes to look at it, what the result of Negro Minstrelsy would be. Here would be a group of men blacked up as darkies and saying the brightest and wittiest things that were said in the community. Here would be a desire to please the community with the choicest satire. There was never a better field. Sambo on the stage always had something bright to say to the mate on the steamboat, and the aristocratic slaveholder was always enjoying words of wisdom from his colored valet. And the songs,—there were hundreds. The Thirteenth Amendment has wiped them out. The Suwanee River, My Old Kentucky Home, The Yellow Rose of Texas, Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, Nicodemus, and a few others, survive. One song-writer was said to have written four hundred, but they are about all gone. The Emancipation Proclamation made them, as far as sentiment goes, as inappropriate and uninteresting as if they had been written of

the Chinese. But in that day there were perhaps a half-million people every night listening to the very finest singing and instrumental music, where the fun of the community was centered, and where the slave was depicted as a loyal friend of his master, as a devoted and faithful lover, as a person deeply attached to his fireside and his home, as a tender-hearted mourner for the departed, and a fountain of spontaneous wit, humor and philosophy. The great era of this was from 1850 to 1860. No wonder that the North rose up and demanded that the African should be set free and allowed to vote. They knew of him principally through *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the *Negro Minstrel*. In the slave States the Minstrel did not flourish so ostentatiously, and the witticisms were more adapted to the condition of things. I remember once in St. Louis to have attended one that had an entirely different flavor, in which "Sambo" came out with a banjo and sang a song of which the refrain is all I can now remember. It was, "A nigger will be nigger,—that's my philosophee." The North was fooled,—no, not that,—misinformed. The Negro was not what we thought he was. But slavery had to be wiped out for the benefit of both races, and because it was an obstacle to the rise and dignity and onward march of free white labor. The greatest labor movement that ever took place on the globe was soon to begin.

CHAPTER 7.

Iowa Sovereignty.—Zouave Uniform.—Constant Drilling.—Swimming.—Campaign of 1860.—The Little Giants.—Wide-Awakes.—Parades and Fights.—Lamp-Posts.—Death to Traitors.—The Armory.—The “Jour” Cigar-Maker.—Fort Sumter.—Zouaves Organized.—Tender of Services.—The Billiard Saloon.—On the Roster.—Grandfather.—Attitude of Parents.—Advice of Mother.—The Patriotic Sermon.—The German Company.—The Irish Company.—Acceptance of Company.—Beginning of Company “E.”

The Flight of John Brown from Kansas, and the Kansas troubles, brought about a strange theory of State sovereignty. Several Iowa citizens had been mistreated in Kansas, and the question was boldly proposed that Iowa being a sovereign State had the same right to protect her citizens abroad that any sovereignty of Europe had; and hence the proper thing for Iowa to do was to march a brigade of her citizens into Kansas and protect every Iowa citizen on that soil; and if they could not do it any other way, to whip any soldiers, whether Kansas or Federal, that might stand in the way. This was the Iowa idea promulgated by Governor Grimes.

Our little “Abolition company” of militia, as it grew older, grew more proficient, and there was elected to its captaincy, in an honorary way, a brave old Swede. He had served in the wars of Europe, had been through the Mexican War, and had won shoulder-straps in Mexico. He was afterwards killed as a colonel in the Civil War,—a little, round, bullet-headed, brave, kind-hearted Swede.

The French wars of Africa had brought forward a new type of soldier called the "Zouave." Our Swedish captain wanted us to become Zouaves; so we all bought Zouave uniforms,—leather leggings, red flannel baggy trousers, a light-blue woolen shirt, and a bob-tailed, dark-blue cloth jacket that was more like a vest than a jacket, because it could not be buttoned up except at the top button, and it ran away to the back, with rows of round brass buttons. A little gold braid was put on and a jaunty cap with a gold band. A handsomer body of young men could not have been found than the "Zouaves." We drilled by the bugle. Our skirmish drills and our ornamental drills were very catching. Whenever we drilled we had plenty of spectators. Our spectators were our relatives and our sweet-hearts and their friends, who were anti-slavery as a rule. We received muskets from the State. We supplied ourselves with cartridges and drilled in all sorts of firing. Our file and volley fire were considered to be very fine and perfect performances. When we marched through the streets, as we did on all holidays or gala-days, and sometimes on political occasions, the old habit of throwing macadam at us ceased. We camped in our armory a great deal. The theory of it was that we must be toughened, that is what the captain said; so we would go up in the armory and sleep all night on the bare floor with our heads on our cartridge-boxes, because the captain said that that was the way that soldiers did. Then we had a regular German Turners' outfit of physical apparatus, and we had fencing with the bayonet and with foils. Our bayonet fencing was carried

on very scientifically, and became a fad. A man turned up who showed an honorable discharge from a British cavalry regiment, and he would saber against the bayonets. It used to be one of our pet things, to do after supper, to go down to the armory and fence with bayonets and sleep on the hard floor, and then in the morning have reveille at five o'clock, stack arms, and all go home for breakfast.

The number of men in our Zouave company I do not now remember, but as I would now say we had a permanent organization of at least sixty, and every man was supposed to be a swimmer, and if he could not swim he must immediately learn to swim. The captain of the company said that everybody in his company would have to be able to swim the Mississippi river. The river at this point was half a mile wide. If there was a member of that company who did not swim or had not swum the Mississippi river, I do not now recollect it. I have swum the Mississippi river several times in company with a platoon of the boys, accompanied by a skiff.

We were called upon a great deal to go out and give fancy drills and exhibitions in neighboring towns, and our drilling, uniform, and new Zouave tactics attracted a good deal of attention. One day there came to our town a young man by the name of Rice, who said that he belonged to the Ellsworth Zouaves, that was then one of the fancy regiments of the United States. This is the Ellsworth who was killed at Alexandria, Va. Rice stayed with us and drilled us every night for about a week, and praised us very highly; and although he did not know

much about it himself, he pronounced us "ready for the field." As I will hereafter show, we got there, and he was right.

Matters in a political way seemed to grow from bad to worse until the Presidential nomination of 1860. Everything seemed to lag; money became scarce, work became scarce, everybody had gloomy forebodings, and the Democratic party broke up into several organizations: one party was called the "Fire-eaters," and was a distinct Southern organization; another was called the "Peace Party." There were several prominent men in our town who were called "Fire-eaters." Stephen A. Douglas was a Presidential nominee, and as he had been called a little giant, his followers were called "Giants."

The "Wide-Awakes" were organized with a military drill. Among the Democrats in my part of Iowa, the Douglas sentiment was overwhelmingly predominant. The Wide-Awakes as an organization greatly increased in numbers and proficiency of drill. The Democrats adopted a plaid uniform, or rather a Scotch uniform, as the marching uniform of their political clubs. They spoke of themselves as the "Douglas clan," and called themselves "Little Giants." We called them "Little Joints," and either the "Wide-Awakes" or the "Little Joints" were promenading on the streets, about all the time, and fighting considerably in the mean time. Political excitement was very high and something was constantly happening. Our Zouave company was the heart of the "Wide-Awake" organization. It was impossible to have a political parade without a fight. Several of my chums in the Zouaves belonged to the fire company;

so when we paraded, before we fell into the parade we went around to the hose-house and put on belts with hose-spanners. The hose-spanner, as then made, for coupling hose, had a crook at one end and about eighteen inches of iron handle, and was an excellent thing to hold onto while pounding somebody. Those of us who had spanners under our uniforms marched near each other, and whenever a brick or a rock was hurled into our procession, we made a bold dash with our spanners into the crowd for the offender, and we often hurt somebody.

The anti-slavery sentiment was gaining ground. Many people, dissatisfied with the condition of public sentiment, moved South. The sentiment that one Southern man could whip five Yankees was not only prevalent but was constantly flaunted at us by Southern sympathizers, and it provoked a constant challenge. If I should now estimate the condition of the community where I lived in the summer of 1860 I would say that two-thirds of them had become anti-slavery and one-third were violent sympathizers with Southern sentiment, and appeared to be full of fight.

After the Very Heated Election was over and Mr. Lincoln was known to be elected, a citizen of our town who was a Southern man had come out and declared that the South must now secede from the Union. Two other young men and I determined to express our views in a somewhat positive way. We got some rope, made a dozen halters with a hangman's noose, wrote out on placards, "Death to Traitors and Secessionists," and started out after supper to hang them up on the few lamp-

posts in our little city. We had got almost through when a big, brawny fellow, who said he was from Kentucky, with a party, commenced taking them off from the lamp-posts, and of course a fight ensued; but the battle was against us, because we were held at bay while his assistants robbed most of the lamp-posts of the nooses. We had not calculated on so much resistance, but it produced a great deal of furor among us boys, and the question began to be agitated whether any person had not really deserved to be hung if he were in favor of secession. In a short time after that, it was noised about that there was an armed band of a hundred Southern men in our county who were ready to march South and offer their services to the South in case of war. Perhaps this was only a menace at that time, but collisions in the street became very frequent among the young fellows.

It became apparent that war was inevitable. New men wanted to join the Zouaves, and in a short time we had more than we could take care of, and I was one who was appointed as a drill-master of new recruits.

During the winter of 1860, it thus happened that I was down at the armory after supper, drilling constantly with new recruits who came in and wanted to join the Zouaves.

It is not necessary for me in this narration to repeat what is well known of the history of the United States. I only endeavor to give that portion of private detail which the historian must omit. Hence I will not refer to the heated condition of the country at large, to the various acts of secession, to what took

place in Washington; nor will I refer to the attitude of Kentucky and Missouri.

By the time spring opened there had been drilled in the Zouave armory, which was the fourth story of a large store building, about two hundred men. The cannons were being placed in situation to bombard Fort Sumter. Our Swedish commander had been taken violently ill, and was thought to be unable to recover. A young man had joined our company who was a good drill-master. He had belonged, so he said, to a Zouave company in Baltimore, and was a "jour" cigar-maker. He falsely claimed to have served five years in the regular army. He was an attractive fellow, and being a young man of very military bearing, and of enthusiastic nature, he soon became a favorite in our company. Among the friends of our company was a young doctor who had served through the Mexican War as a non-commissioned officer, and it was said he had shown great bravery at Buena Vista and at Palo Alto. He was a very pronounced anti-slavery man, and often came down to see us drill and to talk with the boys.

All at once the gun fired on Fort Sumter. The telegraphic dispatches were bulletined in the city as to all the minutiae of the transaction. First, that the gun was being brought into position; next, that a certain officer had ordered the gun 'o be loaded; then in a little while came the telegram that a certain officer was sighting the gun upon the flag at Fort Sumter. Business was all suspended. Everybody was in the streets. Everybody was asking, "What will happen next?" The Zouaves

were in their armory, which was packed. The first thing to do was to telegraph the governor, offering him the services of our company. To do this a provisional organization must hastily be made. The Baltimore cigar-maker was instantly selected as captain. The doctor from Buena Vista and Palo Alto was elected first lieutenant, and one of the new men of our company whose parents were prominent people was elected second lieutenant, with the understanding that the sergeants and corporals would be elected as soon as possible.

A telegram was sent to the Governor immediately, offering him the company. The Governor promptly accepted it, and called the company "E," which was supposed at that time to be the company that would carry the colors. In fact, other companies had offered their services before the firing on Fort Sumter. Now the question was, who should get into Company "E." There were so many in the company older and stronger than I that I went home that night with a very heavy heart, feeling that I was not going to get into the company and I was not going to get to see any of the trouble. I was past nineteen, but not yet twenty. We could not have half of the boys in the company who wanted to go, and I immediately began to work all the tactics and politics and other things which I had or knew of to get in.

One of the principal athletic exercises at our armory was boxing. It was all in fun, but it was quite earnest boxing. Gloves were used but little, although there were two pairs there. The boys stood up toe to toe on the floor, and the best man won.

Sometimes the boxing degenerated into a veritable encounter and somebody got hurt, but the wounds were slight and quickly healed, and the parties thereafter understood their mutual relations to each other. The armory was a good deal like a barnyard, where it was necessary for each of the roosters to know who was who. Hence the members of the Zouaves were really quite "scientific," although the German military company, with its Turner society, was undoubtedly more generally perfect in all-around gymnastics.

In fact, I do not think that I would have got into the company had it not been for a fortunate accident. I was hunting our new superior, the Baltimore cigar-maker, one evening, to impress upon him the necessity of having me in the company. He was in a billiard saloon. I went in to find him. I was somewhat unacquainted with such places, and I looked around perhaps a little awkwardly. I had on my Zouave cap. A man came up to me and began talking about Yankees, and said that they would not fight and that one Southern man could whip five of them any time or anywhere, and that he was from Kentucky. This, of course, required immediate attention on my part, and although he was larger than I, I was the more scientific, and in addition to that, I had the advantages described by Josh Billings: "Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just, and four times he who gets his work in fust." I laid him out in short order, much to my surprise. He arose, rallied, and I laid him out in such a way that he was gathered up and taken off by two friends, over the necks of whom he had an arm and they around

his waist. It happened that my superior officer really was in the saloon, although I did not see him, for I was told that I had better get out or I might be arrested, and I went home. The next day the Baltimore cigar-maker came around and told my father with glowing pride and eulogium how I had knocked the fellow in the billiard hall. My pious old father with great anguish recited the story to me, and gave me much advice about visiting such places and being engaged in bar-room brawls. He called up our old Puritanic ancestry, and he seemed to feel remarkably bad; but the occurrence fixed me up all right for the Zouave company.

The day after the firing on Fort Sumter my mother desired me to spade up a little patch of ground where she wished to set out some flowers. My old grandfather came along, leaning on the fence and asked, "What are you trying to do?" I said: "I am learning to throw up earthworks. What do you think of the prospect of war?" He said: "I have been expecting it for twenty years. The country is all gone to smash. The Constitution is of no use any more. We are going to all fall to pieces and all go to fighting; the North against the South, and the East against the West. The Government which old General George Washington giv us is all busted to pieces. There never will be any more such good times as there used to be. About everybody's going to get killed unless something stops it, and I don't see what there is that can stop it. It is State against State, and it will be family against family and man against man. I don't never expect to live to see the end of it. It used to be a great thing to be an American citizen, but we won't be anywhere now."

I said to him: "I expect I will be in the war. Nobody seems to think it will last long; some say it won't last over ninety days." My old grandfather said: "Oh, ninety days ain't no time. You can't get ready in ninety days; but," he said, "I guess you might as well go as anybody. *War is a great school.* It is a mighty good school, or it is a mighty bad school, according to the way you take it." My old grandfather had for years been a great pessimist, but during his early years he had been in the army himself, and although he deprecated war he seemed to think that if properly used the army was a *great school*.

When I found out that I had been selected as one to go to the war in the Zouave company my happiness knew no bounds. My sister was very proud of it, and her many young lady friends congratulated me. I felt that I might become a favorite, and might ultimately be considered by the young ladies generally as being a good deal of a fellow. Soon afterwards when the roster was made up and my name called and I stood in line, it was, to use a very commonplace observation, but truthfully so, the happiest day of my life, and those who were successful all felt similar elation. As we all had to undergo a very severe physical examination from the United States authorities, the company chose a dozen supernumeraries, good fellows, whom we wanted to be with us and who should go with us to take any vacant place which might be opened in the ranks. Cash was frequently offered by outsiders for a place as private soldier in the company.

When I announced to my parents that I had been accepted

in the Zouaves, things seemed to change with them. The captain of the company really did not want to take anybody that was under twenty-one. He said he wasn't going to have any "veal" in his company. That was the reason that I at nineteen hardly thought I was going to get in. In addition to not wanting any "veal" in the company, there were Southern people, pro-slavery people, who said that any persons who let their boys go into the service did so willingly, because they could get out any boy by habeas corpus who enlisted. There was a constant stream of secession talk in Northern newspapers, and a constant iteration of the fact that any parent could take any boy out of the army, under twenty-one. That was what made it hard for me to get in, and the question with me was whether or not my parents would take me out on habeas corpus. My father's demeanor changed a very great deal when he found that I was in. He was not half as profoundly stirred up over slavery as he had been before. I was his only grown son. My mother took a very sensible view of things. She cried some, but said that if I wanted to go I ought to go. She said that I must write her every week if I went, and she very sensibly said, "Now you want to be careful and not do anything that would make you ashamed to come back;" and she said: "Don't you go to drinking whisky and go to swearing and getting to be tough. Be sure and write to me every week, and don't you have me worrying about you."

My mother was in many respects a most remarkable woman. I never knew her to lose her temper. She was a great reader,

and had more friends than any woman I ever knew, and she was full of the philosophy of life, and used to say: "Never look back. Don't worry over things you cannot help. Do your best, and let the balance go."

As soon as our company had been organized, we who were uniformed were marched down to a church where a sermon was to be preached to the Zouaves. About half of us still wore our Zouave uniforms. I shall never forget that sermon. I do not remember the name of the minister. He was a little, short, heavy, aerobatic sort of preacher who pranced all over the platform. He seemed to have taken Stephen A. Douglas as his model, although he outdid him in gyrations considerably. He told us that, if we were called upon, we must uphold the country and the flag, and he made the distinct statement that the Lord Almighty had organized the United States for the purpose of keeping out kings and kingdoms; that the great curse of the world was kings and kingdoms, and that this government was the only means by which the kings and kingdoms could be got out of existence. It was to be a beacon-light in the world, and if we lost our lives in the supporting of the government we would go right straight to Heaven as soon as we were killed. I remember what a very assuring effect that had. I was beginning to have a little doubt upon the subject at that time, but the sermon seemed as if it had been prepared in a very sensible, scientific, patriotic and politic way to give the boys enthusiasm. It was without doubt all prearranged, although we did not then understand it. At

any rate, the sermon had a very fine effect, and as the church was large, and all the girls in town were there, the boys marched out very pompously and felt that they were going either down to the tropics or to Heaven, and it was safe either way.

Scarcely had the Zouave company tendered their services to the governor, than, lo! and behold, it transpired that the German company in our city had tendered theirs two months before. They had been organized by themselves. It was a surprise to outsiders, but they in their armory and Turner lodges had been discussing the matter secretly, and it seemed that they had kept themselves in touch with everything. They got ahead of us. The German company was organized under an old German officer as captain; not a very old man, either, but I may say here one of the best men and one of the bravest officers I ever knew. He became a brigadier in the Civil War, and was idolized by everybody who knew him. He was a thorough lover of liberty, a brave and capable man. So that from our little town two companies went who rivaled each other, and I may say that two hundred better men in physique and general capability never were organized. Every trade that could be mentioned, almost, was represented in those two companies. The Irish militia company all at once disappeared from view; I do not think that it ever met any more. Their sentiments at that time were in antagonism to that of the two companies referred to, but it is just to say that all of those, perhaps every one of them, of the Irish militia company that

was capable of admission to the service, ultimately joined. I remember several of them afterwards; one of whom, a young man for whom I had a great liking, was shot through the chest with an ounce ball at Shiloh, and recovered to live many years thereafter.

This brings us up to the period of the acceptance of our services, and is really the beginning of the history of Company "E."

CHAPTER 8.

State Acceptance.—April 20th.—Music of the Union.—The Girls.—The Uniform.—The Embarkation.—The Rendezvous.—Keokuk.—The Vacant Hotel.—The Saloon.—Our Muskets.—Regimental Camp.—Practice.—The Recoil.—The Silver Dimes.—Secession Sentiment.—Chickens.—Corporal Bill.—Balls.—Cotillions.—Dances.

On April 20, 1861, our company was completely organized, and the State went through the process of accepting us. Then we were subject to State pay—seven dollars per month—and our enlistment for three months began to run. Our time would thus expire July 20th. Before we were accepted a couple of our men changed their views and politics, and became “secesh” and would not go in. It was not to be wondered at that under steady disloyal persuasion a young man here and there should yield. There were hundreds of open secessionists and hundreds of “Southern sympathizers,” and they were all at work doing what they could to tie the hands of the North and of the soldiers of the Union. They shouted loudly, “No coercion!” But, for the two who went out there were others who wanted in— young men who had no faint hearts. On one occasion when we were in line a young man from the outside, who was a stranger, walked up to our line and offered one of the boys of the company a twenty-dollar gold-piece if the latter would step out and let him in the place. The recruit handed the gold-piece back and said, “I would see you in hell further than a pigeon could fly in a week.”

Choate, in 1855, had invented the phrase, "Keep step to the music of the Union." The expression was now everywhere and all the time quoted, and the new soldiers whenever they marched felt that they were keeping step to the music of the Union.

And the girls,—the Lord bless them,—they were many and beautiful, for they were our sisters and our sweethearts. We had lots of each. Only about one-half of our company had uniforms, and being Zouave uniforms they were pronounced by our Mexican War veteran critics as unfit. The Government had no uniforms to give us, so the girls, organized as a society, undertook the job of making an outfit, and they had to make it the way they wanted it. They had to have some art and some style put into it so that we would be adorned as well as uniformed. They got up our uniforms. The coat, as made, was a hunting-frock of the pioneer Daniel Boone type, fitting closely at the neck, cuff and belt, but full of surplusage everywhere else. It was made of a fluffy, fuzzy, open-woven, azure-gray cloth, the like of which I had never seen before and have never seen since. The cuff, collar and a band up and down the breast were flannel of a beautiful Venetian red, insuring a good target. Trowsers of a heavy buckskin type and color. Black felt hunting-hat, with a brilliant red-ribbon cockade. The word "dude" had not then been invented.

When we were in our uniform our company was probably the prettiest-looking lot of young men who ever stood up in a row. When we afterwards got into the field our officers made us tear

off the red trimmings because they were too conspicuous. The uniform went to pieces very fast under hard usage; but the girls had made it, we were proud to wear it, it was all we had, and in fact all we wanted. We now began looking for the foe; "the foe" was what we were after.

Orders came to go to Keokuk as the place of rendezvous. We had been drilling constantly day and night. Officers had been giving the non-commissioned officers teaching, in class, every day; and the company believed it was ready for the battle-field. So on the afternoon of May 7, 1861, we marched down the street to the steamboat, "Kate Cassel." The fife and drum played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and a packed mob on each side of the street was either cheering or scoffing. The crowd was with us mostly, but there were gangs who were not, and some yelled "Rats!" and "Abolition!" and other hostile slang. The company came near going to pieces more than once during the march, with a desire to capture and punish some one. But the officers said, "Steady," "Steady," and we kept in ranks. The girls were all out, cheering and waving parasols, and it made the occasion a great one for us. Each man had a carpet-sack in which, besides a lot of other things, were some neckties, and a shaving-mug, and a Bible, and some home-made socks, and some photographs, and a lot of some other things which the girls had loaded him up with. Statesmen control the destinies of nations during peace—the girls during war.

Before the march to the steamboat, one evening at a party,

a young lady turned from the piano and said to me, "You are not going to go and fight for old Ape Lincoln, are you?" To substitute Ape for Abe was one of the witticisms of the day, and I have heard more than one public speaker say that one look at the "ugly old rail-splitter" would convince any man that "Ape" was the right name. The young lady above referred to, after the war, although of Southern birth, married a Union soldier, and as his widow is now, at the time this is written, living off his pension.

The march down to the steamboat was a promise and a prophecy. No three-months soldiers of the war had as perilous, toilsome and distressful time. None came out with a better reputation, as we shall see.

Down on the steamboat we sang, "Dixie"—the original "Dixie." It was as follows:

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
In Dixie land where I was born in,
Early on a frosty mornin';
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away! Away!
Away down South in Dixie!

Old missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
But when he put him arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder;
Look away! Look away! Look away!

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But dat ting did not seem to greab 'er;

Look away! Look away! Look away!
Old missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart;
Look away! Look away! Look away!

Now here's a health to de next old missus,
And all de gals dat wants to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear dis song tomorrow;
Look away! Look away! Look away!

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injen batter,
Makes you fat and a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Den hoe it down and scratch de grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble;
Look away! Look away! Look away!

The rendezvous of our regiment was fixed at Keokuk, Iowa, and thither we went, by steamboat. We had left our guns back in the armory for a new set of boys to take charge of and hold the town. The "seecesh" were numerous and bitter, rumors of a raid from Missouri were rife, and there was much apprehension that some mounted gang might make a foray, or that some gang of incendiaries might burn the town, or at least do violence to some prominent Abolitionist or "war Republican," or to his property. Nor were the apprehensions without basis; these injuries were done; men were assaulted at night and buildings and property fired. The boys whom we left behind had considerable to do; they worked all day and did guard duty at night without pay, but it made soldiers out of them very rapidly. They soon followed us to the field.

When our boat arrived at Keokuk we organized on the levee, called the roll and counted off. While this was going on the people on the steamboats at the wharf hooted and jeered at us. Several steamboats were there, and their crews and passengers numbered hundreds, and they all seemed to be "seecesh." We were unarmed and under the circumstances helpless, so we said nothing and laid it up against them. It became impressed upon us afterwards that anybody connected with a steamboat was, *ipso facto*, a "rebel." Our experience on the Keokuk wharf was exceedingly galling, and we had no way of fighting back without acting unsoldierly. Our First Lieutenant, of the Mexican War, had drummed and drilled and ground it into us that on all occasions and under all circumstances we must act "soldierly." It transpired that by the time we reached the regimental rendezvous we all and each had a bad case of swell-head, in supposing ourselves "soldierly."

We marched up the street to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This was our favorite tune, and it was no joke. The streets were thronged, and the cheering and the hooting were about equally divided. The hooters were unfriendly, and were generally at windows and upon roofs; we evened up with some of them afterwards.

The city of Keokuk at the time of which I speak was the victim of arrested development. It had been wonderfully boomed and overbuilt. The development of the locomotive had killed the town. River navigation had in the prior years been deemed so important that the Government had spent

millions in putting dams and locks into the Des Moines river, and, as the rival of St. Louis and Chicago, great sums had been spent there in ground-lots and buildings with the hope and under the hallucination that Keokuk would be the greatest city on the Mississippi river. The town site projected down near Missouri, from which it was necessary that the town should be now guarded, and therefore it was made the place of State rendezvous. We were marched up the principal street and up into the third story of a large vacant brick building. This was on May 7, 1861. Boards were put up on the floor eight feet from the wall and the inclosure filled with hay, and each man was given a pair of blankets. The athletic drilling of the company and its sturdy, even marching up and down the stairs, soon made mischief for the building, and it cracked from top to bottom, and in a few days we were moved down to one of the big vacant hotels of the town. The evening before we moved one of our men who went into a saloon to get a drink was "doped." We thought he had developed a case of "delirium tremens." He slept on the floor in the hay next to me, and I put in almost all of the night holding him down, with assistance from others. He was very strong, and wore me out; he was crazy; the boys kept putting cold water on his head, and in the morning he was able to talk some. Corporal Churubusco (of whom I shall speak more hereafter) began to understand the situation, and went down-town and inquired into the loyalty of the saloon-keeper and found it badly "Secesh," and thereupon a detachment of us went down and tried to find

the man at his saloon. He was not in, so we smashed up everything, broke out all of the doors and windows, and posted up a reward of \$1000 for his arrest. The incident taught us to be careful, and we did our drinking in saloons kept by Germans; they were always square and loyal. When I say "our drinking" I mean the company. I mostly kept out, and there was in fact but little of it done by our company.

We were armed the day after we moved into the vacant hotel. I always enjoy the recollection of the musket which I got. What became of it will be told a good ways further on. It was an old-fashioned, long, big, heavy, sturdy weapon, and nothing could out-kick it but a Government mule. The musket bore the stamp of "U. S. 1829," and had been a flint-lock altered over into a percussion. Our whole regiment was armed with these old-fashioned guns. They had been gathered up, of different years of construction, cleaned out, the flint-lock hole in the side of the barrel filled with brass, a percussion-cap fixture set on, and an old-fashioned bayonet fitted to it. It shows what the condition of our Government was at that time. The treason that the Southern oligarchy had for years been planning, had filled the Southern arsenals and shipyards with the best, and had given the South a running start in the game of war. And they held it for a while; should have held it longer. These muskets of ours were heavier and different from the guns we had practiced with. We were immediately started at drilling with the new ones,—“Load in nine times—Load.” In our company drill and marching we were drilled on the double-quick

theory; that is, every movement was on the run, and running and carrying that musket was a good deal of work. Nevertheless we drilled three hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon, carrying those muskets, and it broke down several of our men, so that they had to be dropped. We were drilled running all over the country, jumping ditches and climbing fences. One day in jumping a ditch one of our best boys could not quite make it with the gun, and he strained himself so that he was taken to the hospital, where he died. Although the drill was hard, it was exciting. There were many humorous accidents, and the boys got hardened up into whalebone. But we had not yet been accepted by the United States.

The regiment finally, as to all of the companies, arrived in Keokuk, and we all went into camp upon the plateau above the town overlooking the Mississippi river. Here we drilled regimental drill unceasingly. Here we drew a lot of ammunition, blank cartridges and "buck and ball," and practiced a little shooting. "Buck and ball" meant one large round ball and three large buckshot in one cartridge. The guns had no rear sight, only a notch, and we had to tinker them and change the front sight so as to get an approximation. The guns which the "Secesh" had, new Springfield muskets, were rifled and had fine sights and could be adjusted for distances. Ours could not be adjusted and were smooth-bore, and we could not make them shoot straight. But we understood guns and could get as close to it as anybody could, or as the gun itself could be made to go. Corporal Churubusco had been in the Mexican War and knew

all about war, as he said, and we supposed. Drill, equipment and logistics were his constant themes, and we hung upon his precepts for weeks, even until we got into the field and found out how little he knew. Well, Corporal Churubusco said that what made a gun kick,—was what every old Mexican soldier knew,—there was space in the barrel behind the touchhole,—that the fire from the cap went into the barrel too far forward. We then proceeded to fill in the barrel at the bottom, according to his suggestions. A silver dime just fitted the barrel, but silver dimes had disappeared from circulation. Nevertheless, I managed to get one and then another and then another, until I had rammed down six of them. But the gun kicked apparently as hard as ever, and then I wanted the silver out,—that is, I wanted my money back,—but that was an impossibility: the discharges had swaged the silver down and brazed it to the barrel. The gun continued to kick like “sixty,” (the number of cents which I had rammed down.) We all named our guns; the boys generally named them after their pet girls,—it was “Hannah,” or “Mary Jane,” or something else. I named mine “Silver Sue.”

The Secession Sentiment in Keokuk was open and apparently defiant, and as the boys were all spoiling for a fight they put in their odds and ends of time going to town and picking fights with people of that sentiment. I remember a groceryman who was very bitter, and three of the boys hired a speedy wagon and went down to his store and picked up a large crate of live chickens, loaded it in and drove off. Another prominent citizen

was very disloyal and bitter; the boys got a U. S. flag and pole and a ladder and fixed the flag upon the top of his house. The owner said that he would tear "The damned thing" down; the boys said that then they would tear his "damned" house down. As a fact, the "Secesh" element showed a vicious hatred to the flag. The question which then puzzled us was why a flag of Virginian origin should be so hated by Virginians just because they did not like somebody. A Keokuk weekly paper one day had a badly disloyal editorial, and a detailed statement of the preparations the South had, and was making, to go to war, and how well prepared they were. The editor was hunting trouble, and some of the boys gave it to him.

The Southern States were ready and fully prepared for war. They were boastful and arrogant. They expected and intended to succeed. It is strange they did not. Northern "Copperhead" papers were filled with laudation of the South, its valor and readiness,—and threw or tried to throw a scare into the Northern public every day of the week.

The *Mobile Advertiser* said, on the 24th of April, 1861:

"There are now, as nearly as can be estimated, upwards of 100,000 organized and armed men in the seven Confederate States, under orders or anxiously awaiting them, to spring to the post of danger at the word of Jefferson Davis. Within eight days' time, at the farthest, he can concentrate 60,000 of these men—the best soldiers in the world—at any point on the Northern border, and hurl this splendid army like an avalanche upon the foe. If the battle-ground be in Virginia or Maryland, as it probably will, the grand army of the Confederacy will be doubled or trebled by the rallying hosts of those States. We

have reason to believe that hundreds of companies are now on the move, or will be within twenty-four hours,—all bound somewhere.”

There was a very violent Southern sympathizer who lived about one mile from camp, whose name I will call Robb; the boys were talking about what they would or ought to do with him. One evening I was on guard around the camp about five hundred feet from the nearest tent, and on the edge of some woods. About one o'clock in the morning while I was walking a lonesome beat I heard a noise in the woods, and kneeling down behind a bush I watched and waited. It was very dark, and a big form came up towards where I was. I rose and put a bayonet up in front of a man with a big bundle on his back. It was Corporal Churubuseo with a blanket wrapping up seventeen chickens, mostly old hens. He wanted to go through; he pleaded; he said he had been out to visit “Old Robb,” and had killed two dogs and taken every chicken in the henhouse. I held him up and called the “Corporal of the guard.” At the guard-house they allowed him three. My relations after that with the Corporal were very much strained, until a rough-and-tumble event occurred in which the corporal came out second best, and after that he got along with me better. The history of my company is the history of each company at Keokuk. Every company had its best man, its best wrestler, its best runner, its champion. Our company had the best boxer, who in turn was also about the best wrestler; he was a Hercules, a machinist from a foundry. He was a good-natured, pleasant

fellow, but a terrible man in a fist fight. He was a corporal, and we called him "Corporal Bill." I shall speak of him later.

A grand ball was given at the City of Fort Madison a few miles up the river, and I was invited to it. It was a typical ball of the times. I may digress here to speak a little of the dancing of the period. The pioneer dances were entirely "square cotillions," with an occasional "country dance" (which pedantic philologists have changed to "contra dances" as they have changed the old-fashioned welch-rabbit to "rarebit"). The "cotillion," otherwise called the "quadrille," was to the "country dance" in favor as nine to one. The country dance was executed in two long lines; it was more of an open-air dance, because it could be performed on the sod. Everybody understood the cotillion. The figures were very numerous. Every town and village had persons who could teach them. New figures were continually invented, and traveling dancing teachers kept the towns instructed. In addition to this the new figures were printed and illustrated in pamphlets on the subject, and were described in the newspapers. Every town and village had "callers" who could call and explain the figures, old and new. They were the pets of society, and generally first-class young men who could go anywhere and be received anywhere. The effect of the German immigration upon this American state of society was very marked. The Germans who came were educated and intelligent; they had their "round dances"—the waltz, polka, and many others. The American parent did not like these dances; they were too intimate, too familiar.

The parent forbade the child to dance any of the "Dutch dances," but the old-fashioned parent could not control the situation. The German had come to stay, and so had his dances. The pulpit, which in those days found fault with every amusement that it did not originate or control, denounced the German dances with fierce phrases. The subserviency of the church membership to the pulpit in those days was something that is very difficult now to understand. The attack on the German dances lasted through years; they were called immodest, and the diversion of infidels. But the German and his dances were irresistible.

In a furtive way the German dances spread among the Americans. That kind of dancing was not born into them, and so had to be taught. Then came a compromise in society, a combination of the two styles. The German modified the "cotillion," and we had the waltz quadrille, and the polka quadrille, and many others; for instance, the "octagon schottische quadrille." There was never anything as intricate or delightful ever invented as the dances of that period. They required quickness, brightness, attention, and grace. Each of the girls and many of the boys, of that period, had them all.

It was at this Fort Madison dance that I first saw the "New Catholic." It was a pantomime waltz quadrille. Those were the days when the dancing-master traveled with his wife from city to city and made money, organized bliss, and supplied the communities with ecstasy. From the Fort Madison dance I sadly returned to Keokuk.

CHAPTER 9.

Keokuk.—Constant Drill.—The Officers.—The Cooks.—Sick Men.—Poisoned Pies.—Hospital.—Spies.—Missouri Disturbances.—Steamboat and Flag.—Floyd's Nephew.—Election of Colonel.—Lieutenant-Colonel.—Major.—Regimental Officers.—Laundry.—Muster-in.—May 14, 1861.—Personal Dissatisfaction.—Old Mace.—Chicken Mess, No. 1.

Our drill in camp was constant. We learned the bugle-calls; we took down our tents, put them in wagons, hauled them around and put them up again, so as to learn speed. Everything seemed to go all right except the commissary department. Our cooks did not know how to cook. Rations were wasted, and we thought that the commissary was stealing from us. Careless cooks spoiled much food, and twenty per cent of the men went on the sick list. Our officers were mostly inefficient, and did not know how to take care of their men. Our company became dissatisfied, and was about half of the time on the edge of a mutiny. Soldiering is a profession; men must learn first to take care of themselves and then to take care of one another. Officers must learn to take care of their men and to make the men take care of themselves, and of one another. The officers of our regiment got new gold-mounted uniforms, and most of them swelled around without any thought that they had any duties or responsibilities. Our First Lieutenant was a good officer; the other two were of no account. Most of the company officers played billiards down-town, attended balls and parties,

and were on exhibition. They did not seem to think they had anything to do except to strut. The cooking became intolerable and the officers insufferable. When complaint was made to the officers they made light of everything and rectified nothing. Every soldier in the company finally learned how to cook. I sent home for money, and managed to get something to eat occasionally. Once our cooks went on a drunk for two days, and we had a tough time of it. They would have been undoubtedly punished, but our captain went on a simultaneous drunk for three days, and he felt constrained to be charitable. Our First Lieutenant was all that held our company together; he had been in the Mexican War, as before stated, and had some ideals. (He afterwards made a splendid reputation as a colonel of another Iowa regiment.) Other companies fared as we did. There were a few good, conscientious officers, but only a few. I mention these things to show what will always be the first history of a volunteer company in any war. The men will always get sick from bad cooking, and the officers, four out of five, will always shirk their duty. The officers who stay in camp and make the men take care of themselves, who look after the clothing of their men, who make the cooks do their duty or tie them up by the thumbs,—these officers save the lives of their men and eventually get their respect, and obtain rank. Such officers, however, are few in the beginning, and must generally come up from the bottom. A man, in order that he may take care of others, must have been neglected himself.

A number of the sick men were pronounced by the doctors to

have been poisoned. There were those in the city who would not hesitate to make away with a soldier by any means. Guards were put on the wells and our water-supply. Poison was in pies that were sold by traveling vendors of stuff. I struck one of these pies; I ate a part, and not liking the illy-disguised taste threw the balance away. I was taken to the hospital downtown and given some heroic treatment. In a couple of days I was able to walk a little around the hospital. While spying around the great building I saw through a half-open door the raw leg of a man hung up on the wall; it was dripping blood; it had been taken off at the pelvic joint, and was hanging up by the tendon of the heel. The sight had an instantaneous therapeutic effect; I was cured; I called a hack and went out to camp. Some of the boys did my duty for a couple of days, and I never was in the hospital again. It was noticed by the boys that those who sold unwholesome articles were never seen around camp again. I looked for the man who sold me the pie, but never saw him afterwards.

Rumors of Rebel invasion of Iowa were of hourly occurrence. We wanted to get into the field, but it was constantly reported that we would never leave Keokuk. A second and a third Iowa regiment had been nearly raised; they were to be three-year regiments. Northern Missouri was ablaze with secession. It looked as if we would be doing well if we kept the enemy off from Iowa soil. A steamboat came up from the south; it bore no flag. We went down and took possession of the boat and made the captain run up the American flag. Refugees from Mis-

souri came into our camp and told of great wrongs over in Missouri, and how thousands of rebels were under arms, and how they talked of coming over and taking us in. Stories of murders and assassinations came in daily groups. We were told that our camp was full of spies. This turned out to be true, for afterwards men of one of our companies in Missouri captured a man that was recognized as a pie-seller in our Keokuk camp. Guards were sent out at night to various places over and near the town. We felt that the war had begun, and we hungered to show what the "mudsills" could do.

One evening we heard that a nephew of the rebel Floyd who had been Secretary of War, and one of the greatest scoundrels in America, was in the city. Several of us made a plan to take him in; so after nightfall we "ran" the guard and went to the house and surrounded it and searched it, about one o'clock in the morning, but the young man had got away. There were spies enough, in the camp and out, to have given him the word. History shows but few greater rogues than this ex-Secretary Floyd, who plotted treason every minute he was in office; and Buchanan, if he had not been an old grandmother, would have had Floyd in prison, with stripes on, at hard labor. Yet since the war he seems to have been vindicated to the extent that it is said he worked "for what he thought was right." The "Lost Cause" was only unsuccessful ambition, and it paid the penalty. It cannot be galvanized by time or deeds into anything else than an ill-advised and unsuccessful plot on the part of the leaders. We regretted that we could not get the

nephew of Floyd and take him into camp, and make him hold up his hand and swear allegiance to the flag. The "Secesh" hated the flag much more than the Devil was ever charged with hating holy water. Speaking about the steamboat: it was a funny thing that when we made the captain of the boat run up the American flag, the boat having been thus delayed in loading, we all sang "Dixie" and loaded up his freight, and started him off with his flag flying. The song of "Dixie" had been in vogue for a couple of years; when we got into the field afterwards we shot at any man who sang "Dixie."

On May 11th we Elected a Colonel, a Lieutenant-Colonel, and a Major. What influences brought about the selection of the candidates for the field offices I never could know or understand. The regiment voted for them, or supposed it did. Our Captain told the company that he had promised how the company would go, and he wanted us to go that way—and we did. But it was all manipulated from the outside. Our selection was as follows:

For Colonel we got the clerk of the District Court of Dubuque county, a man of 30; he had been an insurance agent and a real-estate agent, and had been for several years a local, petty all-around politician, of small calibre, without any knowledge of military matters drawn from either reading or experience. Why he was put forward, why he got in and why he was commissioned, will forever be a mystery.

For Lieutenant-Colonel we got a lawyer from Cedar Rapids of about 36. He was not much of a lawyer, had no prominence,

had neither push nor ability. He knew nothing whatever of military matters, never drilled us, always stayed in the background, and we saw but little of him.

For Major we got a jolly old man from Mt. Pleasant, nearly 55. He knew nothing of military matters; was considerable of a sport, and while his duties rested lightly on him, and he paid but little attention to anything, we liked him because he was good-natured and jolly.

In the selection of these three officers, the north, center and south of the State were represented. Geography was satisfied, but the soldiers of the regiment were not. No one of these three officers had the slightest military training, knowledge, or instinct.

The reason why the war lasted so long was that the regiments in the beginning were so poorly officered. Before the regiment could do much service it had to unload its initial officers and get a new outfit. The first officers were appointed for political reasons, and through favoritism or relationship and without reference to ability. On account of it the North would have been whipped in the war had it not been that the vice was worse in the South than in the North. The slave oligarchy did the same thing in a more flagrant way, and suffered for it in proportion.

The merchants of Keokuk kept large stores of powder in powder-houses beyond the city limits. I was detailed on guard one night with others, and walked a beat near one of these structures; a terrific storm came up, with much vivid lightning, and I was glad when I was relieved. The officer of the guard

did not have brains enough to look after his men, and he stayed in somewhere out of the wet; he did not have sense enough to take care of me.

The month of May wore away and we were still in camp. Our uniforms were wearing out, but we were becoming perfect in our drill. We did our laundry down on the banks of the Mississippi; every man washed his own clothes. We were inspected by an officer of the United States, Captain Alexander Chambers.

The time had come, May 14, 1861, for muster into the United States Army. Four of our men refused to be mustered into the United States service; they said they did not intend to go and fight to free the nigger. This was believed by the boys to be only a mask for cowardice, and they whooped the men out of camp in great shape. One who was quite ill was not mustered in, and ten more were rejected. The United States officer was suspected of having been posted by our First Lieutenant, because the ten who were rejected were young men who had apparently determined to be tough. But the places were quickly filled, and the company was better off. A more sturdy lot of young men could not have been found. When we were mustered in, we numbered 99. No company in the regiment surpassed us, and the personnel may be understood when I say that the Iowa City company averaged 160 pounds in weight per man. Our company never got around to weighing up, but was equally good, with an average age of 22 years.

We were now soldiers of the United States of America, and were very proud, but our home-made uniforms were getting

shabby, and the Government had no uniforms to issue to us. Affairs in Saint Louis were interesting the West, and still we were being held to guard Iowa. The regiment grew exceedingly restive; the war was on; Jeff Davis had issued his proclamation of war nearly a month (Montgomery, Ala., April 29, 1861). Missouri seemed to be a secession camp, and yet we were without United States uniforms and equipment, and were kept at home to do guard duty. The regiment became mutinous. The officers were practically unable to control it. Hundreds of men broke guard and went down-town and lay around damning their officers. The available soldiers of whole companies were detailed to go down-town and arrest the malcontents. Men would openly insult their officers and be sent to the guard-house, from which they would break at a favorable time. Our Captain became of no account whatever, and the Colonel the same. The Colonel would treat us to whisky when he met us. Our rations were so unsatisfactory, our cooks so careless and useless, and our officers so incapable, that something had to be done. Private messes were formed. I was invited to go into a mess formed by some of the corporals and sergeants; we bought some utensils, got some that were issued, and went to work to get and have something to eat. Fortunately a fugitive slave came into camp, and said he could cook and had cooked in the Mexican War. We picked him up and installed him. I shall speak of him more at length hereinafter. He said his name was Mason Johnson; he was a treasure. We called him "Old Mace." He took right hold; he went out

on the edge of town, outside of camp, and milked the town cows; he made "pone," which we had never heard of before; he took Government rations and with the addition of trifles he made food worth eating. I shall never forget "Old Mace": he is the only black idol I ever had. When we afterwards got to naming our messes, "Old Mace" named our mess "Chicken Mess, No. 1." From this time on we lived high; we notified our sisters and sweethearts that the mess had been started, and we got consignments of fruit-cake and other nutritious and indigestible stuff by express.

On May 31, 1861, Lyon took charge of affairs in St. Louis. His action at the time was considered a "bluff," but it did not turn out so, for he eventually made good.

CHAPTER 10.

June Comes.—Rain.—Tobacco.—Poker.—Zouave Drill.—Douglas Funeral.—Great Bethel.—Striking Camp.—Our Dog.—June 13th.—Trip to Hannibal.—Breakfast.—June 14th.—Macon.—Oratory.—O'Connor.—Guard-House.—Cognac.—Blackberry Brandy.—French Jo.

The month of June opened up without promise of any service outside of Iowa. Over in Illinois, east of us, along the river, there were constant rumors of secesh disorders, and widespread Southern sympathy. Gangs of toughs came over in the ferry-boats, and fights on the levee were of frequent occurrence. It really seemed as if lots of the toughs and ignorant class wanted to be martyrs to the cause of secession. We talked these things over among ourselves, and it seemed as if the tide of disunion was growing stronger and Union sentiment was growing weaker. The attacks upon President Lincoln by Northern men and newspapers seemed to daily grow in quantity and rancor. The war was claimed to be due to Northern aggression, and to be a fight for the "nigger," who did not want freedom and who did not know what was going on and cared less. About the first of June a rainy season set in; our tents were thin and did not keep out the water, but only split the drops. The tents had no top-flies, and in course of time everything became damp and mouldy. We made a shelter for Mace's fire with tree-tops and a blanket. The boys were confined to their tents by stress of weather. About this time a wholesale merchant, who was afterwards Senator

John H. Gear of Iowa, sent to the company a large box of chewing-tobacco. There were several plugs for each man, and it was fairly divided. During this rainy season the boys played poker for this tobacco.

Poker and Brag were games that the boys all generally knew. Poker was a development of brag. Brag was played with three cards. They were dealt one at a time, and every man bet his three cards as hard as he dared, as soon as they were dealt. The game was very simple: aces were called "bullets," and the slang allusions and expressions of that day were in terms of brag instead of being in terms of poker as to-day. I remember once that a Canadian came to our town and was reported to have brought considerable money with him; a prominent citizen spoke of him as holding "two bullets and a bragger." In the game certain cards held an elective value and were called "braggers." Three aces were the best hand; what the man meant was that the Canadian held almost three aces, that is, was almost as rich as anybody. Poker as a gambling-game was played with the highest twenty cards in the deck—ace, king, queen, jack, and ten-spot. It had received the name of "twenty-deck" poker. There was no draw to it. Each man held his five cards and bet them as high as he wanted to. Only four could play it, and the deal exhausted the cards. The money which I saw lost at cards on the steamboats was at twenty-deck poker, and everybody understood the game. When, however, five or more wanted to get into the game after our company was formed, we had taken more and more cards from the deck until we played what we

called "full-deck." The whole mess would sit around the blanket with beans, and play "freeze-out" to see who should go on guard, or wash the clothes, or police the tent. No money was used, nor was there any acquisitive gambling, but all controversies were settled by freeze-out. It was when the tobacco came down from Mr. Gear, and the boys began to play freeze-out for the plugs, that the "draw" was first introduced. Whence it came or by whom introduced I do not know. It was at first condemned as an innovation, but before that rainy spell had cleared off everybody in our company understood and had adopted and had approved the new game, and its name was "draw-poker." "Brag" and "20-deck" immediately disappeared and were never heard of in the regiment afterwards. The "jack-pot" was a Cleveland innovation, which was not introduced until after the war. Corporal Bill of our mess went out, and before the weather cleared up brought in seventeen plugs from the other tents; other members of our mess did well, so that we had more than a double share. This was nearly the end of all of our poker-playing during the campaign; for we never had much opportunity to play afterwards. Our bayonets were our candlesticks; we stuck the sharp end of the bayonet in the ground and the candle fitted exactly into the socket. I have often thought that candles had their size fixed by the military necessity. A ring of seven players in a tent around a blanket with seven candles burning on bayonets stuck into the ground has always been to me a dream of happiness.

Intense excitement prevailed from about the first of June.

The camp was constantly filled with rumors of secession movements in Missouri. Twenty men were detailed every night from each company to sleep on their arms, so as to be ready at a moment's notice; and a large detail also slept at the guard-house. It was not known at what moment we might expect an attack. Rebel regiments were being raised across the Des Moines river in sight of our town. The weather cleared off, and drilling was resumed with great earnestness. We went out and drilled with our blankets, canteens and haversacks on; that is, in full military equipment. It was hard drudgery, and with our dress-parades made from five to six hours a day of very hard work. We kept our Zouave method of drill, and hence drilled differently from any other company. It was afterwards our salvation.

The Douglas Funeral took place on Tuesday, June 11. The great man had died. We had all become great admirers of Douglas for the stand he had taken in support of Lincoln and the war. The name of Douglas was worth to the Union cause a hundred thousand men. Everywhere in the North, as far as I ever heard, there was a funeral ceremony wherever Union troops were camped. Perhaps it was an order of the War Department; at any rate, we all thought it was just the right thing. An artillery caisson was surmounted with a coffin and draped with the American flag, and we marched all around through the town and suburbs with arms reversed, funeral style, the drum corps playing a long-drawn-out and monotonous funeral dirge. It was an afternoon job, and tiresome withal, but we all thought it ought to be made a worthy pageant. We were followed by a

column of civilians that we could not count, but I should guess that 10,000 people were with us on that afternoon, while the ceremonies lasted, ending with dress-parade in camp.

The Victory of Great Bethel was heralded on the evening of June 12. It was pronounced "a great strategic victory," which of course was buncombe. We all went wild with enthusiasm. The bugle-calls did not get the men to bed; the officers came around and made the lights all go out, but in the stillness and darkness the men screamed and cheered. These were sandwiched in with profane remarks about our being held back. Irreverent remarks about the officers were shouted from tent to tent, and the fact was greatly bewailed that the war would end before anybody knew that the First Iowa were enlisted.

The next day at four o'clock in the morning we were routed out on bugle-call and told to get immediately ready to go south. As I never expect to be young again, I never expect to see and feel again such enthusiasm. The camp became a howling mob. The men became good-natured again. Orders came to leave all baggage and take nothing that we could not carry. We were told to "strip down to the buff." We were told that every man would be inspected and not a surplus ounce permitted. Express teams came to the camp and we sent home our carpet-sacks containing all of the neckties, slippers and shaving-mugs the girls had given us; also everything else that we could not carry in our pockets. We even consented to let our Bibles go, but kept the poker-decks. Tents were rolled up and the whole regimental outfit was soon down on the wharf and we went on

board of a steamboat, and lo! and behold, it was the "Jennie Deans," whose captain, as before stated, we had made run up the American flag. (In those days we called it the AMERICAN FLAG.)

There had been a lot of vagrant, tramp dogs visiting the camp furtively; they were a bad-looking lot. The ugliest was a mud-colored mongrel, whom somebody named "Lize"; she was so ugly that she was a curiosity. She had never had a friend, and had been kicked around and half-starved to death until she was painfully timid. Our company adopted this dog and placed it under the charge of Sergeant Harbaugh (afterwards a Brigadier-General of the Regular Army). Our drunken captain, and Lize, were taken aboard, and down the river we started. Charley Stypes had his accordion in a bag over his stalwart shoulders. Charley was one of our favorites; he could play an accompaniment to a mocking-bird, a steamboat whistle, or a roll of thunder. He was a big, handsome, even-tempered boy who could play the accordion for forty-eight hours without batting an eye. Well, he ran a stag-dance on the hurricane deck all the way down to Hannibal, where we arrived at 12 o'clock midnight. I put in some time trying to color a new meerschaum pipe that had been presented to me by a girl whose brother I did not like.

Hannibal was the eastern end of a railroad line which extended west across the State of Missouri. The line was a new, uneven, unballasted, crooked, "jerk-water" sort of a railroad; but cars could be kept on the track if the speed were low and the engineer diligent. The line was deemed one of great strategic

importance. On arrival at Hannibal we were marched up into the town and halted on the street in the black night. We stood there about an hour waiting for orders. "What are we doing here?" asked everyone; nobody knew. The officers were all gone. In fact, they were up at the hotel, sound asleep, and had left us to take care of ourselves. Bad officers sometimes are a benefit to their men; the men learn to take care of themselves, are put on their own resources, and do not rely upon anyone to look after or provide for them. It gives the men initiative, and puts them on the lookout. This night in Hannibal I will never forget. We had no supper; after waiting a while we went to the curbstone of the pavement and sat down; we stacked our arms in the middle of the street, put two guards to watch, then lying down on the brick pavement we curled up and went to sleep. We were awakened at sunrise by a bugle-call. We "took" arms and formed in line, but it was a false alarm. The call was from a group of tents on a hill near town where two companies of Illinois infantry (I think the Sixteenth) had camped the day before. I may say here that one of the private soldiers in the Illinois tents afterwards became, and remained through life, one of my best and warmest friends,—Noble L. Prentis.

Hannibal was then a straggling, struggling, western, wooden, Missouri town. Finding nothing to do, we mud-sills again curled up on the sidewalk; after a while a wagon drove up and gave us a ham for each ten men, and piled out on the sidewalk in boxes a lot of bread of all kinds and sizes, intermixed with a lot of crackers. It looked as if all the bakeries in town had

been robbed. There were all kinds and sizes of bread—brown, black and white, rye, graham, and fancy—loaves big and little—some sour, some fresh and some old. We ate it all up and then began to roam around and buy things from the opening stores—young onions, bologna, anything that they had to sell. Still no officers appeared until about 11 o'clock. They arrived fresh as daisies, the bugle was sounded, and we were marched to the railroad station. At 12 noon, Friday, June 14th, we were put into some stock cars and billed, so I suppose, for Macon, which was 70 miles west by track measurement. In the afternoon we pitched our tents in that village, Macon, beside a railroad dump which was to be used as a fortification if attacked. It was reported that 500 infantry and 200 cavalry, organized for the Confederate army, were near us down on the Chariton river west of town. We slept on our arms that night because the rebel cavalry had reconnoitered our position in plain view. At this town our regimental orators developed. A great number came in to look at the camp,—some from friendship, some from curiosity, and some as spies. When a good number had gathered some member of our regiment made them a red-hot, spread-eagle Union speech. I may not refer to this phase of our campaign again, and so will say here that we argued our case all the way through Missouri. It was musketry and discussion, cold lead and controversy, from first to last. Whenever any man found a Missourian who would stand hitched long enough to listen, the latter had the Union cause talked into him. We were both missionaries and musket-

cers. When we captured a man we talked him nearly to death; in other respects we treated him humanely. The Civil War was a battle of ideas interrupted by artillery. The speakers of our regiment were in no instance officers. Every officer had under him a number of men who were his superiors in ability, education and social standing. The best speaker that we had in our regiment was a soldier of the Muscatine company, "A," named Henry O'Connor. He was like an old flint-lock—he required "priming" before he would go off; but he did good execution. He afterwards held high office in Iowa, but I do not now remember what it was. He deserved all he got.

At Macon City, when we arrived there, I was detailed on guard, and was stationed the furthest out on the dump, and was ordered to keep my gun loaded and *cocked*, so that if I was picked off I might at least have strength enough left to fire an alarm. This was comforting. I had just passed a hard day and night before I went on guard, and on the next morning I came in pretty well used up. I was asked to go into town and find a grindstone and sharpen the mess cutlery preparatory to a campaign. I did so, and also ground my bayonet down to a fine sharp triangular point. When I came back I heard that the captain had ordered all guns cleaned and an inspection for noon. I went to the captain and asked permission to fire off the load in my musket because it would take too long to draw the load with a ball-screw. He said, "Yes." Thereupon I fired the gun into the bank, and had hardly begun to clean it when a squad came and arrested me by order of the colonel

for firing the gun; I claimed the permission of the captain, and they took me before him and *he denied it*. Thereupon a colloquy arose, and I called the captain something, and then I called him something else. I remember the idea, but not the exact language. Thereupon I was gently conveyed to the guard-house, which was the freight-house of the railroad, not a large building, standing upon stilts. I never felt so bad in my life. I wanted to shoot the captain and burn the depot. What would my best girl say when she heard, as she would, that I had been stuck into the guard-house, the very first day on the enemy's soil? My first dinner in hostile territory was sent to me in a mess-pan in the guard-house. I felt indignant, resentful and seditious. As we were liable to attack, my musket, blanket and accoutrements were sent me, with orders to fall into the company in case of attack. There were a couple of cars of freight in the depot and it was piled up against the end wall, and on the top about eight feet up was a layer of lightning-rods. I got up on the lightning-rods and went to sleep. After a while I woke up, and the more rested the more mutinous I became. The officer of the guard drew a line on the floor with chalk, beyond which I must not go; it gave me about eight feet of the end of the room. I occupied it and planned devilment. To think that a worthless, drunken, no-account cigar-maker could disgrace me that way burdened my soul. How could I ever get even with him was the cargo of my brain. If I struck him, a squad whom I didn't know would walk me out and shoot me full of large, ragged and unnecessary holes. I

finally made up my mind that I would make myself a burden to him while in the service and thrash him within three-sixteenths when I got out. Then I bewailed the situation, and what my sister would say and what her friends would say, and what my girl would say, and what Mrs. Grundy would say, and I suffered more misery than anybody. I was carrying the photograph of the girl in the blank diary-book from which I now write these few melancholy lines. "What a shame," said I, "to have the picture of such a pretty girl in such a place." As I did not marry the girl, I am speaking of my sentiments then and not now. As she shortly afterwards married the most worthless, drunken, stay-at-home copperhead in the neighborhood, and experienced a sad and ruined life, I never bothered my head much about it afterwards. I came to the conclusion, taking this as one of my illustrations, that whereas three-fourths of our troubles and evils are imaginary, so also are three-fourths of our happiness. Pardon the digression. In a lonesome and degraded mood, and wanting something to do, I proceeded to pull down the lightning-rods onto the floor so as to make a better place to sleep, and lo! and behold, I discovered a half-barrel labeled "Golden Grape Cognac." Now here was a place to do some thinking. After about a half-hour of intense cerebral activity, I took my bayonet, which was naturally crooked and artificially sharp, and using it like a brace-and-bit I began to bore into the head of the cognac barrel; it was about an inch and a half of well-seasoned oak. My progress was exceedingly slow, but I had plenty of time. I blis-

tered both hands but I got down six inches into the barrel. I then opened negotiations with the guard, and found that he would offer no objections to having his canteen filled. I got the big keg slewed around and filled the canteen. The guard then sent for me a message to Corporal Bill of our mess. He came, and I told him to smuggle me in as many of the canteens of the boys as he could. Corporal Bill played a strategic game. He brought to the guard-house a young man with a dozen canteens, and a camp-kettle full of water, and told the officer of the guard that the young man must be punished and that he must clean those canteens. The young man was put in with me and began to clean the canteens; he worked well and the officer watched him. When the officer went to headquarters to report, the young man's canteens were filled and a quantity of the golden grape went into the camp-kettle and the guard let him go to his quarters, his punishment being over. About this time I discovered a barrel of blackberry brandy, favorite Missouri drink. I again sent for Corporal Bill. I told him of my discovery, and that if he would get a brace-and-bit and bore up under the floor he could get it all. But I charged him to let the other companies in and have the whole regiment get the benefit. He afterwards reported that he had got the brace-and-bit and could get under the depot all right at the back end, but did not know where to bore. There was a box with some nails and a hammer in the corner of the room, and I drove a nail through the floor on two sides of the barrel. It was now dusk. I planned a malicious act. I felt that in a little while

the camp would be a perfect Gehenna, and I wanted my captain to have some of the stuff. I sent him my canteen filled with Golden Grape, and he immediately proceeded to get full and make a fool of himself as I expected. As soon as it was dark Corporal Bill skillfully executed his "stunt," and the camp-kettles of blackberry brandy began to circulate. In a little while I heard the shouting and yelling, and in a little while longer the guard-house began to fill. Soon the depot was full; the new arrivals were noisy and boisterous for a while, but soon became quieter. At about 11 p. m. in the depot with a scuffle and a push came tumbling one of the Dubuque company known as "French Jo." In a little while he began singing "The Happy Land of Canaan." It was a new song and very catchy. Jo was tempestuously musical; he woke up everybody and made them join in the chorus. He said his song had 217 verses, and after he had sung it for an hour we all thought it had. His song was all about how John Brown had gathered up his men and what he said to them, and how they captured Harper's Ferry, and how the State of Virginia was scared, and how all the soldiers of Virginia were scared, and how

Old Governor Wise
Put his spectacles on his eyes
And sent him [Brown]-
To the happy land of Canaan.

The meter and the rhyme were broken and unskillful, but the story was a true folk-lore ballad; it had pathos and it had history, and Jo made the boys sing the chorus with him for an

hour or more. I always thought that Jo made it up; I had never heard what he sang before and I never saw it in print afterwards. The guard-house was full, and so were all the inmates, and the scene was indescribable. There were members of every company, and every one present either already knew, or then and there learned, the tune. From that night it became our regimental song, and we sang it on long and weary marches and when the stars were shining and when the enemy was in view. When we marched and sang it a thousand strong it could be heard for miles. "See those Iowa greyhounds," said General Lyon, "stretch out when they sing the Happy Land of Canaan." Said Sigel, "There goes that tam Happy Land of Canaan." Jo became hoarse about three o'clock in the morning, and we slept until four. We were all sent to our quarters at guard-mount, and concerning the whole matter nothing was ever done. I was asked some questions, but remembering the immunity which the Constitution of the United States gave me I declined to incriminate anybody, including myself. Privately, I was considered a benefactor by the boys, and they always thereafter divided with me liberally.

During that afternoon a scouting party captured a Confederate Brigadier by the name of Bevier, with his commission on his person; this was much fun. As a town of that name now exists in that neighborhood it may have been named for him.

CHAPTER 11.

Union Flag.—Macon.—Serenades.—Huestis and Grimes.—Link.—The Flag-Pole.—Bridge Guards.—General Price.—June 18th.—Railroad Breaking.—500 Cavalry.—Go it, Aunty.—Renick.—Newspaper.—Yancey House.—Boonville Battle.—Little Bawly.—June 20th.—Fayette.—The Missouri River.

When we had first come into Macon there were several “Se-cesh” flags flying, but they were quickly torn down, some by citizens, and some by us. But there were no American flags flying. There were not many loyal people in Macon, at least not enough to make it safe for them to assert their loyalty, before we came. The next day the American flags began to come out, and it is my recollection that 16 in all were run up, by the citizens, on their houses. It was thought best to take notice of it, and so every afternoon Major Porter went around with our regimental fife-and-drum corps and gave every flag a serenade, and if a crowd gathered Henry O'Connor would make them a speech. This sort of business pleased Major Porter, who was a good-natured old gentleman, as stated, of about 55 years of age. These recognitions, to these Union families, brought about dire revenge upon them after our troops left. The principal newspaper of the town was furiously rebel, and full of the talk about one Southern man whipping five Northern men. We got and read many copies of it; they were wild, silly and bombastic. We passed them around and read them aloud to the squads that gathered.

The paper said that if a Yankee stepped onto the sacred soil of Missouri his blood would flow right then and there. The editor fled as we came, and we issued his paper for him. The original name of the paper was "The Missouri Register." We called it, "THE WHOLE UNION." Men were detailed from the companies to run the paper while we were there.

My guard-house experience was valuable to me in many ways, but most of all it gave me an opportunity to tell each of my comrades in the company what a worthless and unreliable man our captain was; and to get them entirely in sympathy with me,—all of which produced strange results, as we shall see. I was never under guard after that. It was my last and only guard-house experience. But the next day Huestis and Grimes fell under the ban of the captain. Grimes had made some mistake on drill, and Huestis had done something, and the captain ordered Huestis to drill Grimes until further orders. Huestis was the wit of the company—a tall, lean, cadaverous youth, tireless as the wind and good-natured as a colt. He chewed much tobacco but talked little; when he spoke he said something. Huestis took Grimes out and drilled him all afternoon. He kept Grimes always on the "double-quick." He "right-dressed" him on a tree or a fence-corner, had him count off "by fours," deployed him as skirmishers, and wheeled him around in column of platoons. It was hard work for both, but by supper-time about half of the regiment was out seeing Huestis drill Grimes. At supper-time Huestis marched Grimes in and ordered him to stack arms and come to a parade rest while Huestis got him some-

thing to eat; he then marched him around to the captain's tent and reported, then marched Grimes out onto the parade-ground and told him to "break ranks" and go to his quarters.

At Macon City we got our last consignments from home. I got a new pair of pants, and a lot of jellies, jams, fruit-cake, and money. Our uniforms were getting ragged and we all needed clothes. We never got anything from home after that except letters, and only a few of them. The boys of our company had been used at home to being well fed and well clothed, and now to be shabbily dressed and fed on a pork army ration was galling. Our mess had money to buy things with, and with the help of old Mace got along pretty well. Personally I never had eaten fat pork; I was raised on beefsteak. My good New England mother would never have bacon around the house. I do not remember of ever eating any bacon until I went into the army. And there were many others like me. During the 40's and 50's there were many food fads; vegetarianism got a good hold upon society, and at our house graham bread and beefsteak were the things. For several years, although in perfect health, I had not eaten butter or any fats, or drank tea or coffee,—so, when I went into the service, "side-meat" and "salt junk" (pork) were things that I could not endure; and there were many like me. But I got along all right with a little money from home. I was tall, six feet in my stockings, weighed about 150, and did not have an ounce of fat on. I was nicknamed "Lincoln." It was not intended to be complimentary; it was because I was tall and slim.

President Lincoln was not then in very good standing. The

North was then divided into two parties, one of which wanted him to go faster and anathematized him for not going; the other wanted him to go slower and condemned his rapidity, and hence poor Lincoln had a hard time of it and pleased nobody. In June, 1861, Mr. Lincoln appeared wholly friendless; we boys then had no confidence in him whatever. My name was abbreviated into "Link," and old Mace addressed me as "Massa Link," afterwards "Corpular Link." He meant Corporal, but I was only a private in the rear rank, and only just ordinary as a private.

In Macon City we stayed until the 18th of June. Infantry scouting parties were sent out every day from camp in all directions, and began to bring in secession flags which they found flying out in the country. Squads were sent out each afternoon to guard railroad bridges overnight. Every railroad train that came in had bullet-marks, mostly on the engine cabs, which were shielded with boiler-iron. Attacks were made every night on the bridge guards. A high and beautiful flag-pole in Macon City which had been floating the rebel flag before our arrival was cut down by way of punishment, and was chopped up and burned, amid the maledictions of many women who were emboldened on account of their sex to do and say things that their husbands, sons and brothers did not dare. Companies of other regiments every day went through on the railroad to garrison points west of us, so that by June 18th there were said to be six thousand infantry on the line through to St. Joseph. And it was said that there was not a town from Hannibal to St. Joseph in which from a lofty and specially constructed flag-pole the rebel flag was not

flying when our troops came. And there was not a town on the line in which a man would have dared to hoist on a pole the flag of his country. The secesh element absolutely dominated during that time the sentiment of North Missouri; and was bloodthirsty. The two worst towns were at the ends of the railroad—Hannibal and St. Joe; although Palmyra was as bad as it could be. There was a railroad newly built running south from Macon City. When we arrived, there were two engines there; the secesh ran one of them off, and disabled the other by taking away a valve so that it could not be made to move. Corporal Bill examined the engine, then went into a blacksmith shop and made a new valve and put the engine in good running order. We had men in our company who could do anything that needed to be done. We had great difficulty in keeping up the telegraph lines, and nightly skirmishes were reported along the whole line of the road. We were constantly on the go, up and down the road and out into the country. Every train was being fired into, and the concurrent evidence was that there was a steady stream of horsemen going past us south toward the direction of Jefferson City, the State capital. On June 18th General Price with his secesh army camped in Boonville, which was about 50 miles southwest of Macon City, and General Lyon was after him with a fleet of steamboats.

On the Morning of the 18th, Illinois infantry reinforcements came to hold the town of Macon City, and we were ordered to join Lyon immediately. The engine which Corporal Bill had fixed was steamed up and a lot of box-cars hitched on, enough

in which to crowd our regiment. The engine was iron-plated so as to make the sides of the cab bullet-proof, and the doors were taken off the cars so that the boys could jump out and shoot. At this point of time the captain came along and ordered me to get up on a car and act as brakeman. This I considered a death sentence, and so I offered the position to Heustis, but he declined, saying that he would prefer to "break" the boys, at poker, on the inside.

I mounted the car, got hold of the brake, lay down on the car with the brake between my feet, with my musket at my side. We started with the steam whistling, the boys yelling, the fife and drums playing; and a large native crowd looking on who did not seem very much enthused. We had not more than got out of town when bang! went a bullet at the engine, and so it kept going. I lay as flat on that car-roof as a sheet of tin. I do not think that anybody shot at me, but I was frightened every time the whistle sounded "brakes," for I had to sit up and take notice and twist. The route was all through the timber, and much of the route had heavy bushes on each side. At one place the train stopped and a farmer who was plowing at some considerable distance off stopped his team and began gesticulating and shaking his fist at the train. A boy of our company drew a bead on him and hit and splintered the handle of his plow; then the man lay down flat in the furrow and stayed there until we moved on. A negro at a place where we stopped said that there were 500 horsemen out in the river-bottom west of us; that General Marmaduke had disbanded the State Guards and sent them

home, and that they did not intend to be disbanded, and were going down to join Price. General Sterling Price was the chief officer, and a great pet in Missouri, first, because he had been in the Mexican War, and second, because he was a good deal of a man. We soon found out that all unknown bodies of horsemen were estimated at 500. If they were 100 or 1000 the average mind put them at 500. The country through which we went was new and raw; everybody went on horseback; horses and beef cattle were abundant, and here and there were fine farms with many slaves.

At one place an old negro woman in the road seemed to catch the inspiration of the occasion,—she yelled and danced and shrieked and acted like a howling dervish; it was a wild, hysterical outbreak of joy. She kept it up, and the boys kept yelling, “Go it, Aunty!” and she did. It was a sight never to be forgotten; she seemed to know what the war was about, and kept up her dancing and yelling until we got out of sight.

At the Town of Renick, where we finally arrived, about 25 miles south of Macon City, we found our run-away locomotive, and also found that the inhabitants had kindly burned the bridge so that we could not go further. A secesh flag was flying from a pole, and we chopped it down and used it for fuel. We were now 25 miles in a straight line from the rebel army, and further by country road. We got into town at about 2 p. m., and saw numbers of horsemen around the edges of town. Here the roll was called, and we were told to stay where we could rally at a moment’s notice; and were told that there

was a tide of recruits going in companies to join Price, and that they might gather in sufficient quantities to attack us.

The principal fire-eaters of the South were Yancey, Wigfall, and Toombs, in the order stated. They were the great rebel and rabble-rousers; they were windy, bitter, and extreme. They were really of no military use, and faded out long before the war was closed. But at this time they were the ones who charmed the disordered fancy of the South. Renick was wildly and fiercely secession, and the big frame hotel in the town was named the "YANCEY HOUSE," in very large black letters across the whole side. A newspaper was also published there that was ferocious; a lot of the late issue was obtained and read; it produced much indignation. Finally a gang of printers got together, as if by instinct, from the ranks, and got out a large edition of the paper. The new issue denounced secession, and pledged a regiment of men from around Renick to the Union cause. Our boss orator soon had about half of the town around him listening to as good a speech as anybody could deliver. He carefully prepared it, and I never heard a better one during the war. In the mean time a soldier was seen putting a ladder up against the side of the hotel; we watched him; he mounted with a pot of paint and began erasing the letter C in the name "Yancey." Great was our delight when he finished by putting in a K, making it read "YANKEY HOUSE." The night was a beautiful moonlight, and we lay around by companies on the grass. The camp gossip was that our colonel had sent three different dispatches to Colonel Lyon and had got no answers.

Some of the secesh told us that Price had whipped Lyon; others said that Lyon had gone back to St. Louis.

On the Morning of June 19th we began to hear rumors of the battle at Boonville. It was described to us as I find in my diary as follows: "Colonel Lyon made the attack in the form of a crescent. A good, strong fight was being made against him, and it looked dubious; all at once he ordered the points of the crescent to charge, and he pulled the men away from the center, disclosing a battery of artillery which fired a volley supporting the charge, and the secesh were whipped." This was the way it was told us. At Renick we impressed a lot of wagons to haul our stuff to Boonville, and started about noon of the 19th of June. We disturbed nothing and took nothing except as stated, and tried to make as good an impression as possible. It was very gentlemanly and very humane, but it was not war. We marched that day fourteen miles to a town called "Bunker Hill." I do not find it on a *post bellum* map. I guess that during the war the name was not relished, and was changed. Here a man came into our camp; he was shot through the arm in the Boonville fight. He said that some of Lyon's men charged them and fought, and fired and loaded "*lying on the ground*;" he said, "that's what whipped us." He then said he had had enough of war, and also, "damn the Dutch." We were immensely tickled at the "fighting on the ground." That was what our company wanted to get an opportunity of exhibiting—it was our strong suit. We had worn out our uniforms at it, rolling on the ground.

We had in our company two round-headed boys who had their hair clipped as short as it was possible to be done with scissors. One was named "Big Baldy," the other, "Little Baldy," which names were contracted to "Bawly." At Bunker Hill, Little Bawly wandered from camp and came onto three horses tied in the woods, and some washing, not dry, hanging on the bushes; Bawly gathered them in. Another found a coat containing the dispatches which had been sent by our colonel to General Lyon, showing that the messengers had been waylaid and killed. Scouts going out from our camp in every direction saw horsemen; few of them had guns. They seemed to be retreating from Boonville and yet spying our position. Many shots were fired, but no damage done. We were told at Bunker Hill that Lyon was in a trap, that he could not get out, that the secesh had surrounded him, that their batteries had closed the river below him, and that we could not get to him without a fight.

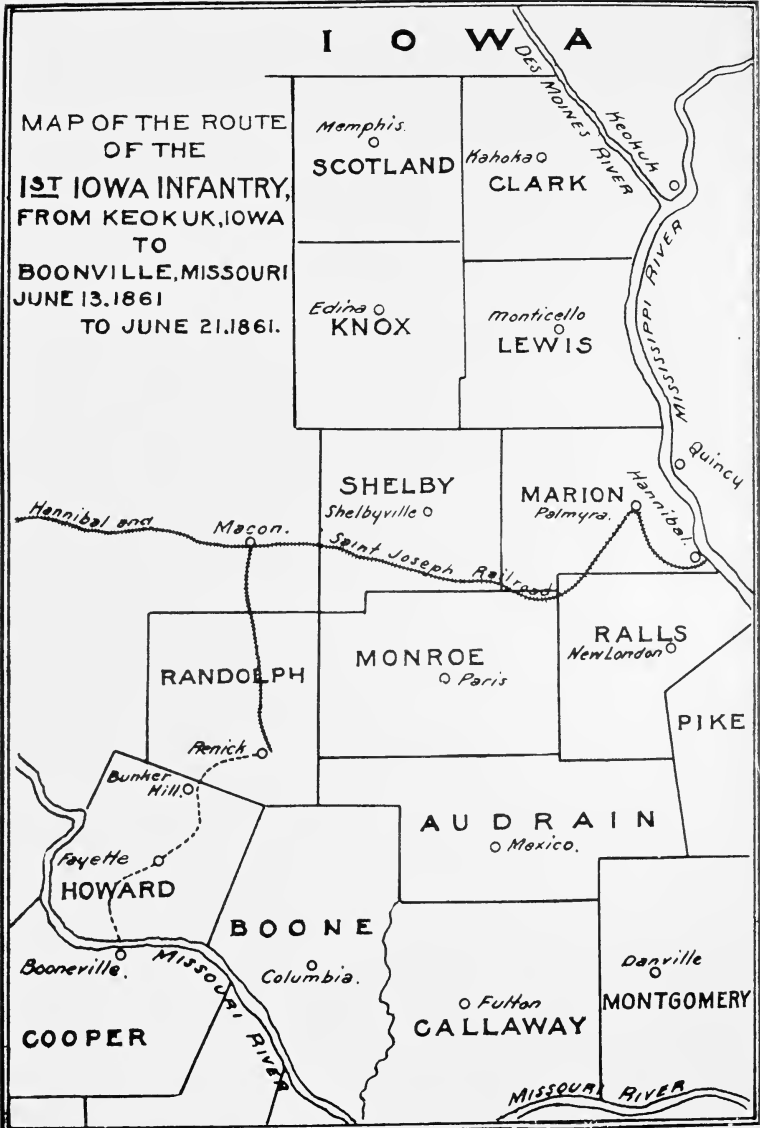
On the Morning of June 20th we were called at 2 o'clock in the morning; an advance guard sent out; a flank patrol organized, and we started the column at 4 o'clock. The march was in close order, protecting our wagons and flanks and ready for an attack. As a matter of fact we were surrounded by double our numbers, but they could not get an advantage for attack. They were poorly organized, and we went through, to near the Missouri river, a distance marched that day of 17 miles. During the latter part of the march I had been on the rear guard, which was the dangerous place, and when I got into

camp the teams were unhitched and supper was ready. There never was a more exhausted mudsill than I was; the day had been hot, and 17 miles in the sun carrying my accouterments, and above all the old "smoke-pole," which by evening weighed a ton, about used me up. I did not get into camp until 9 P. M.; I sat down on a wagon-tongue; the boys were lying all around, sleeping every which way. Old Mace brought me a tin cup of coffee; it was too hot. I was too tired to eat. I set the coffee down on the ground to cool; I then slid over backwards on the ground, my legs over the wagon-tongue, and I slept until dawn; I then freed myself of the tongue, drank the cold coffee, and crawled under the wagon and went to sleep again. We were in the middle of a road, but it was a good-enough place to sleep. At eight o'clock I was awakened by Old Mace. I was feeling splendidly, but the blisters on my feet were painful. I ate a breakfast and proceeded to examine my condition. I had about five good large blisters on each foot, well filled with serum. Mace took a pin, and, digging in some distance from the side, sluiced them off; adding, "Yous will get used to that, Massa Link; yous will come out all right, Massa Link." During this day, June 20th, we marched through the beautiful village of Fayette. Beside the public square a fine tall pole had been flying the rebel flag. The flag was taken down before our arrival, but we chopped down the pole as we passed, on the theory that it was guilty of treason punishable with death. Here we also got some beef cattle, probably purchased by the quartermaster because our boys had condemned the

pork and wanted beef. When we reached the Missouri river we found catfish for sale, and sassafras bark; so we added to our cuisine catfish and sassafras tea. Bill Huestis said, "We have struck cinnamon seed and sandy bottom," which was a quotation from "Dixie."

I O W A

MAP OF THE ROUTE
OF THE
1ST IOWA INFANTRY,
FROM KEOKUK, IOWA
TO
BOONVILLE, MISSOURI
JUNE 13, 1861
TO JUNE 21, 1861.



CHAPTER 12.

June 21st.—Boots.—Lyon and Blair.—Our Steamboat.—Colonel Bates Rebuked.—Fishing.—June 22d.—Captain won't Resign.—Corporals Reduced.—June 23d.—Steamboats on the Mississippi.—Fletcher Brandebury.—Ballads.—June 24th.—Camping on Fair Grounds.—The Cannon.—Breaking Horses and Mules.—Midnight Bray.—Warned to be Ready.—June 25th.—Wagons and Wagon Mules.—The Jerk-Line.—Accidents.—The Colonel.—June 26th.—Ammunition.—Minie Bullet.—The Cartridge.—Cartridge-Box.—Pay for State Service.—Clothing.—Stopping the Bray.—Grimes and the Mule.

On the Morning of June 21st we were called at 4 A. M. I found that I could not get my boots on. Several others were in the same fix. I had a pair of French calf boots, which were the correct and stylish toggery of a young man of the period. I had had them made, and they fitted me beautifully tight. Tight boots and corns were fashionable. There were others like me, and there were several of us who found that our feet had swelled and that our boots would not go on. I took a knife and with sad compunction I slit the boots down the instep, and drew them on, and (I don't like to admit it) I found that corns well developed on both feet were giving me great pain. Corporal Bill strode along in a great pair of easy-fitting top boots and I envied him much. We reached the Missouri river opposite Boonville and a ferry-boat came and took us aboard. The river was high and bank-full. We could see tents across the river among the trees below Boonville back of the river upon

the hill. It was the Cooper County Fair Ground. A large stone-quarry had been opened on the river-bank, and about an acre of level stone uncovered. It was a shipping-point for stone on barges to St. Louis. The river had risen to within six inches of this level ledge of rock. There were two men alone at its edge watching our boat come across. We rounded near them; one had blue army pants, a linen coat and a black felt hat; it was Lyon. The other was dressed in citizen's clothes with an army cap, and he stooped and dipped a long black bottle into the raging Missouri. While he churned the bottle up and down, he watched us and turned up his face ever and anon to talk with Lyon, who was gazing at us through a field-glass. Some employé of the boat gave out the information, and the news circulated, "The man with a hat is Lyon." I wanted to know who the other was, and I finally found out from the pilot; it was Frank P. Blair, a most brave and capable Union man. He soon became a general and one of our idols. I have often wondered what was in that bottle.

We crossed the river and marched around, a little, in sort of review; Colonel Lyon looked us over and we went on board of a big steamboat, as a temporary camp-ground, so that we could be run up the river to Arrow Rock, about 15 miles, where the seecesh were reported to be gathering. Our captain left the boat and went up town, and getting in with a gang of other officers of the same brand went on a wild, boisterous drunk. At night a strange rumor went around, among the men, which was afterwards somewhat confirmed; it was that Lyon had

“cussed” our colonel black and blue. “You are a fool, sir; you ought to be court-martialed, sir; you have brought your regiment in here all bunged up, sir. Nobody but an idiot, sir, would have marched raw troops like that, sir. There was no hurry, the fight was over, and you knew it, sir, and here you march your men—green men—nearly 15 miles the first day and more than that the second; you ought to be court-martialed, sir.” When we heard this we enjoyed it. Two of my blisters as large as half-dollars, one under each heel, began immediately to get well. Several of the men fished from the boat, and during the night some fine catfish were caught. And Charley Stypes played the accordion.

The Day of June 22, 1861, was spent on board of the boat, but it was an eventful day. Our captain was looking pretty tough. We prepared a petition asking him to resign. The movement was ethical, but not military. I used all of my persuasion to get it signed, and so did others: we got seventy-two names, among whom were two corporals. I was on a committee who presented it to the captain. He told us in a very profane way that he not only would not resign, but that he would keep the petition and make it hot for the signers. He was told that if he harbored any such feeling and went to carrying it out, if the company got into action his life would be in great danger: thereupon he got frantie, and reduced to the ranks the two corporals who had signed the petition: then the other two resigned, leaving the company without corporals, we having but four. He then appointed some new corporals,

and they refused as such to serve. Then the captain went to a stateroom, and appeared no more for the day. During the night the boat steamed up and down the river, and moved around considerably as if engaged in demonstrations to mislead the enemy and their spies.

On June twenty-third quantities of supplies were unloaded at Boonville; there were eleven large steamboats there from St. Louis. They were a fine lot of boats. In those days there were palaces floating all over the Western rivers. Fulton had hardly got a steamboat to working when its usefulness upon the Western waters was considered. Within five years boat-building began at Pittsburg, Pa., and in twelve years from the date of the invention there were 50 steamboats on the Western rivers. They averaged then 150 tons burden, and the largest (in 1819) was the "United States," of 500 tons burden, and the next was the "Columbus," of 400 tons. In 1849 they had greatly increased, and during that year at St. Louis I counted at the wharf 49 steamboats. I remembered the coincidence that there were 49 steamboats in the year '49. The golden era of steamboating was from then to the Civil War. It took the largest and strongest boats to stem the current of the Missouri river, and these were the boats Colonel Lyon had—and they made a most imposing appearance. As a camp-ground one of them could not be excelled. Our captain would not let us go off from the boat all day. At night there was shooting from distant points along the river. Bushwacking seecesh wanted to try their rifles at long range on the brilliantly lighted steam-

boats. Up to this time two of our men had been slightly wounded, one at Macon City and the other somewhere on the road to Boonville. On the steamboat the boys did their washing and mending, wrote great quantities of letters, and perfected themselves in poker. The poker games here assumed an importance never again enjoyed, and we afterwards sighed for them and the catfish which we found in the Missouri river. We were still out of corporals, but did not need any at that particular time.

One of the particular events of our steamboat imprisonment was the development of Fletch Brandebury (borne upon the rolls as I see now as Wm. F. Brandenburg) as the boss ballad-singer of the regiment. He was a kind, jolly-hearted, true-blue printer, with a beautiful voice and a distinct musical gift. He learned every song that was sung; he bought every book that had a song in it. He organized some of the boys to help him, and in the contest for popularity in song he won the supremacy in the regiment. Those were the days of ballads. I could give a page list of them, but it would be a useless task; they are gone and forgotten. "Old Black Jo" had just come out—it still survives—some. But the "Camptown Races," and "Trancadillo" and "Ellen Bayne," and a hundred others of that ballad age, to which we listened with rapture, are forever silent. All countries and all governments are safe during their ballad age. A ballad will win a battle. The fighters are the singers. Dyspepsia cannot achieve a campaign. Dear old Fletch! he lived to a ripe age; he is now with the majority,

peace to him. If there be angels, and if they sing, Fletch is in charge of a brigade.

On Monday, June 24th, after having been on the boat three days, we left it and moved up into the Boonville fair-ground and pitched our tents along with the other troops. Not far from us was a large and curious mound, and it was being fortified. We all went and looked at the cannon. It was our first view of artillery. There was a fine battery, and we examined it and reexamined it and asked questions until we knew all about it. The artillery boys were very kind, and did not tire in explaining everything. The steamboats were constantly going and coming, and officers were buying mules and putting them into a big corral; wagons were being fixed up with bows and covers. A big circus was constantly going on in the breaking of horses and mules. It was fun, and we would volunteer our help. The wagon-boss would give us a horse to break or a mule to harness; it was all clear fun; besides, we were hurrying up the campaign. Every once in a while a man was thrown off and stood on his head by a horse he attempted to ride, and was taken to the hospital with the man who got kicked by a mule; but it checked no one, and only in fact added to the interest of the occasion. Here we learned an interesting fact in the natural history of the Missouri army mule, and that was that the mule wanted to bray at precisely twelve o'clock at night, just the same as a rooster who wanted to crow at that time. At our regimental headquarters was a covered farm wagon with a team of strong Missouri mules. At midnight one

of them in the dark silence would send off a loud, self-conceited, egotistical bray. It would be taken up here and there until the camp was in a perfect uproar, and this would continue for several minutes until it finally died down into silence. Our mules kept up this habit all during the campaign. How they could come so near guessing midnight was a puzzle to us. They were entirely ignorant of astronomy except as they were in the habit of observing some one coming down whom they had sent up. Corporal Churubusco said it was the same during the Mexican War, and that they stopped the mules from braying at midnight by tying weights to their tails. We put this information into our scrap-book. At dress-parade this day we were told to keep ourselves in readiness to march at any minute's notice, and were told that no one was to have a pass, even to go uptown.

On June 25th Everything was Drill. Our company drilled all the forenoon, and all the afternoon on skirmish drill. It is strange how quickly some persons forget the bugle-calls. Skirmish drill required constant work and attention. Our feet were getting into better condition. Not only were we drilling, but everybody else was drilling. The quartermaster was drilling; the teams were hitched up, and a load of some kind put in the wagons, and with a couple of soldiers the teams were driven around to get the mules bridledwise. There was always a team running away and somebody being sent to the hospital; it was very interesting and exciting to watch the development of the transportation. There were a large lot of heavy Government wagons bearing the name "Espenchied," probably the name

of the maker. They were drawn by six mules each, in pairs designated as the "lead" mules, the "swing," and the "wheel." The driver rode the nigh wheel mule (left-hand mule) and drove with a single line, a big whip, and his mouth. The driver's line was called a "jerk-line," and he jerked it to make them "gee" to the right, and gave a strong steady pull to make them "haw" to the left. The other wagons were farm wagons bought or impressed at Boonville, with extemporized covers, made of paulins, tent-flies, or anything that could be got. Colonel Lyon was working as hard and as fast as possible to organize a transportation train. The secesh on their part were impressing wagons and teams all around us from the willing people, to organize a transportation equipment of their own. Neither army could march without transportation, and neither then dared to depend upon the country for supplies. So the breaking in of raw animals and the organization of a transportation department was a matter of great interest, and one into which we entered with much zest and enthusiasm. Mules and horses were constantly breaking loose and running over everything, and knocking down tents. Once at night, I was detailed at regimental headquarters to guard the colonel's tent. I got myself up in as good shape as possible and did my duty in the best possible style. Our colonel was a man whom at that time we had got to liking some. He was a fine-looking young man, and was kind in his personal relations with his men. Whenever he was uptown and met some of his men he always asked them in to take a drink, or when they were on duty at his head-

quarters he always offered them a cigar. He was a good deal of a county politician, but somehow he was not a military man and could not be made one. Of course we did not know it at the time, and thought he might be a Napoleon, and we would have followed him into anything. He had a loud, resonant voice that could be clearly heard at a great distance, and on dress-parade he was a charming picture; we were proud of him on such occasions, and he was very proud of us. Much as I dislike to say so, he turned out to be a complete failure. But we did not find it out until the last. He lacked the faculty of military effort and he lacked devotion to duty. I guess he was indolent and led away by social gravitation. Now that he had a man like Lyon over him who told him what to do, and who knew how, things seemed to go well and we got to liking him. No general of the Civil War had a better start than our Colonel, but he made poor use of his advantages, as we shall see.

On June 26th our cartridge-boxes were inspected; we were all supplied with forty rounds each, and with fifty percussion caps in our cap-boxes. The cartridges were tough paper with big charges of coarse black powder; the ball was a "minie" bullet, weighing an ounce, conical at the front and with a cavity in the rear filled (in the cartridge) with a conical wooden plug, so that when we rammed one down with our concave-pointed steel ram-rods the ball was spread so as to tightly fit the smooth-bore barrel. The ball was somewhat errant in its flight, but if it hit a man at the distance of a mile it paralyzed him. The shooter had time to recover from the "kick" by the time he had got the

gun reloaded. We bit off the end of the cartridge with our teeth; when doing so we always got a few grains of powder in our mouth, and as the taste was not unpleasantly peculiar, we chewed the paper which we had bitten off, and by the time we had fired a few times we had a good wad of paper in our mouths which we would chew as a school-girl would chew gum. The cartridge-box when loaded weighed four pounds. We were now told that the cartridges did not belong to us but to the Government, and that if we wasted any of them we would be charged 10 cents each. We were also told that we would be held responsible for their getting wet. And that a record would be kept of all we were ordered to fire, and that if we fired one without orders it would be charged to us. We were also told that ammunition was scarce, and that we must be careful, and that anyone willfully wasting any or stealing any would go under guard and suffer on the payroll besides.

Upon this day our company was paid for its State service; that is, for its service prior to being mustered into the United States service by Captain Chambers. The amount which was paid to me was \$9.15. I still had some little money, and my blue-gray satinnet hunting-shirt uniform, which we called a "waumus," being somewhat ragged, I concluded to get me a good durable woolen overshirt. It was coarse and gray and strong, and cost me three dollars. My Government ought to have furnished it, but my Government was having a mighty tough time of it just then, from Cape May to Kansas, trying to keep alive, and was not able to do much for the boys. The

rebels had got the first and best of everything. They had had the Government for many years, and we were forced to wait. This night Corporals Bill and Churubusco (both now reduced to the ranks) determined to try the theory in regard to stopping a mule from braying at midnight; so we got tough sections of a coffee-bag and put in about five pounds of sand, and with a tough cord proceeded to make two weights, one each for the two mules. Our comrade Grimes professed to understand mule nature, and wanted to go with us and do the skilled labor of the enterprise; we said "nay," but let him go along. The job was accomplished without any trouble whatever, at about 11:45 p. m. In a little while the boss mule named "Smollix" got restive; then he stood on his hind feet; then he stood on his fore feet and kicked holes in the atmosphere; then he got frantic and squealed. Then he broke loose and reared and pawed the air, then stood on his fore feet and looked at the horizon from between his knees. Such an acrobatic mule I had never up to that time seen, although since that time I have ridden them while they were thus engaged. We called on Grimes to quiet the mule; the number of bystanders was becoming numerous, and Grimes with simple and unblended intrepidity proceeded to accomplish the job. We stood back and watched him. The crowd gathered, and up came the officer of the day, and the major, and at last the teamster. We went to bed while the circus was going on, having full confidence in the ultimate success of Grimes. Finally the sack was amputated from the mule's tail, and Grimes went to the guard-house declaring that he was "too much of a

gentleman to tell who the damn scoundrels were who put up the job." We listened from our tent, and hearing no loud, sonorous braying characteristic of the former midnight performance, pronounced the former statement of Corporal Churubusco to be philosophic and truthful, and the experiment a successful scientific achievement. And we sympathized with Grimes—he was a gentleman, all right.

CHAPTER 13.

June 27th.—Inspection of Arms.—Brogans and Socks.—Mess Assignments.—Revolvers.—Skirmish Drill.—Boonville Petition.—June 28th.—Disloyal Officers.—Captain under Ban.—Company not Fooled.—Rain.—Tents not Good.—June 29th.—Inspection of Ammunition.—Fatigue Duty.—Boonville Exhibition Drills.—Captain and the Hog.—Indignation Meetings.—What the Field Officers Said.—The Captain Goes.—Lieutenant takes Command.—June 30th.—Regimental Muster.—The Ration.—Wagon Train Deficient.—The Yellowstone Steamboat.—The Pioneer and Trapper.—The Soldier of 1812.—“Soldier, will you work?”

On June 27th we had a grand inspection of arms. Every man was carefully examined as to his physical condition and as to his arms and ammunition. It was an exceedingly thorough inspection by officers appointed by Lyon from the regular army. The condition of our guns and ammunition was minutely scrutinized. I also made on this day one of the greatest business transactions of my life. I found a man who had drawn a smaller pair of feet than myself and I traded my French calf boots for a new pair of shoes to be bought for me at the store in Boonville. The Government had no shoes to issue to us, so we did the best we could. I went up town and picked out a strong, substantial pair of “brogans,” had the inside pegs rasped down and the soles pounded flat inside and out. I also bought two pairs of home-woven, country-made wool socks. I was now ready for the field. This was the first pair of shoes that I had ever worn; had always worn boots. Our mess also prepared for the campaign by as-

signing to each the duty of carrying something for common use. One carried a razor, another a little looking-glass. I carried the needles and thread, another the deck of cards, and so on. As we honed our razor on Bill's boots, we carried nothing for that. Several of us had nice revolvers; these were taken away and we were told that we must rely upon our muskets and bayonets. We were still without corporals, and as no one would take the offices, men were detailed from time to time to act as corporals. We saw not much of our captain. The fortifications at Boonville were finished, and were strong. The people there were with us, owing to the large German population. Many of these Germans were employed in the various civil branches of campaign service because they could be trusted. They were in the commissary and quartermaster's departments, and as mechanics. Our company drill attracted much attention, and Colonel Bates said that our skirmish drill was admitted to be the best of any of the troops. Disinterested people said we beat the regulars. The people of Boonville got up a petition to Lyon asking that if any men could be spared to guard the town when he went away that he leave the First Iowa Infantry there. We felt complimented, but said "No." We wanted to go with Lyon and take part in the campaign.

On June 28th it rained so hard from sunrise to noon that we stayed in our tents and read up the army news. The whole country North and South was seething. A civil war was a new thing. It was not capable of being handled upon the same principles and in the same way as an ordinary war against an outside

enemy. Men were getting into the army on account of a thirst for office, and wearing shoulder-straps, who did not care a snap which side won. Of course they were not many; they were here and there, but they were a very dangerous lot. I was afterwards in a regiment whose colonel, named H. H. Heath, of Dubuque, Iowa, was one of these untrustworthy officers, and who fell under the ban of the soldiers. After the war, the correspondence of this man Heath was found in the rebel archives, in which he had offered to Jeff Davis to go South and fight for secession if he could be made a general. This letter was smuggled through the lines to the South, and was long afterwards read on the floor of Congress. This sort of officers could fool the people above them; they could generally deceive their superior officers, but they could never deceive the men. The soldiers were loyal; they were not in for the purpose of getting office, they were in to put down the rebellion. Every company had men who were brighter and abler than all their officers, and these men, though only musket-bearers, were the real leaders of the company. They were the ones who made up the mind of the company and gave it its excellence. There were three or four of the officers of our regiment who fell under the ban, when our three-months service extended to four; and after we were mustered out these officers never reëntered the service. Among those who fell under the ban was our captain. We began to discuss him on June 28th. He said something that gave rise to it. He was from Baltimore, that had mobbed a Massachusetts regiment. He was from a slave State. He had no devotion to his task. We

talked it over in the tents. We were about to start out and fight the rebel General Price, and we all agreed that the captain would get the first bullet if he did not stand up loyally to the work. No company officer can fool his men. They soon compare notes and discuss him, and in a very short time they know him better than he knows himself. The company is accurate, and is never fooled on its officers.

It cleared off in the afternoon, and our company went out to give an exhibition drill under the command of our orderly sergeant, Jo Utter. This drill was gone through on the theory that if we got into an engagement and the officers were killed off the non-commissioned officers would have to take command and they must know how. We found out that Jo Utter, our first sergeant, was as capable to command and drill the company as the captain. We all liked Utter. Our drill was watched by a large number of the regulars, and when we came in they cheered us. That night it rained all night. Our tents were light, perhaps six-ounce duck. We were drenched through. The tents could not keep out the water. They were such as had been hastily made from material such as the Government could get, in St. Louis, and were entirely unsuited to a campaign. The secesh had got all of the heavy duck.

On June 29th the sun rose hot and powerful. We got out and dried ourselves and everything. We did not get fires burning until about noon. We worked around and munched wet crackers; we lost much of our mess rations, but we had kept our ammunition dry. At ten o'clock we had an inspection of am-

munication. The company was drawn up in line, and the ammunition was carefully examined to see if it had been wet. Two or three of the boys had been careless, so their damaged ammunition was charged up to them on the payroll and they were put on fatigue duty besides. Fatigue duty in this camp was quite severe. There were lots of hard work to do and the bosses were unsympathetic. At noon the captain announced that after dinner (in those days "dinners" were at noon) our company would go uptown and give an exhibition drill, at the request of the citizens. At two p. m. we started. The captain wore his canteen. We drilled all sorts of drill to a great crowd, out on a wide strip of vacant property, of which there was much then in Boonville. Twice some German citizens invited the captain to march us down to a near beer-saloon and get a glass of beer, which was done, and then we took hold again at our drill with renewed energy and purpose. The throng gathered and they cheered us much. Finally the drill ended and our captain was drunk. The weather was hot and his canteen had got the best of him. We started back to camp; it must have been over two miles (I am guessing), and the big crowd was following us back to the heart of the city. A big hog lying asleep in the dog-fennel by the road jumped up frightened, and, with a snort, cut up some capers. The captain drew his sword and started after that hog; both were soon in the rear; the race was a close one and the crowd yelled. We felt exceedingly disgraced, but marched on, looking neither to the right nor left. The captain yelled halt at us, and kept after the hog, but our First Lieutenant said, "For-

ward!" That is the last that I ever remember of seeing the captain. We reached our camp and broke ranks, and each tent was filled with an indignation meeting. It was felt to be a burning disgrace. We had lost out on Boonville, where the people had wanted us to stay. The feeling was so bitter that if the captain had been there the boys would have torn his uniform off. We formed our plans, and they were carried out as follows: We went to the Colonel's tent and related the facts concerning the Captain, and our deep mortification thereat, and stated our belief that he was seecsh. The Colonel listened without interest, and when we closed he asked, "Did he catch the hog?" I turned in disgust, and my associates followed—the Colonel's question was not answered. We then went to the Lieutenant-Colonel and told our story. He said, "I am not in command of this regiment." We then went to the Major, and when we had finished he said, "The d—n fool." We then went to the Adjutant, a little, lean, brainy, sensible young man, and told our story. He said: "I cannot act; if you have got anything to say, put it in writing; file your charges."

I have often wondered how the officers of that period got such bad cases of swell-head. It was perhaps because they were nobodies when they went in. Men must get acclimated to power or they will handle it foolishly. Power, unless it comes slowly, spoils its possessor. Men and families must become acclimated to power the same as to wealth, or it will make fools of them, or lead them into disgrace. Here it was, in our regiment, that the field officers could not listen to and redress a flagrant military

wrong. They could not do the right and proper thing. They were alive only to the subjects of their own separate importances. They could not get down low enough to do a private soldier justice. Grant could, and Sherman could, and Thomas could, and Lee could, and so could other great generals. Our field officers were not Grants, Shermans, Thomases, or Lees, and hence we never have since heard of them, and their names do not appear in history, and ought not to. We were disgusted.

Somebody must have told General Lyon. Probably he got it from the people of Boonville. Nobody knows; we never knew. The records of the War Department show the following: "George F. Streaper, absent in arrest in Keokuk since July 1, 1861." The above sentence is on the August muster-rolls of the regiment. It is probable that he was put onto a steamboat and hustled off. There was a rumor afterwards that Streaper got into a Missouri militia regiment, as Second Lieutenant, and quit in January, 1862, after three months' service, to go South and join the Confederacy, which was at that time in the ascendant.

All at once the First Lieutenant, Abercrombie, asserted himself. He had sort of been in the background. He had been handicapped by the jealousy, envy and dislike of the Captain. The Captain had been snubbing him, and keeping him dormant. He now announced that he was in command of the company; he restored all the corporals. We began to get care and attention. The boys began to appreciate him, and no company in the service had a better commander. That he afterwards became one of the famous Iowa colonels was a natural sequence.

He was kindly and was very brave, and shirked nothing. *I was now even on the Macon guard-house incident.* Good-by, Strea-per; you were one of the thousands of worthless officers whom we had to unload before we could put down the rebellion. Fortunately the South had the same trouble—even worse.

On Sunday, June 30th, 1861, the regiment was mustered in the forenoon, every man in complete equipment; every man in the hospital who could stand in line was there—such was the order; it was the annual muster. It seems that at the end of the fiscal year, on June 30th, there must be a complete report of the army. The men on that day present for duty, together with a complete inspection, must be reported to the War Department.

At this time our rations, while not quite up to the army standard, were excellent in quality; we lived on bread, beef-steak, and coffee. In fact, over our objection pork had not been pushed on us, and we drew only a limited amount of it for cooking purposes. An army ration at that time was as follows:

12 oz. pork or bacon, or in lieu thereof 20 oz. fresh or salt beef.			
22 oz. soft bread or flour, or 20 oz. corn-meal, or 16 oz. "hard-tack."			
15 lbs. beans or peas.....	to	100	rations
10 lbs. rice or hominy.....	"	"	"
10 lbs. green or 8 lbs. roasted coffee.....	"	"	"
In lieu of coffee, 24 oz. of tea.....	"	"	"
15 lbs. of sugar.....	"	"	"
1 gallon of vinegar.....	"	"	"
20 oz. star candles.....	"	"	"
4 lbs. soap.....	"	"	"
60 oz. of salt.....	"	"	"
4 oz. pepper.....	"	"	"
1 quart of molasses.....	"	"	"
30 lbs. of potatoes [when practicable].....	"	"	"

The foregoing were the regular rations, but we never got all of them even when in camp, and on the march we got what we could get. The cost of a Government ration then was 15 cents, and while in camp at Boonville we commuted a lot of things, but when we got into the field we took what was issued and foraged for the rest. General Lyon did not have one-half of such a wagon-train as he wanted or required, but he could not wait longer, and was obliged to do the best he could with such a train as he had hastily organized.

On this day, June 30th, I was down at the river swimming, when I saw a steamboat coming down. All at once a blank shot was fired at it from one of our cannon and the boat rounded to; it was the "Spread Eagle" from the Yellowstone. I went aboard; it was piled full of buffalo-hides and beaver-skins, and valuable furs. Aboard the boat were some tough-looking, long-haired trappers in buckskin clothes and moccasins. They had just heard of the war. These were adventurous days. Here was a boat that had gone up the Missouri river two thousand miles loaded down with fort supplies and Indian goods; had stayed all winter among the Indians and been frozen in; and come down the next summer. In those days pioneering and trapping were profitable. An industrious trapper could clear \$2,500 a year or more. One of Daniel Boone's grandsons told me that he cleared an average of \$5000 per year, but that it was a hard and dangerous life. It must be remembered that at that time Iowa was a frontier State, full of Government land, and so was Missouri, and the great plains were covered with buffalo.

On this day we were visited by an old man who had been a soldier in the War of 1812; and this brings to mind that we had been also visited at Keokuk and at Macon City by men who were in that war. How strange it is! These men were hale and hearty men of from 65 to 70 years old. They all told army stories of that old war. But the stories were not new to us: we had heard them as of the Mexican War; we afterwards told them as of the Civil War; and I have since heard them of the Spanish War. They will not do to print in this particular book, and have probably been handed down from ancient days. Here is an illustration: "Soldier, will you work? No, I'll sell my shirt first." Another old story which has gone through all of our wars is the one about the sentinel who halted the intoxicated officer at night. "Who comes there?" inquires the sentinel. "You idiot," says the officer. "Advance, you idiot, and give the countersign," replies the sentinel.

Another is the inquiry of the General before a battle begins as to the presence of some petty officer. In the Revolutionary War it was Ensign O'Donnell. Before surrendering, Cornwallis asked if Ensign O'Donnell was in the opposing forces. On being told by Washington that he was, Cornwallis said, "Then I surrender." In the War of 1812 the commanding officer always asked, before he gave battle, whether Corporal O'Neil was present. During the Civil War the story started in on Sergeant O'Brien, and has been retold as to Santiago, Manila, and Peking. It is probably as old as Rome, or may have started with the battle of Cunaxa, where Cyrus, riding to the front of Xenophon's

Greek army corps, may have asked, "Is Phylax Orion present?" "He is, sor," says Orion, stepping to the front and placing his hand upon his breast. "Then," says Cyrus, "let the battle of Cunaxra begin." This story always has a man whose name, as the hero, begins with "O." I first heard my grandfather tell the story as of the War of 1812.

CHAPTER 14.

July 1, 1861.—Claib Jackson and Stump Price.—Boasting.—Bucked and Gagged.—Regular Officers.—Trouble.—Want to Fight Regulars.—“Ous mid your Guns.”—Punishment.—Deserting.—Comet.—July 2d.—Camp Jackson material.—The 32-pounder.—Jim Lane.—List of Troops.—Osterhaus.—Totten.—Clothing.—Order of Companies.—No Favors.—Insufficient Train.—Ready to Start.

It is Now July 1st, nearly two months after the Camp Jackson affair at St. Louis; all Missouri is arming. We now in camp hear much about the battle of Boonville; the story is fully published. The secesh did not make much of a fight, but ran like a lot of recruits. Men who were in the battle are now appearing and talking about the fight from the secesh side. They curse Governor Claib Jackson, and Stump Price. “Stump” Price is the son of General Sterling Price, C. S. A. Price was a veteran of the Mexican War and lived near Brunswick, in Chariton county, Missouri, and was wheedled into the Confederate service. His son was vain, ambitious, and ordinary; he never amounted to anything. Twenty years after the war I was at Jefferson City, Missouri, and heard several talk about how they held Lyon level at Boonville, and how they were only overcome by preponderance of numbers and artillery. The South cannot boast over the Civil War. They started it with great advantages on their side. They ought to have won, and had no doubt when they started it but that they would. And they were eager to start because they were ready.

We were camped beside a command of regulars. They were a lot of toughs, and loved to tell us boys long yarns about their Indian service. This afternoon on their parade-ground there was a man "bucked and gagged," with a guard walking back and forth in view of all. We had never seen that sort of thing before, and we flocked around. An officer whose face was a silent yet earnest appeal to us to kick him, came and ordered us off the ground. We greatly despised the young regular army officers. They were snobs of the first water. They had been pointed out to us and named. This one was the son of a senator and that one of a governor, and so on, and so on. They had jaunty and effeminate ways about them: for instance, one led around by a string a dwarf terrier; one wore a monocle. I had never seen a monocle before, except in comic pictures. The older and superior officers seemed to be of much better and higher stamp. When the officer ordered us off we did not go, and we threatened to unloose the man; we told him that they might do that to regulars but that they could not do that sort of thing to free American citizens. The officer pulled out his sword and stamped around, and we jeered at him and hollowed, "Unloose the man!" The officer whirled and went to his regimental line, and soon appeared with about a dozen men with fixed bayonets, and they started for us. We ran to our company ground and were in line in a minute with fixed bayonets, under the commands of corporals Bill and Churubusco. We did not want anything better than to show somebody an exercise in fencing with the bayonet. We started,

and ran over our non-commissioned officers, but the major and the adjutant got in front of us, and several other officers, swearing and yelling; this brought us slowly to a halt. We wanted to discuss the matter; we were so certain that we could clean out the regulars that we wanted a show. We could undoubtedly have done it and released the man. While in this shape, in between us and the regulars marched our twin company, the Dutch company, in charge of Captain Matthies. The captain is said to have yelled in his camp, "Ous mid your guns; der d—n bloody Sou-oufs (Zouaves) machs a fight." After that it was the word of command, and the saying—"Ous mid your guns."

We were right, the punishment of the man was inhuman; it does more harm than good to punish a man with unnecessary and conspicuous prominence. It ruins the soldier. To buck and gag a man and put him out in that condition on the parade-ground for every one to see is the end of soldierly qualities in the man. After that he becomes ambitious to be a tough. Some of those little petty lieutenants seemed to think that it magnified their importance to treat a man that way. After such an ordeal a man is justified in deserting, and the service is benefitted by his going.

A comet appeared on the night of July 1st. It had not been seen the night before, but on this night it blazed out and stretched its tail out over nearly half the sky. "Ah," said Corporal Churubusco, "now we are going to have war for sure." We watched it with interest; I do not know what comet it was, but astronomers can tell. "By the way the tail of that comet

points," said Corporal Churubuseo, "I know we are going to lick them." It went as a joke; there was no superstition in our company.

On July 2d we got ready. The word was passed around that we would start to-morrow. The caissons of the artillery were filled with ammunition that had just arrived. Only four steam-boats were at the Boonville wharf. A German soldier told me all about the Camp Jackson affair at St. Louis, and about the captures there. Among the captures were three 32-pounders, and a large quantity of bombs and artillery ammunition in ale-barrels. A battery (6 pieces) of brass field guns. A lot of iron cannon. Twelve hundred best U. S. rifled muskets, with a quantity of ammunition. Also a lot of muskets and artillery taken apart and packed in heavy boxes and labeled "marble." Also swords, tents and camp equipage. This stuff came up from the South to start the rebellion with in St. Louis, most of it from the Baton Rouge Arsenal. The plot would have been successful if it had not been for Lyon, Blair and Boernstein and their men. The South got the start with 150,000 of the best muskets, while we had the old-fashioned guns and the leavings. They got a thousand of the best cannon for fort and field, and vast stores of ammunition and camp equipage. We got the old and shop-worn stuff. Why the South did not achieve more is something which it will never be able to explain to succeeding generations. The regulars and some of the other soldiers brought up by Lyon from St. Louis were armed with these captured guns. They were a magnificent arm, and were

called "The Springfield rifled musket." Some were stamped "U. S. 1861." Lyon captured over a thousand prisoners at Camp Jackson.

Lyon had lately brought up to Boonville one of these captured 32-pounders. There had been picked out eight horses to pull it, and it looked as if it might be a thing to rely on. A squad drilled constantly with the gun. A trial shot was fired from it over into the Missouri river bottoms, and great was the sound thereof; when the shell burst some seconds thereafter we felt greatly comforted by the thought that we would have such a valuable ally. A fleet of steamboats went up the river, destined, so it was said, for Fort Leavenworth. We heard of Jim Lane in Kansas, and that he was organizing assistance for us.

All along up to this date we had called Lyon a "Colonel." From and after we left Boonville we called him "General." The troops now under his command were as I remember it and as my memorandums show, as follows:

First Mo. Infantry, under Col. Frank P. Blair.

Second Mo. Infantry, under Col. Henry Boernstein.

First Iowa Infantry, under Col. J. F. Bates.

James Totten's Battery, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Co. B, Second U. S. Infantry (Lyon's old company).

200 regular army unassigned recruits in a separate command.

I have already spoken of Col. Blair; the boys got to liking him very much; Bill Heustis gave him the name of the "Be-

jesus colonel.' I can remember but little of Col. Boernstein, but I well remember the major of his regiment, Major Peter J. Osterhaus. He had a voice like a trumpet, and sometimes gave his orders in German and sometimes in English, both of which languages he spoke very well. He afterwards became one of our best major-generals. Totten's battery was called a light battery. It consisted of six guns, each pulled by six horses. The guns were smooth-bore brass 12-pounders, muzzle-loading. The principal sergeant seemed to be a little short, bellicose Irishman. Totten seemed to always carry a canteen of brandy. His commands were usually given in a lurid and sonorous manner. The first two that I heard him give would perhaps illustrate his manner during the campaign. "Forward that caisson, G—d d—n you, sir,"—"Swing that piece into line, G—d d—n you, sir." Any soldier in our regiment would walk a half-mile any time to listen to him five minutes. He was wide awake, and there was no discount on his bravery. Some of the Second Missouri were down the road guarding towns and bridges; whether they rejoined their regiment in time to start with us south I do not know for certain, but think that they did not. Perhaps only a small part of the Second Missouri went with us.

Regarding the First Iowa, I may here say that they had begun to look tough. In the first place, no two companies were uniformed alike. Each company had a different shape of clothes and in different colors; some had jackets and some,

like our company, had long-tailed coats, but of different styles and colors. We had enlisted in April and it was now July; the uniforms were in bad condition, torn and ragged. In addition to this, many uniforms had been completely worn out and the boys had bought what they could get, or had got new things from home, or in their stead clothes from home already partially worn. It was a motley crew. General Lyon could not supply us. We had been inspected for shoes, and about a dozen of the boys who had the worst pairs were sent with orders uptown and got shoes. Boonville was quite a small town, and I suppose that the quartermaster had bought or impressed all the shoes the stores had for sale. That afternoon we were drawn up in line and told to get ready for a march. Our place in the regiment was fixed by the order of companies as follows: The companies were arranged by letter as follows: A, F, D, I, C, H, E, K, G, B. These letters were taken by the captains in the order of the date of their commissions. Co. "A" was the highest in rank and had its place on the right of the regiment. Co. "B" was next and was on the left, and so on. Our company supposed that it was to be the color company, but we were not made Company "C" and hence did not get the honor.

The origin of the various companies of the First Iowa Infantry was the following cities:

Co. "A"	Muscatine.	Co. "F"	Mount Pleasant.
"B"	Iowa City.	"G"	Davenport.
"C"	Muscatine.	"H"	Dubuque.
"D"	Burlington.	"I"	Dubuque.
"E"	Burlington.	"K"	Cedar Rapids.

Some of the companies had separate names, as follows:

Company "D,"	Burlington Rifles.
Company "E,"	Burlington Zouaves.
Company "F,"	Mount Pleasant Grays.
Company "H,"	Wilson Guards.
Company "I,"	Governor's Grays.

The Iowa regiment boys were all about alike: they were ragged and saucy and their three months were up in July, and they did not want to go home without a fight. There became the greatest fraternity among them. We did not associate much with the other soldiers outside of our regiment. The latter had come from St. Louis, the source of supply, and were much better dressed than we were, and better armed and accoutered than we. Where we beat them was on drill and fiber. Nevertheless, General Lyon had his misgivings and did not grant us any favors, and we did not take very kindly to him. We felt that he was neglecting us and was playing favorites. In the evening it was circulated that Lyon was discouraged about his transportation and could not get half enough. It was said that he could not wait any longer, and that he must start and depend largely upon the country. He had no clothing for his men, only a small supply of bacon, and not half enough breadstuffs. It took seven wagon-loads a day to feed the men. Only one two-horse wagon was allowed to each company. This one wagon must haul the company property, consisting of tents, cooking utensils, the company desk, three days' rations, the sick, and forage for the team. There were no hospital arrangements worthy of the name. It was stated that Lyon had

ordered a large supply of rations and clothing sent to him by the way of Rolla to meet us at Springfield, and that if we ever got there we would be well supplied. Our destination was said to be Springfield, Missouri.

During the night it rained and blew a gale. Everything was soaked.

The rumor was that we would pursue and try to capture General Sterling Price before he could be reinforced from the South.

CHAPTER 15.

July 3d.—The Start.—The Ovation.—The Boys.—The Howitzer.—The Regulars.—“The Happy Land of Canaan.”—Weight of Baggage.—The March.—Some Nourishment.—July 4th.—Early March.—Fatigue Duty.—The Missouri Mule.—Number of Slaves.—The Camp.—Mulberries.—Supper.—Sturgis.—July 5th.—Rain.—Bad Roads.—Tents Dumped.—Rations Shortened.—Lize.

On July 3rd we started. We were filled with rumors. There were always 500 cavalry right over the hill, or down in the timber, or somewhere. Finally the number of troops in front of us grew until rumor fixed them at 15,000 drawn up and in camp within 100 miles or nearer, awaiting our advance. This news was nearly correct, but Bill Heustis changed it around so that it became 100 troops within 15,000 miles of us, and there it stayed for quite a while. We marched out of Boonville in the mud, with drums beating and flags floating. Old men and good-looking girls in long cavalcades escorted us far out of town on horseback, riding on the side of the road. In those days, in Missouri, every woman owned a horse, and knew how to ride it. They gave us a great ovation. And the little boys ran along beside us in gangs; on their caps were the letters “C. S.” or “U. S.” They were playing war, and had sticks and would hit one another promiscuously. Some represented the Confederates and some the United States. The boys followed us out more than a mile. The letters indicated the sentiments of their

mothers; women are always patriotic. I will not say that if there were no women there would be no war, but if there is a war they help fight it.

When we got out of town we struck west. The roads were muddy; we were put right behind the regulars. They were nicely dressed and finely armed and equipped, and looked like soldiers, and they stepped off with vigor. After we got out of town we came to a slight ravine where there was a log bridge, and in there was the 32-lb. howitzer. It had broken down the bridge. A long rope was handed out and we all pulled, that could get hold, but we could not move the howitzer. There it stuck and stayed; we never saw it afterwards. We marched five miles west, then struck southwest over as beautiful a prairie upland as one would wish to see. After marching ten miles we stopped and took lunch, and then started on again southwest. The country became more muddy and the walking became harder and more tiresome. We supposed that it was our duty to keep up with the regulars, and so we trod on their coat-tails all day, and so when one of them stopped to tie his shoe he fell back into our ranks at least 200 feet. And we sung "The Happy Land of Canaan" every hour and sang it fifteen minutes on a stretch. We wanted to show the regulars that we could stay with them. They did not like our style very well, but we liked theirs and wanted to associate with them; we kept ready to run over them all day long. The village of Pilot Grove was on the route. The stuff we carried was as follows: Gun, 9 pounds, plus; cartridge-box, cap-pouch, belt, bayonet and scabbard, 6 pounds; one day's

rations and haversack, $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; blanket, 3 pounds; canteen, filled, $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Total 25 pounds, plus. When evening came we had marched 15 miles through the mud, carrying our 25 pounds, and drew up on a side-hill, to camp; but our wagons were far away in the distance behind us. We sat down on the grass to wait; there was neither wood nor water. I was tired, too tired to eat. I munched hard-tack and thought of home and wished that the war would end when Secretary of State Seward said it would. He put it at ninety days, and the time was about up. It began to rain. I wrapped myself up in my blanket and went to sleep. About midnight I was awakened by old Mace. I looked around; the boys were sleeping every-which-way on the side-hill; they were in no lines or ranks or order; they had just gone to sleep where they lit. There were no camp-fires. I could hear the mules giving their midnight bray down on the creek about a mile off. A sentinel was walking about a hundred yards from me, back and fro. "Massa Link," said old Mace, "I dun brought you some nourishment." He had a tin cup and some liquid in it which I thought was coffee or beef soup. I took it and tossed it down at a gulp. It choked, burned and gagged me. It was an eighth of a quart of whisky. I could not get my breath; I rolled over in the grass; I thought I would turn wrong side out. My stomach telegraphed back that it was very much surprised. I gasped and flounced around in the grass and wet. I finally got my breath back by installments. Some of the "nourishment" had got into my lungs and some into my eyes, ears and nose. The whisky was the old-fashioned high-

proof stuff that in those days went by the name of "40-rod." I never had taken such a drink as that in my life. Old Mace looked on with perfect astonishment and witnessed my elaborate contortions; he had always lived down South, and had never seen a man before make a wry face when he took a drink. He excused himself and disappeared in the darkness. The nourishment began to nourish; and I laughed at the whole matter with a wan and lonesome snicker, and found that I could eat a cracker, and I sat up and ate and ate until I had eaten up all I had. Then I curled down between the loose limestone float-rock on the side-hill as happy a man as there was in Lyon's army. I took off my shoes and socks, looked up at the sky, said "Good-by, old mundane," and was sound asleep in a minute.

On July 4th we were awakened at 3:30 A. M. Lyon was an early riser. The moment we got started on the campaign he got us up as early as half-past three, and sometimes earlier. On this morning, the glorious Fourth of July, our company was detailed as train-guard and on "fatigue duty" as it was called, with the regimental wagons. There were twelve wagons, one for each company and two for regimental headquarters and staff. Our duties were to assist the driver when he ran out of profanity, also to pull back on the wagons when they went downhill, to push on them when they went uphill, and to help across streams and mud-holes. There is no animal on earth like the Missouri mule. He has no superior, no equal. His strength is superfluous and inexhaustible. He will pull until he drops. He

enjoys profanity, likes a joke, and is a good judge of men. He helped us save the Union.

We were permitted to get our principal burdens into the wagons while we were with them that day. We passed a hard and active day getting the wagons over the deep and muddy swales on the line of march. We did not always follow the road, at least not any main traveled road; often we were out on the prairie without a road. There were few fences along the route. We passed through Pleasant Green.

Yesterday and to-day we went through a most beautiful country. On this day we marched 19 miles to the southwest; at noon we crossed a prong of the La Mine (pronounced by the people Lah Meen). We struck a well-settled country, but all secesh; and all houses vacant, except as held by some two or three old negro women. Every valuable negro had been run off to keep him from being taken and freed. There were at this time in Missouri 115,000 slaves, by actual count, and they were very useful in opening up the new country. Most of them were north of the Missouri river, which made that portion of the State so strongly anti-Union. South Missouri had very few slaves.

As we made an early start, and went only 19 miles, we got into camp about the middle of the afternoon. Our regiment all camped together near a beautiful little running stream. The prairie-grass was deep and dense; we got together and did not take our tents out of the wagons; we wanted to sleep out of doors, for the afternoon was dry and pleasant. Mulberry trees were very plenty on the stream; Jim Smith and I got all the

mulberries we wanted. Then, seeing a house off about a mile, we concluded we would go to it and buy a bowl of bread and milk. We got our guns and walked over to the house. It was a fine large plantation house. On the porch was a fat old negress weighing about two hundred and fifty; she was apparently 75 years of age. I said, "Grandmammy, I want a bowl of bread and milk." She said, "We doan got no bread nor no milk in the house." I said, "Grandmammy, we want something to eat and will pay for it." We believed that although Uncle Sam's laws did not go into Seccessia his currency would. She then went and got some buttermilk and sweetened it with molasses and got a lot of cold corn-bread. We took supper. She charged us fifteen cents each, which we paid. She said that all of the folks were off celebrating the fourth of July, and had taken off about everything that was eatable, and that she was the only person around the place, and that the negroes were all gone, too. She said that the boss had three sons. She would not admit that any of them were in the rebel army. We believed they were at that time in the brush.

Our regiment had been walking on the coat-tails of the regulars all day. The rear guard picks up all broken down, sick or played-out soldiers; on the march of to-day the rear guard picked up but six of our regiment, but picked up over 200 of the others. Nineteen miles was a pretty good march with the weight that had to be carried, and as the weather was hot some of the boys could not keep up. We found this night that we were trying to make a junction with General Sturgis. We had brought

3000 men out of Boonville, and Sturgis was reported to have an equal number. He had left Kansas City on the 24th of June to find us. Eight thousand rebels were reported to be waiting for us. Jim Lane of Kansas was commissioned Brigadier-General on June 20th, and was reported to be raising troops to support us; but he never arrived.

We slept outdoors on the night of July 4th and looked up at the sky. We asked many questions of the silent stars and went to sleep.

On the morning of July 5th we got up as usual, at 3:30. The beautiful little stream which we camped on was one of the headwaters of the river La Mine, a few miles west of where Sedalia was afterwards built. Soon after roll-call in the morning it began to rain. We got our breakfast and started. Eight men and a corporal from each company were detailed to look after the company wagons and get them through the mud. I was drawn on this detail, and we started in. We went all day in the rain; we doubled teams all along the line and pulled the wagons out of the deep rich mud. We managed by dint of an all-day's pull to get the train 12 miles. We kept our ammunition dry by putting our cartridge-boxes in the wagons under the cover while we worked. In one place our wagon got down in the mud to the axle and the mules to their bellies, and a wagon-boss from somewhere ordered us to lighten the wagon; we tumbled out all of our damp, heavy, mouldy tents except the six best ones. Among the ones reserved was the tent of "Chicken Mess, No. 1." We dumped the balance of the tents, and never saw them after-

wards. After that day I never slept in a tent during the whole campaign. Perhaps some of the rear wagons, unloaded of rations, may have picked them up. In the ordinary course of business we were emptying seven wagons a day by eating up the loads. The mud and sand got into our shoes so that it polished the insides, but it wore our socks all out. That night I greased the inside of my shoes and put on my last pair of socks and went to bed, but I had a whole lot of corns that had become very troublesome. We ran out of forage and we fed our mules what they could get. The prairie-grass was abundant and the mules were grazed, and we occasionally ran onto a field of oats and fed it right up. But corn was scarce, and the animals were not getting fed well enough to get the full value of their services. Often on the route we boys with a strong rope hitched onto the tongue of a wagon, pulled nearly a hundred strong, and helped both wagon and mules out of the mud. The command floundered through the mud all day. Our coffee rations held out and the hard-tack held out, but all the others went. The beans disappeared, and the rice was saved for the sick, the sugar vanished, and we went it on coffee, crackers, and beef. But that was enough, and we were satisfied all around, and we had plenty of tobacco. These were hard but golden days, as we afterwards discovered. Our Keokuk company dogess, "Iize," had grown fat and saucy, and although she had lost none of her ill looks she had lost her timidity and become the pet of the company. Twelve miles was a good day's march under the circumstances, and we lay down at night very tired; and although the sky was

packed with clouds and full of thunder and lightning, it rained very little during the night. Everything was wet, but the air was warm and we slept all right. There was no difficulty in getting asleep and staying so. There was no care and no insomnia. What we wanted to do was to catch Price and end the war. During the night several shots were fired in the darkness on our pickets.

We had been following the main wagon-road which ran from Boonville, the county seat of Cooper county, to Georgetown, which was then the county seat of Pettis county. From Georgetown, this road, which was then the main thoroughfare of the country, ran southwest through the villages of Greenridge and Belmont to Clinton, the county seat of Henry county. The present town of Windsor, on the M. K. & T. R. R., stands as near as I can tell where Belmont then stood.

It was at this point that the accordion which had decorated the stalwart form of Stypes was stricken with a fatal malady. Ever since we had left Boonville the accordion had been developing pulmonary difficulties. Then something became the matter with its aorta. The keys, so to speak, would no longer unlock the entrances to its imprisoned music. Asthma set in. The damp weather seemed only to augment its ailments. It finally perished from loss of glue.

CHAPTER 16.

July 6th.—Out-march Regulars.—23-mile March.—Lyon Disliked.—No Cavalry.—Beef Supply Short.—July 7th.—Old Mace.—Distilleries.—White Mule.—Vegetables.—Rebel Depot.—Sun Hot.—Regulars shed Knapsacks.—Reached Grand River.—Rebel Supply Depot.—Garden.—Sturgis's Command.—Pontoon Train.—Ferry Rope.—Corduoying Road.—The Crossing.—The Fire Guard.—Last of the Wamus.

On the morning of July 6th the bugles roused us at 3:30. The sky cleared off; we got a hasty breakfast, and started before sunrise. Our road went upon a high upland. The soil was firmer. The sun rose red-hot. We were this day put in the advance, with the regulars just behind us, and we passed around the word to give the brigade a run for its money. In an hour there was a gap of half a mile behind us. In two hours there was a gap of a mile. Every hour we started up "The Happy Land of Canaan." The colonel stopped us every thirty minutes and gave us a breathing-spell, and as our successors heaved in view we struck right out again at a gait that could not be followed. When we started the colonel would shout "Forward, Iowa!" The colonel got to attaching the name of the State to the command, and to us it sounded delightful. He would sing out "Attention, Iowa!" and "Halt, Iowa!" On this day's march he worked this plan all day. Every once in a while Lyon would send a courier to tell us to halt until the brigade could close up. We led the brigade 23 miles that day. It

was then on that day that Lyon gave us the name of the Iowa greyhounds, and said, "There goes that d—d 'Happy Land of Canaan' again."

There are those who say that General Lyon did not use profane language. As I had a brief controversy with him once along the road I know that he sometimes did. We, the people, always put our dead heroes on a pedestal and give them virtues which they did not have. Our regiment formed a great dislike to Lyon upon this day. We never liked him much anyway, and just now he seemed cross and crabbed and to be finding fault with something,—said he would not put us in the front any more. We accomplished one purpose—we wore out the regulars and gave them to understand that we were the better men.

Our route this day was south of west. We crossed two streams that were running bank-full; we took our shoes off and waded them. A more beautiful prairie country was never marched over. Several old men and ladies in carriages marched with us. They were said to be Union people who were getting out of the country with us. We had at this time no cavalry, but we had about a dozen men on horses who wore uniforms and a lot of civilians on horseback who were armed and seemed to be scouting around. They were a force of civilians, probably, that had been hired as scouts in lieu of cavalry. They were running around and bringing in somebody all the time.

We have been seeing many mounted men in the distance, and are told by the negroes that all the able-bodied population

has gone into the rebel army, and that Claib Jackson (Governor) has eight thousand of them just across the river south of us. We have cleaned out the country of beef cattle and have not got so very big a herd yet. One of our men who was detailed yesterday with the herd and who helped to drive them all day says that Lyon has not a week's supply of beef, and yet every animal is gathered in that can be seen and reached. On July 5th General Sigel had his celebrated fight near Carthage, Missouri, but we did not hear of it until the 9th. General Sweeney, the brave Irishman, is in command down at Springfield. Couriers came in after dark and said that we would form a junction with General Sturgis within twenty-four hours.

We went to bed feeling delightfully self-satisfied with ourselves. We had shown the whole brigade that we could out-march them. We were without doubt the champions; nothing and nobody could walk away from us. What little things it takes to make men happy! We did not think of our shabby clothing and our wretched armament; we were happy because we could excel in something.

The night was clear and balmy, and we looked up into the vast distances of the sky, counted the stars and mesmerized ourselves to sleep.

July 7th, 1861, was an earnest day, very hot and very strenuous. We were awakened at 3:30 in the morning. Old Mace had had a camp-kettle of beef boiling all night. In the morning we took a heavy breakfast, put into our haversacks a chunk of the beef with hard-tack, drank a quart of hot coffee,

and were ready for a big day's tramp. The life which Old Mace led was an ideal one for him. He had no gun to carry; no load; he was without responsibility. He walked with the wagons and dozed and took naps. He did not have to stand guard nor march with anybody. He was at home on any part of the line, and had only to keep ahead of the rear guard. He was used to heat and hard labor, and so he came in at the end of the day's march as fresh as a daisy. He got about four hours of sleep at night and six more during the day. He always went with the wagons. All that he feared was a capture. He used to say: "They won't kill me, they'll captivate me. I'se wuf two thousand dollars. I'se done sold for that mo'n wonce." Darkies in those days took rank among themselves according to the value of actual sales. Mace's statement was perhaps the truth, for he was a large, substantial, capable African, with a good head on, and before the war negroes had been high. He was about forty years of age, and told some very strange and startling stories of the Mexican War, in which he was an officer's servant. At the time of which I speak he was probably a "runaway," as fugitive slaves were then called. His services to our mess were invaluable.

We were going through a country that was new. A large portion of the country was public domain. Stills for making whisky were frequent. They were very simple. The apparatus, building and all, would not cost \$500; the art could be learned in ten days. The whisky was clear as water, and the name given to it was "white-mule." The name probably came

from the "kick" which the liquor gave. The name did not originate with the army, but was indigenous to the frontier, and spread rapidly. This native whisky was of high proof and startlingly effective. I think that the whisky Old Mace gave me on the night of July 3rd was "white-mule" which some negro had brought in. Mace liked it very well, but he was kind enough to divide.

It was reported this afternoon that our brigade lost three men the afternoon and evening before; they were out foraging for onions and vegetables and did not come back. They were either killed or taken prisoners. There were actually seen in the offing, horsemen who were acting like scouts, and scrutinizing our column. But we had no cavalry to stop it with. We were suffering some for want of vegetables; there were few in the country—only little gardens. Old negresses would occasionally come into camp with baskets of onions, which we bought and paid for. No mess could as a rule get more than enough to flavor a soup. The boys would fight one another if the right of sale was not divided up.

We were told that Governor Claib Jackson had a big depot of army supplies between us and "Grand river." Grand river was in those days the north prong of the Osage river, running past Clinton and falling into the Osage near Warsaw; it seems to appear now on the maps as an Osage river. It was not so large, by considerable, as the Osage river proper. The Osage river was considered one of the navigable rivers up to Osceola, at high water, and navigable at all times to Warsaw. The sup-

plies of the country were brought by boat to Warsaw and from there transshipped by wagon to southwest Missouri and southeast Kansas. The supplies for Fort Scott, on the eastern edge of Kansas Territory, were most frequently shipped to Osceola by boat and thence by wagon 75 miles to the Fort.

The sun was very hot on July 7th, and we marched next to the regulars. We kept right close up to them, and our front ranks would punch right up into them when they stopped. It was Lyon's old company, and he resented the manner in which we walked up onto them. During a halt in the forenoon he told us to keep back. It pleased us to know that we were not of those who needed any prodding. We started again; the road was over a high prairie, and we were all going at a brisk gait, with the First Iowa close up to the regulars, when a halt was ordered. The halt was made so as to give the regulars an opportunity to shed their impedimenta; a two-horse wagon drove up; the regulars piled upon the ground their knapsacks and haversacks in little pyramids, and were now in light marching order, carrying only canteens and fighting tools. We cheered and cheered, and sang "The Happy Land of Canaan." Our companies one by one as they came up and saw the stuff of the regulars being loaded up, cheered, and kept it up until the last man of the regiment had passed. There was a gap behind us to the next regiment of at least a half-mile. The regulars were very much offended. We had not liked each other since the buck-and-gag incident at Boonville. The regulars started off at a good gait in their light marching rig. The word

was passed down the line to keep up, and to march on their coat-tails all day. We were prettily heavily loaded, but we kept right up. Once in a while comrades had to carry a man's gun for a few minutes to let him get his breath, but we kept up with them just the same, and there kept continually going, "That d—d Happy Land of Canaan." We marched twenty miles that forenoon and got to the ferry of Grand river at one o'clock, which shows that we did a good job of fast marching. Nobody disputed our prestige after that. We enjoyed and held on to our title of the "Iowa greyhounds." But to go back. During the day we were passing near a hamlet in which there was a large, long, newish building made out of native lumber from a neighboring sawmill. Part of the brigade had passed. A temporary halt was ordered. A man in "butter-nut," on horseback, rode by, and pointing to the building said, "That is a rebel depot of supplies." We all went for it, officers and men. We smashed in the doors and found the house filled with hats, shoes, and citizens' ready-made clothing. I got all I wanted, which was a good pair of shoes, and having already a good pair, I considered myself fixed for the campaign. Some of Lyon's staff finally drove us out, and the balance of the contents within was turned over to the quartermaster. The First Iowa were the only ones that got anything, and there was no effort made to make us give it up, for we had only taken what we had good need of. Some one called us thieves; it was the first loot of the campaign. We did not care. Bill Heustis wrote on a piece of pasteboard and stuck it up at regimental

headquarters: "First Iowa—Thieves and Greyhounds." As we neared the river, houses became more frequent. At one place they had a fine garden in front of the house, thriving principally in onions. It was surrounded by a 5-foot fence made of split pickets, and an officer was on guard to prevent trespass. Just as we went by a lady came to the door, and probably taking pity at our ragged appearance, said, "If you want some of the vegetables you can take them." I did not hunt for the gate; it was 25 feet off; I dropped my gun to a chum; I lit over in the onion-bed and began harvesting them before I struck the ground. I got enough for my mess. In five minutes there was not a green thing in the garden. Just before we got down into the river-bottom we passed General Sturgis and his troops, who had just got in. He was on his horse near the road with his officers, and we passed in review before him and he studied us well. Back of him we could see his men. Our men kept up a constant cheering, and so did his until we had passed. They camped near us that night. We established headquarters and stacked arms; then went around to see what we could see while the cooks got supper. I went down to the river-bank. It was running bank-full, swift and deep. While I was there Lyon's pontoon train, as we called it, came up. It was a six-mule wagon loaded with stuff he had got from the steamboat stores at Boonville. There were some coils of two-inch rope, two or three small bales of hemp, some kegs of pitch, some crosscut saws, axes, adzes, a kit of carpenters' tools, nails, clotheslines, and many other things, that made a bulky but

not very heavy load for the team. An officer was at this time at the wagon, and he looked as if he belonged to the regular army, and acted as if he understood his business. We flocked around him, and he had a lot of clothesline unrolled and was unrolling a coil of the two-inch rope. He asked if anyone there could swim. Many said, yes; then he said he wanted three men to swim over with clotheslines; several volunteered, and he chose me as one. Two of us finally got across the river with our lines, and one was carried down-stream. The officer ordered me to tie my line to a tree which he pointed out, and then a squad came over upon the rope, hand over hand. Then we hauled the cable over and snubbed it to a tree. Two similar ropes were put across above and below. But there was not a boat, not even a canoe. Sturgis had with him a lot of regular cavalry, and he had sent squads up the river to bring down everything that could be found. By nightfall we had two flatboats, one big and one little, together with a lot of skiffs and log canoes. When I got back the officer took me one side and gave me a good drink of brandy, and said that he would want me when we got to the Osage river. In the meantime there was about a hundred yards of the river-bottom that was so near impassable that it had to be corduroyed. Details of men went to work chopping trees and cutting the trunks up into lengths; other men drove mules and snaked the cuts into place; while others with shovels worked in the mud and dug up dirt and piled it on the corduroy. It did not take so very long; there were plenty of men who knew how to do everything. I

did not work on the road, but got a nap and a glorious onion supper, and went down to the river to see the crossing begin. While there I was detailed, along with a Museatine boy, on the fire squad. The night became dark and lowering, and the orders were to crowd the ferry. The big boat went over first with a load of men as helpers; we all took our arms. On the south side of the river a rough untraveled road began to climb the hill. Huge fires had to be built so as to make light for the ferries to work by. My companion and I made the first fire on the bank. We had an axe and there was much dead timber and we kept the fire booming. Along the road up the hill and up and down the river other fires were made. We kept about twenty fires roaring; wood was plenty, and we lighted up the scene in a way that was weird and impressive. I shall never forget it. The same thing was going on at the lower cable with the small flatboat, and at the upper (third) cable with the skiffs and canoes. We had ten pieces of artillery to cross and a half-regiment of Sturgis's cavalry. The horses were swum from the boats by their halters. By 3 o'clock A. M. our regiment was across, and very many were over before us. After that it began to rain. I had torn my wamus almost to shreds, and as I had an extra pair of shoes to carry I threw the wamus away. I never had a wamus or a coat again during the campaign. Details of men were set at work to fix up the road that ran uphill.

I cannot tell where this ferry-crossing was. My journal says nothing of Clinton, so I know our regiment did not pass through

the town. I think our crossing must have been about south of Clinton, and that we passed Clinton near the east side of the village, and went straight to the river. The main road ran west of Clinton and the ferry was three or four miles west. It was out of our way, and as the rebels had destroyed the ferries we made a new one on our line of route, or reëstablished an ancient one.

CHAPTER 17.

July 8th.—Grand River.—Osage River.—Wagons Lightened Up.—Missouri Storekeeper.—Graybacks.—Seven Kinds of Insects.—Nostalgia. Sturgis's Forces.—Kansas Officers.—Jim Lane's Speech.—July 9th.—March to Osage.—Game.—Log Cabins.—Dead Soldier.—Sunstrokes.—Osage River Reached.—July 10th.—The Crossing.—Deaths and Accidents.—Fire-Guard again.—Suicides.—The "Jigger Boss."

On July 8th we were not awakened at 3:30, *because we had not been asleep yet.* We were wet and soaking in the morning, and after daylight we dozed a little, slept a little, drank hot coffee by the quart, and waited for orders. The general train had not yet got across Grand river. Lyon sent a detachment of cavalry south to secure the crossing of Osage river, which by the crooked road was about twenty-five miles ahead, and started out a Missouri regiment as a support to the cavalry and to give it something to rally on if they should meet the force that was said to be somewhere in front of us. Finally our regiment was ordered to get cooked rations for two days ahead, to carry us across the Osage river. We were told to throw every pound of weight out of the company wagons that could be dispensed with; that guns and ammunition were to be inspected; that all the sick were to be gathered together and put in the empty wagons; the flatboats and skiffs hauled up onto the bank when the train was across; and the horses that needed it to be shod. On this day I got a good deal of excellent sleep. It was my good luck.

During the day a big ruffianly-looking man rode into camp and sought General Lyon's tent, and told him that he was the owner of the plundered store north of the river. The Missourian said that he worked hard for what he had, and he did not want to lose it. He had a list of the stuff in the store, and wanted the cash. Lyon said, "You are just the man I want to see." "Sergeant of the guard!" he exclaimed. The sergeant came. Said Lyon, "Put this man under close guard, and if he tries to get away, shoot him." We were told by natives that day who came into camp that this man had killed seven Union men. The story goes that he was taken out and shot; we never saw him afterwards.

We had a new experience in the Grand river timber: we got covered with wood-ticks, seed-ticks, and bedbugs. Down in this timber and in other parts of southern Missouri the bedbug is indigenous to the soil or to the trees. In the house he is merely a domesticated stranger. We also had gradually acquired lice of two varieties, of which the body-louse was the most persistent. The latter afterwards became very common in the army under the name of "graybacks." I hate to tell these stories, but justice to history requires that the truth be told. In addition to these we had acquired a lot of chiggers and fleas. There was a house near our camp that had outdoors a large soap-kettle. I was with Corporal Churubusco; we figured up how many different insects we were harboring; it was seven. "Yes," said the corporal, "and mosquitoes will be eight." We got a fire under the soap-kettle and got some water boiling, and then put

in our clothes while we took scissors and trimmed each other's hair down to the cuticle. While our clothes were boiling we went down to the river in "undress uniform," and with a bar of acrid, ill-natured soap we did our best; then we returned, wrung out our boiling clothes, put them on, and dried them *in situ* as rapidly as possible. The insect pests of Missouri never let up during the campaign; the chiggers and the ticks were always with us; they burrowed in and made angry, venomous sores. These eight varieties of insects kept each of us busy during the balance of the campaign. The flies afterwards made it nine.

The crossing of Grand river had not been without its dangers and casualties. We lost six men, two of whom were overcome with heat and overwork (whisky probably the cause), three were drowned, and one man committed suicide. It was here, at this point, that I first came across that army disease known as "nostalgia." The man gets homesick and dispirited, then everything seems to take hold of him; he gets the diarrhea, his stomach balks, then his courage breaks its halterstrap and runs away, then he gets erroneous ideas of the beauties of Kingdom Come, and finally he makes up his mind that if he cannot be an officer he will be an angel. I had myself been figuring up if glory was not too expensive, and if it were not worth much less than it cost. For forty-eight hours I had been considering whether life was not in fact a good deal of a vaudeville show. One of the great difficulties with us was that we had not got any letters from home or our girls for a long time, and the novelty was worn off by hardships. Any young man sort of wants to know whether

he can stand them and whether he is made of durable stuff, and having found out that he can, and is, he then feels inclined to turn his attention to other avenues and varieties of knowledge.

General Sturgis joined us on July 7th, as stated. He had with him about 2500 men, as follows:

The First Kansas Infantry; Col. George W. Deitzler.

The Second Kansas Infantry; Col. Robert B. Mitchell.

600 Regular Cavalry, and

A Battery of Regular Artillery.*

General Sturgis had been driven out of Fort Smith, Arkansas, by the Rebel Government, when it seized all U. S. property and arms. Sturgis, who was a major, took all his forces to Leavenworth, Kansas, except some officers who would not go. The enlisted men stayed by their flag and government. The enlisted men were the heroes. They stayed in the service and did good fighting afterwards. Inducements were offered them the same as to the officers, but they did not take hold of the States-right theory, and allow themselves to be bribed into treason. I cannot account for this, except as it was explained that the plot had been of long duration and those officers had been worked into the U. S. service who were of secession thought and tendency. The enlisted men were promised all kinds of lieutenancies, but spurned them and remained loyal to their country and its colors. This was the universal testimony.

*The foregoing is my brief note made at the time. In Appendix "A" will be found a statement by an officer of Sturgis's command, in a magazine article of 1907.

The First Kansas was organized and its colonel sworn in, May 28th, and the Second Kansas, June 20th. They started with Sturgis in the latter part of June, going by the way of Clinton, Missouri, to join with General Lyon. General Sturgis had as his Adjutant a Captain Gordon Granger, who afterwards became a Major-General. Both of the colonels of the Kansas regiments, and also the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Kansas, became Brigadiers. They turned out to be a good lot of fighters. One of the Kansas men told a story about "Jim Lane," (Senator and Brigadier-General.) The Kansas boys at first all wanted to go into the cavalry and not the infantry. Lane was speeding the call for troops. Lincoln had called on Kansas for *infantry*. There were a lot of men who wanted to go, and Lane made speeches. He said: "Now, if you go in the cavalry and dash into Missouri and whip them, as of course you will, you will come back with two horses each. One of them you will have captured from the enemy and the other will be the one you rode out of Kansas on, and which you already had. But if you go in the infantry you will come back with two horses, both of which you will have captured from the enemy. By so doing you will have gained more and the enemy retained less." The speech took, so it is said.

On July 9th we were awakened at 3:30, as usual. It had rained very hard during the latter part of the night, and as we had no tents we did not sleep very well; the wind blew a perfect gale towards morning, and the lightning pecked around in the trees for about an hour. Couriers were dashing around, and

the news was given out that Sigel had been surrounded and could not hold out more than three days; and that we must reinforce him by that time or he would be captured, then we captured next, and Springfield lost. Governor Claib Jackson was said to have 8000 men down on the "Muddy" south of the village of Lamar, and that a portion of his troops together with those from Arkansas had had a running fight with Sigel, and had got him cut off.

Our regiment was started out alone from camp to follow and overtake the Missouri regiment that had started for the Osage river twenty-three hours before, to reinforce the cavalry. A fight at the Osage crossing was expected. With two days of cooked rations in our haversacks we started through the mud. Our load was now 28 pounds. It was 6 o'clock A. M. We left the wagons to take care of themselves. Lyon wanted some men on the banks of the Osage river just as soon as he could get them there, and he thought the "greyhounds" from Iowa could get there sooner than anybody. We struck up "The Happy Land of Canaan," and moved off, with General Lyon evidently pleased at our style, as he sat on his horse and watched us. Lyon did not smile when he was pleased—he just pulled his chin whiskers with his mouth half open. The face of the country changed. The soil seemed to be changed; streaks of iron-rust appeared in the rocks; the road was bad and crooked. There were lots more of brush and timber. Houses were very scarce. We saw in the distance sometimes herds of deer. We had seen lots of wild turkeys in the timber; some of the soldiers had cut down trees

with coons in. The houses that we met were all log cabins. There was no sawed lumber in them. They had puncheon floors, and clapboard roofs, split out of oak blocks with a "fro" (frow)*; no windows or glass, only shutters. Every one of them was deserted. Our course went over a ridge; we suffered much for water; we took it from pools and puddles. In a cabin at some little distance from the road, where we halted for a few minutes, the door was broken in and a dead soldier found, of the Missouri regiment that had passed the day before. We lost several men from sunstroke, and many suffered so from excessive heat that they straggled and formed a group by themselves in the rear. It was about twenty-five miles across, and as we got a little more than half-way, and across the ridge, a courier came from Lyon and hurried us on. We did our best, and got in about six o'clock P. M.; about 750 came in with the regiment and about 100 were stragglers that got in along from 7 to 12 at night. I came in with the regiment, but was tired, indescribably tired; every muscle was aching and every nerve was on a quiver. Old Mace was back with the wagons. I wanted a tin-cupful of "nourishment," but there was none. We stopped near the bank of the river and stacked arms. We had no tents, no wagons, "no nothing," except what we carried. Had worn the feet off from my last pair of socks. I felt lonesome, and did not want to talk. I went down to the river and it was bank-full. There was a little quiet, overflowed side arm to the river, and I determined to go in and cool off. We were all sunburned and swarthy.

*For the picture of a frow, see Century Dictionary.

I stuck my bayonet, fixed to the musket, down into the ground, and took off what few clothes I had and hung them on the gun. I passed a six-foot snake in a bush that had been driven out of his hole by the water and I shook him out, but could not kill him. I then got into the water and sat in it up to my chin until I got cooled off. I threw away my fragmentary socks, washed the mud out of my shoes, and went back to the company line. The boys were lying around on the ground; some were sleeping, some were smoking and some were eating, but none were talking. We had no roll-call, no guard-mount, no bugling; it was everybody for himself. We were told to sleep on our arms; that we were in danger. I finally went off and spread my blanket on a nice damp, cool, rheumatic piece of ground, and with my head on my equipment I went to sleep, and did not wake up until the bugle called at three-thirty in the morning. We had started twenty-three hours behind the Missouri regiment and had got in only four hours behind them. We had walked the 25 miles in 12 hours, they in 31 hours; but they had not been pushed.

On July 10th, after 3:30 in the morning, everything was stir and bustle. We had to get across the river as soon as possible. The regular cavalry that preceded us had captured and secured the ferry and had got some other boats; in fact, quite a lot of the small ones. A company of the Missouri regiment had gone across and felled trees and made a little fort, so as to hold the ferry if attacked. This ferry was near Osceola, but we did not march through the town. There had been some bad wash-outs, and new roads had to be cut and some digging done. The

tools were few, but when a new man, every ten minutes, gets hold of the axe or spade, and works it as hard as he can, there is lots accomplished. Artillery and soldiers and teams began to come in the morning. Some of them had been going all night. We got the trees cut and the roads dug and our regiment began to cross. We went half a mile south of the river after we had crossed, and went into camp. Teams were coming up and crossing all day. As a matter of fact the teams, beef cattle and the rear guard did not all get across for two days. I managed to pick up quite a nice little lot of sleep. In the evening I was detailed as a fire-guard along with a Dubuque man, and we kept a roaring fire until we were relayed at 12 midnight. There were several men lost at this point. Four men overcome with heat died. Another man was killed in the felling of the trees. One was accidentally shot. One man was on the ground asleep, and an army wagon turning out of the road ran over him and broke his neck. Two men were missing. They had either deserted or had gone out foraging and been waylaid. A strange thing happened on the ferry-boat. A soldier intending suicide jumped overboard and did not come up again; another jumped over after him. It was supposed at the time that the latter intended to rescue the former, but it was soon seen that the suggestion of suicide made by the former had been followed out instantaneously by the latter. Casualties were happening constantly. During the evening while on the fire duty a wagon-boss came along; he had got his teams in and had them near us, and he wanted to

sit down and rest and smoke. He had some "white-mule" in his canteen, and he gave both of us a drink. He called it a "jigger," and said that he used to be "fourth Jigger Boss" on a canal. This was a new expression to me, and I asked him what it was; and this was the definition; he said:

"Before the Mexican War there had been a great craze about building canals. Everybody was wanting to build a canal and everybody wanted one to come by his door. It's railroads now," said he, "then it was canals. Well, the labor mostly came from Europe, and there was so much competition that labor was scarce, and the way to get it was to pay as much as anybody and give them 'jiggers' thrown in. I was on canal work; different people and places were bidding against each other, and it was at first three jiggers per man a day, then it got up to four, five, and then six. Other contractors would send emissaries onto our dump and offer the same wages and more jiggers, until we got up to ten. The whisky was common corn country-still whisky, and we got it for seven dollars a barrel, including the barrel. We'd put a little water and cayenne pepper into it, and it cost us a cent a jigger. One man attended to the jiggers, but as business got better we had two, and then three, and finally I was number four. It took a mighty good man to be fourth jigger boss. The fourth jigger boss came last, and he had the hardest time of all. Of course you must not give a jigger to a man who is already full, and as I came around last I had to refuse those who had not ought to have any more. Well, when I refused a man he wanted to fight.

He swore that I was trying to rob him, and cheat him, and I had to lick about twenty drunken men a day. The work had to go on and the men must not be in such condition that they could not work; if they were, the foreman of the dump would report me, and I had to be careful,—see that scar there, and here; had several ribs broke; but I made them come to time. O'Brien who built the 'Big Cayuga' said I was the safest jigger boss west of the Alleghanies. I like to give a man a jigger when I think he needs it; you needed that one I gave you; take another one; it's good, nutritious corn whisky, and I've got some more in the wagon that's never been drank; good whisky 'll never hurt any man."

CHAPTER 18.

July 11th.—Wild Hogs.—De Soto.—Soap in Shoes.—Wardrobe.—Inventory of Pockets.—Dead Soldier.—Wagons Lightened.—All-night March.—Lyon at the Fire.—July 12.—A Long March.—Stockton.—Melville.—Gravelly.—Raw Bacon.—Ragged Soldiers.—Union Sentiment.—Cabin on Prairie.—Happy Land of Canaan.

On July 11th we had reveille at 3:30 in the morning. Corporal Bill had run across a hog in the timber and had got it on his bayonet and brought it in. It was one of those "rail-splitters" so common then in the country. Old Mace had got in, and we had fresh pork for breakfast. The hogs that infested the forests of southern Missouri and northern Arkansas at that early day were a very fine species of domestic game. Some were as wild and as fleet as deer; others had been domesticated somewhat and were much tamer, but they were all nevertheless wild animals. They were the descendants of the hogs that De Soto brought with him through this country. The stories of the difficulties, dangers and privations of De Soto are probably imaginary. He started from Tampa with a large drove of hogs for food. He had such a good time of it that he drove them slowly and safely for a couple of thousand miles, and had so much to eat and the hogs so increased in number that when De Soto died in Arkansas his share of the herd had become a large drove. Some of the hogs escaped, and many presents of others were made by De Soto to the Indian chiefs. So there

were enough to populate in three centuries all of the forests through that part of the country. After getting a taste of the "mast-fed razor-back" we never after that missed an opportunity of taking one in. They were technically known to the boys as "antelope."

Before starting out this morning without socks I was complaining that my shoes were stiff and hard, and old Mace said, "In the Mexican War when the boys didn't have socks they used to fill their shoes full of soap." This struck me as a good plan of campaign; so I melted up a big piece of bar soap, and got each shoe so full that it "squshed" up at the tops when on. They were plump full. They felt delicious. I skated around in them, and it was a pleasure to march. In gathering up my belongings this morning ready to start I found that some one had stolen my new pair of shoes. This was a serious loss and left me subject to misfortune, for there was no place where I could steal a pair back and get even. My wardrobe now consisted of a hat and pair of shoes, both black and well worn, and in between them a slate-colored woolen shirt and a pair of trousers. I also had a nice pair of light, cool summer shoe-strings made of buckskin. I also had a large square, red-bordered, cotton pocket-handkerchief with a large blue steam-boat plying up a picturesque and beautiful yellow river in the center. This handkerchief was invaluable if it did cost only fifty cents in Boonville. It was my necktie, and in marching I put the ends around my hat and let it hang down like a "Have-lock" to keep the sun from the back of my delicately chiseled

neck, so as to avoid sunstroke. In a hip pocket I carried a diary from which I write these notes. It had an oilcloth cover that hardly protected it. A piece of lead-pencil, a knife grown rusty, a plug of chewing-tobacco, and a hunting-case silver watch which was not water-tight and hence refused at intervals to do business, was a complete inventory of the contents of the pockets, save and except a little wad of Missouri paper money.

It was thus we started out on July 11th. We went down the east side of Sac (Sauk) river. We expected to have a fight before night. Irregular companies of secesh "partisan rangers," as they were called, were all around us, and the main rebel army might be anywhere in front of us, or on top of us, at any time. Natives professing to be Union men came into camp and told us of bands of Confederate troops in every direction around us; even in our rear. These troops were enrolled as Missouri State Guards. They were Confederate soldiers under the guise of State troops, armed to resist invasion. We had not gone far the morning of the 11th when we passed near a hamlet consisting of a store building, a blacksmith shop and two or three houses, all of logs. Some of our cavalry had discovered the dead body of one of our soldiers in a field. The store was broken open and searched, and another dead soldier of the regular infantry was found hidden under the counter with some boards piled over him. There were then no goods in the store, they having been moved in anticipation of our coming. We marched until noon. After that we crossed to the west side of Sac river, and made a halt for a brief rest. I ate from my haver-

sack and slept until time came for starting; just before then the company team came up. Our crossing of Sae river was about twenty miles south of our Osage river crossing. Our tents had been thrown out, and the wagon contained only the company desk, a few cooking utensils, a lot of hard-tack and side-meat, and three or four of the boys that were temporarily out of repair. The other stuff had been left on the side of the road for empty wagons coming up to take in and haul on. We were ordered to put into the company wagon our blankets and everything but our guns, ammunition and canteens, and be ready for a fight. The wagons were ordered to each keep behind their respective regiments. I forgot to say that in each wagon had been placed boxes containing 3000 musket cartridges, and in our wagon had been placed a small chest of tea,—where from, I do not know. After our lunch we moved on at a rapid gait, and did not stop until sundown. Our team had kept up, and we halted and made some camp-kettles full of strong tea, which we drank with pleasure and benefit. I had never eaten any side-meat, and I could not do so. I had always managed to get plenty of something else and avoid it. We expected to camp, but got no orders, and we marched on thinking that at any minute we would be turned in on the side of the road; but we kept on walking until midnight. We were getting very tired. The cavalry were in the advance. We heard a gun fire. Then several guns at different angles from the front, and we thought that we had run into the enemy by night and that a battle was coming on. But still we kept

on marching; at last there was a break of dawn. We had marched nearly twenty-four hours. As we came to some timber we were halted. I ran around to find some water to fill my canteen, and got about a hundred yards from my company and came to a little dying fire where the enemy had been. Beside it was a blanket spread out, and some baggage. I sat down on the blanket and was drying my shoes at the fire and moralizing on the painfulness and inconveniences of war, and its demoralizing tendencies, when General Lyon rode up and requested me in an abrupt and thoughtless manner to get off from that blanket and double-quick to my company. I did this with such haste as my condition would permit; as I went away I turned to watch him. He hastily dismounted and spread out a large map on the blanket, and then he and his staff got their heads together tracing out the lines. I found my company, and had hardly got curled up on the ground when the column was ordered to start, and off we went again. "The Happy Land of Canaan" was started, but after a lingering and emaciated existence it died suddenly as we came to a creek that was up to our knees and we had to wade. The soap in my shoes was a little diluted, but it continued to be a blessing, and there was lots of it still there. While we were attempting to sing, Captain Matthies, afterwards Brigadier-General, came forward to talk with our First Lieutenant, and as he passed me he said, "You should that singing stop. You will your strength lost."

It was now growing light (July 12th); everybody was getting tired and sleepy. If a man stumbled and fell he did not get up again. The artillery was behind us; so when one of our men broke down and gave up we had to pull him to the side of the road so that the artillery would not run over him. The sun rose hot and blistering, and still we were marching. Our company wagon was not far in the rear, and several of our boys had been picked up and thrown into it, but the horses were struggling along with great difficulty and with much misery. All of our company in front of me had fallen out and I was in the van, and with me was another tall, slim, whalebone of a lad. His name was Chapman; he had one black eye and one blue eye, and was one of the very best. He was afterwards one of the honored Judges of Nebraska. In order that neither of us would fall down and go out of commission we took hold of hands, and when he stumbled I yanked him and when I stumbled he yanked me. We kept changing sides and changing hands, shifting our muskets every time. We led the company. During a momentary halt Bill Heustis said, "I wish I had stayed at home and sent my big brother." We went through the villages of Stockton and Melville. I do not find Melville now on the map; it was about the place where Dadeville now is. Going through the town of Stockton there was great Union sentiment displayed. There was a man there by the name of "Gravelly"; he said he was gravelly by name and gravelly by nature. He was afterwards a Union Colonel, and Brevet Brigadier. He was entitled

to it. All the women and girls came out to see us pass. We did not look well. Our uniforms, if that was their name, were very ragged. Most of the boys had apertures through their raiment, and most of them had thrown away their coats. Their shirts were out at the elbows, and frequently ripped down the backs. The black slouch hats set the whole thing off in an artistic way. My pants had whiskers on the bottom four inches long and were ripped down on both sides in a dangerous-looking way, and I did not like to have the girls looking at me. They were in great numbers. So tired, so muddy and so dirty were we that we looked like a gang of discouraged bandits. But we tried to appear frisky, and we marched the best we could and we sang the "Happy Land of Canaan" the best we knew how, and as the town was small we got through it without ruining ourselves in heroic efforts to show off. And the girls clapped their hands. We finally went into camp about noon, I guess. A friendly cloud had come across the sky, and we could not see the sun and we had lost all knowledge of time. It might have been 10 o'clock or it might have been 2 P. M. Our wagon drove up. My appetite was good; we had marched 48 miles. The official report says we marched 46 miles without stopping, then halted two hours and marched 6 miles further, which would make 52 miles. I give my own figures as made at the time. We had worn out the cavalry and the artillery, and they were lagging behind, hardly able to move. But alas! of our company only 32 came in on the home-stretch—the balance were strewn along the road. We thirty-two boys fairly hugged one another

when we were told that we had accomplished the purpose, and had saved Sigel, and that the enemy that were trying to pen him up had fled.

I went to the company wagon to get something to eat. There was hard-tack and side-meat. I had never eaten side-meat. I could never stomach it. It was salt-cured, smoked pork. But I had an appetite that had been honed and had the finest edge on it ever known. I cut off a piece of the meat; I had no time to cook it. I ate it raw, and then I ate more of it. I shall never forget this circumstance. I often refer to it; it probably lengthened my life by many years. I have since noticed that consumptives cannot or will not eat fat bacon. Before the day I speak of I never could eat it, and afterwards I always liked it, and nothing but that march could have changed my appetite. I have always been thankful for that march; it changed my life. Bill Heustis used to speak of me in this wise: "See old Link a-standing up there, six feet high and six inches square." I finally became lots squarer than that.

As soon as I had my lunch on raw bacon sandwiches I curled up and went to sleep under a bush, and was waked up to go on guard duty at 8 o'clock. I was stiff and lame and still hungry.

This march cost our regiment quite a squad of men overcome with the heat. Our camp was on the middle fork of Sac river.

One of our boys found a good horse tied in the timber near our camp, and the horse was put into our company team to help pull. We had run out of forage and were working our horses on grass until we got near Stockton, where we came into a good

country again and could get a little corn for horse-feed. But the secesh had stripped the country lean; they had left a little, but not much. The way was this: There were communities in which the Union sentiment prevailed and other communities in which secession sentiment prevailed; Missouri was very "spotted," and where the Union sentiment prevailed the country was lean because the secesh took from the Union men, robbed them, murdered them, or drove them out if they could. There was a vast amount of incendiarism. The Rebel army had got about all the groceries in the country through which we were now passing, and had confiscated about all the beef and emptied the smoke-houses. The latter were a great source of supply, for each farmer killed his own pork and smoked it up a year ahead, and every farm had its smoke-house. Being detailed on guard that night, I went to headquarters and heard the news that we had run out of rations, and that everything in stock had been issued to the companies; that is, all of the regular rations that the quartermaster had brought along were issued and the wagons were empty. Our company had on hand some hard-tack and coffee, but no sugar, rice, or anything else,—just biscuit and coffee. We had been running a race with hunger as well as with Price and Claib Jackson. I was put on picket out about two miles with two other men, among a clump of sumac bushes, on the edge of a little prairie; a house was on the other side of the prairie. We slept alternately and went in at 3:30 on call of the bugle. We "skirmished" for something to eat; we found the

house across the prairie deserted and not a single thing—hog, chicken, vegetable, or anything eatable. The house, a log cabin, had a lot of things in it, and it looked as if there had been disturbance in it; things were slung around and gave an appearance of pillage and a fight.

The song of "The Happy Land of Canaan" which braced us up on this terrible march, and which I first heard "French Joe" sing in the Macon City guard-house, has long since gone from my memory. It was a folk-song concerning John Brown. It told about the invasion of Harper's Ferry, the attack, his being wounded, his capture, his trial, what everybody said at the trial, the sentence, the governor and the death warrant, the execution, and the moral. It had many verses; the song was catchy, and on it a thousand other verses were built on every conceivable subject. There were, however, certain verses that became standard and were sung on all of our outbursts. I can only give two verses; they are misfitted, but will show the rhyme and meter:

O the Iowa First, Are the boys that dare the worst;
And on the rebels they are slowly gaining.
If they'll fight instead of run,
We will show them lots of fun;
And they'll never see the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

O-ho. O-ho. O-ho.
A-ha. A-ha. A-ha.
The time of retribution am a-coming;
For with bayonet and shell
We will give the rebels hell;
And they'll never see the Happy Land of Canaan.

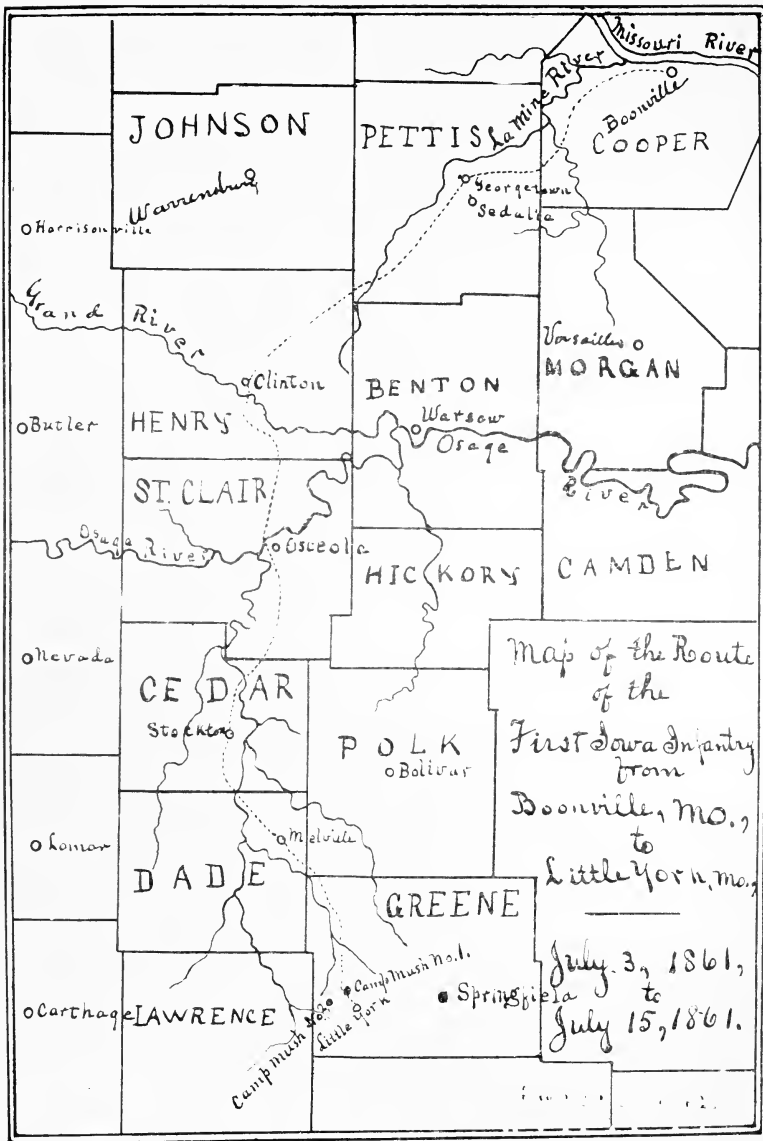
We love our country wide, And its banner is our pride,—
We pledge our lives and fortunes to sustain 'em.

 If we perish in the cause
 Of the Union and its laws,
We are sure to reach the Happy Land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

O-ho. O-ho. O-ho.
A-ha. A-ha. A-ha.
The time of retribution am a-coming;
For with bayonet and shell
We will give the rebels hell;
And they'll never see the Happy Land of Canaan.

It can easily be seen that the rhymes are rude and the verses easily constructed, and that almost anybody could add a verse to the general fund. The boys were particularly heavy on the chorus. In singing this song the boys gave particular emphasis to the word at the end of the fifth line of the chorus. The boys who were pious substituted the words "hail Columbia," but it disabled them from catching up in time with the sixth line, and they did not get in on the home-stretch.



CHAPTER 19.

July 13th.—Short Food.—Free Fights.—Trousers Wrecked.—Headed for Springfield.—Corn Cure.—Chicken-Hunting.—Hot Biscuit.—Dutch Ovens.—The Pants.—June 14th.—Little York.—No Supplies.—Camp Mush.—Murder.—Execution.—No Chaplain.—Sunday Busy Day.—Refitting Trousers.—Union Sentiment.—Weaving.—Coloring.—Butternut.—New Trousers.—Belle of the Mohawk Vale.—General Sturgis.—July 15th.—Mush and Water.—Harness-Making.—No Rations.—No Drill.—Regiment Neglected.—Cooking Corn-meal.—Bill Huestis's Bugle-Call.—Boot-heel Plug.

On the Morning of July 13th, we had for breakfast only coffee and hard-tack. Some of the boys were weak enough to grumble. Corporal Bill said that he could lick any man that would grumble. Drulard had been grumbling, and objected to Bill's remark. Bill retorted that Drulard never had lived so high in his life as he had since he had been in the army, and now that as the Government couldn't do any better, just for a while, that he, Drulard, had better shut up; and Bill wound up by saying that he, Bill, could lick any man that would grumble, anyhow. Drulard was bigger than Bill, but not as scientific, and they went at it hammer and tongs. It did not last long; we formed a ring, and Drulard was soon ready to quit. Then another man wanted to fight Bill, and Grimes went after the new man, saying, "I want some of this, too." In a short time there were half a dozen free fights in progress, in one of which I became partially interested. I got out of it in reasonably good shape,

except that my trousers became a total wreck. We soon set off to march, and it seemed that I was all the time stepping outdoors. I tied strings around each leg above the knee, and got along all right, only hoping that we would have no lady spectators along the route.

On our big 48-mile march we had camped many miles southeast of Stockton; we were now headed for Springfield.

On this day (13th) we marched eighteen miles; we had been somewhat stiff and sore, but worked it off this day, and although quite tired, had got limber again. All last night the boys that had been left behind on the big march came straggling in, until when we started this morning only about ten were out. They tagged along in the rear, and caught up with us on the night of the 13th. We got into camp about 3 P. M. I had not had my shoes off for three days. I went down to a creek to get washed up and cooled off, for it was very hot, and when I took off my shoes I was surprised to see what had taken place: all the corns I had on my feet came off whole just like buttons. It was the action of the soap. I never heard of such a thing. My feet came out as white and hard and polished as porcelain. I have often thought that some enterprising chiropodist might make a fortune by giving his patients the treatment I adopted. I never had any trouble with my feet after that, and never had another corn, although I was in the service over four years longer. I believe I was benefitted for life.

I had a little money left, and wanted something to eat. Coffee and crackers were not enough. I suggested to Corporal Bill

that he and I go out "a-skirmishing." We went prepared to fight. We took our muskets, and got about two miles from camp when we came to a cabin and saw chickens. There was a woman there with a negro woman and a half-grown girl. They were very much scared at our approach. We asked where the man of the house was, and were told that he had gone off to a funeral. We thought that meant he was in the secesh army. We quieted the woman by telling them not to get scared; that we would do them no harm. We saw some chickens. We asked her what they were worth; she said she did not know. She asked if the Yankees paid for things; we told her we would pay 25 cents apiece for chickens; she said we could have them all at that. We could catch only four, and we gave her a dollar. A Missouri State Bank dollar was then the circulating medium of the country, and good as gold. She then said, being very much relieved, that she would cook us a pan of hot biscuit if we would wait. The dough was all on the table and there was a fire on the hearth and she put the dough in a Dutch bake-oven and piled the coals on top of it, and we waited a little while and then she raked off the coals and pulled out a nice pan of hot biscuit. She said, "It's all paid for; you paid more for the chickens than they were worth." We started home to camp; we ate all of the biscuit *en route*, and delivered the chickens to the mess. In those days stoves were practically unknown in Missouri farm-houses. They cooked in the fireplaces with pots, kettles, and bake-ovens. Bake-oven cooking had a delicious flavor. They would put into the bake-oven, meats or food after supper and cover with ashes

and hot coals, and it would cook until morning and have benefits of long time and low temperature. It made all the difference in the world. There was never better cooking than this old-fashioned fireplace cooking. We returned to camp by a different route from that by which we came. On the road we passed a deserted log cabin. Nobody was around, but all of the belongings of the family were there. On the outside of the house was a big iron kettle, under which a fire had been recently built. On a clothesline hung a saddle-blanket, a gunny-sack, a pair of Texas spurs, and a pair of heavy jeans winter trousers. I gently separated the trousers from the line and gave them a solemn and efficient examination. They were butternut-colored, home-made jeans, lined with heavy cotton sheeting called "nigger cloth," and good for ten degrees below zero. The thermometer was now about 100 above. After communing with myself and satisfying myself that I ought to have those pants, I threw them over my shoulder and carried them to camp along with my share of the chickens. It took a good deal of argument to convince myself that I was entitled to that pair of pants. But I was partially successful; it was this way: The house was evidently deserted on our approach. I plainly, by intuition, saw that the man there was getting ready to go into the rebel army. The gunny-sack was to be his saddle-blanket; the saddle-blanket was to be his sleeping-blanket; the spurs were a part of his outfit, and the pants were the best he owned and had been washed up in anticipation of his departure. Next, it was the duty of all American citizens to do what they could to increase the efficiency of the army dur-

ing active service, and to make such sacrifices as were necessary to accomplish that purpose. Thirdly, there could be no more worthy recipient of private charity than one who was serving the Government in an effort to put down the rebellion at eleven dollars per month. Fourth, I needed the pants. Fifth, I was defending the Constitution for him, the owner. I was preserving for him all that was dear for him,—life, liberty, the magna charta, the right of habeas corpus, and those inalienable and inestimable rights which he and his children would enjoy through all time. In this great drama I was his agent with power to act, and he must furnish the pants. Having fully satisfied myself upon this point, I went to bed on my blanket, and after looking up into the vast abyss of space and wondering if there were any other side to it I went to sleep.

On July 14th there was a bugle-call at 3:30, but no orders to march. We were on the summit of the Ozark Mountains. The night had been full of dew, and toward morning chilly. We were westerly from Springfield about fifteen miles; there was a place not far from us in a south or southeast direction called Little York. I do not know how near. We were camped near a little stream, but were up on the edge of a prairie. Our camp consisted of a row of little fires along the edge of the brush, a row of muskets standing stacked, and a company wagon without much in it. The stores and supplies which Lyon had ordered from St. Louis while he was at Boonville had been sent to Rolla, but at Rolla there was no one with sense enough to send them to us. Springfield was 130 miles by wagon from Rolla; we were

15 miles further, and needed everything. We expected to get clothing and supplies when we neared Springfield, but got nothing and were worse off than ever. In addition to this, everything was discontent. Our company got a quarter of beef, a mess-pan full of salt, and two barrels of corn-meal. We were out of coffee, and had mush three times with boiled beef. The boys called the place "Camp Mush." Last night there was some picket-firing, and we knew we were in the enemy's country. Yesterday the Kansas regiment caught up with us, and in camp one man killed another in that regiment; he was immediately court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. On this afternoon, Sunday, the 14th, we were all drawn up on three sides of a hollow square to see the execution. The culprit had been taken out in the morning and compelled to dig his own grave. In the afternoon we were drawn up as stated. He sat on a box by his grave. Twenty-eight men were detailed to shoot him, and stood about twenty feet from him. The guns were stacked behind the shooting-squad; one-half of the guns were loaded with blank cartridges and one-half with bullets. The men were told this, and each man was given a gun, not knowing how it was loaded. The order was given, "Make ready—take aim—fire." The guns went off in a volley, the man rolled over and struggled briefly, was pitched into the grave he had dug, and was quickly covered over. In a few minutes the ceremony was over and we were marched to our quarters and disbanded. There was no regular chaplain, and up to this time I do not recollect that anybody acted as chaplain; I remember no religious services. In fact,

Sunday was generally our busy day. About this time a private soldier of Company "I" was detailed as chaplain; he laid on style and was respected accordingly.

I took my newly acquired pants, and with a needle and thread started to remodel them. I took some tar with which they "greased" the wagons and made a "wax-end," and I reefed the trousers at the waist. They had to be taken in considerably at the bosom. I then proceeded to peel off the outside portion, for I wanted to wear only the lining. The lining was whole and durable. I shortened them four inches, and then cut away the jeans an inch from each seam on each side of the leg. Then I snipped the jeans at the seam crosswise so as to make an Indian fringe at each seam. I cut away all the outside except just below the dorsal vertebrae, where I allowed it to remain as a reinforcement. Then I took it and my shirt, which was again infested with seven varieties of insects, as hereinbefore specifically set forth, and, tying them up in my big bandana, I boiled them for two hours, and then hung them out in the presence of the solar system to dry, while Bill Heustis beat me out of a plug of chewing-tobacco playing seven-up, on an ammunition-box.

The people in the neighborhood of Camp Mush seemed to be very strongly Union, and a company of Union cavalry was organized from them. They were dressed in the homespun garb of the country. The women here carded wool and cotton together and spun it into yarn. Then they dyed the yarn with walnut or butternut bark; it was all called "butternut"; then it was woven on home-made looms into cloth. The cloth was

then dyed again, and became a reddish brown. Only two colors did I see made: a light indigo blue and the "butternut." This cloth was firm and durable. Any carpenter could make a loom and any woman could operate it. We saw many looms in operation during the campaign, and in every house were the cards to card the wool and cotton and the wheels to spin them. The war put indigo out of the market, and as the other color remained abundant the rebel uniform for Missouri and Arkansas troops became "butternut"; hence, "butternut" became a synonym for disloyalty. This spread so rapidly that soon the Copperheads up North adopted it; they cross-sliced butternuts and polished the slices, then wore them as buttons, scarf-pins and jewelry. When we got home from this campaign (about Sept. 1, 1861) we went around in squads and hunted for people who wore butternuts, and took them off. Gangs of fellows in the North wore them; so many, sometimes, that the emblems could not be by force taken off. This seems incredible now, but there have been volumes written on the subject.

While in Camp Mush there was a continual round of flying rumors about the enemy: they were represented as being twenty thousand in number, and to be near us on the south and west. A great number of people visited our camp—men, women, and children; among them were many spies. They could not be kept out. The enemy could know every detail of our numbers and condition.

I donned my new pair of pants and produced a sensation. They had a very aboriginal look. Bill Huestis pronounced

me to be "The Belle of the Mohawk Vale," which at that time was a new and popular song. I did look like an Arapahoe, but it was the best that I and the United States of America could do at the time; I was better off than some of the boys. Fletch Branderbury wanted me to go over to visit General Sturgis with him; said General Sturgis was a cousin of his. We went. The General received us with an amused cordiality. He gazed at my attractive garb; said I looked like a "trapper." Then he began a fervid outburst of profanity against the "d—n fools that had charge of things at Rolla." He said that our privations were great, but that we must just do the best we could; that we really didn't need anything but ammunition, and we had a plenty of that. That we could live off the country until we were reinforced and supplies came. We stayed but a few minutes; he gave each of us a drink of brandy out of his canteen, and I worshipped him ever afterwards in spite of his bad luck and want of ability.

On July 15th we were called as usual. The coffee was gone; we had nothing but mush; it was mush and water. The boys joked about it, and started cooking it in all sorts of ways. The drinking-water was not exactly what we wanted. The water in the creek had got thoroughly warm. The springs were not able to supply us, although there were several good ones around in the country at greater or lesser distances; but the springs were dipped out and the wells were drawn dry, and still there was not half enough water. So we had recourse to the creeks. Some of the boys began to get ill. Our team hauled a sick-

squad off somewhere to an improvised hospital; returning, there was a commotion and a run-away and our company harness got disorganized, and the Lieutenant commanding came to me to fix it up. I undertook the job as a harness-maker, but could get neither needles nor thread; they were not to be had, but the wagon-boss had a tanned buckskin of a variety then very common in the country. The farmers all killed deer and tanned the buckskin into leather. I got Tom Ryan to go over to the artillery, where they had a little portable forge, and make me an awl of rather large size; this he did from an old piece of file, which, with an old pair of spectacles we found among the rubbish of a neighboring farm-house, made a supply of tools. On a tin plate I boiled some wagon-tar into wax. I cut the buckskin into a fine whang, waxed it with the boiled tar, and, using one side of the spectacles, that had a little loop at the end, as a needle, I fixed up the harness in good shape, so much to the satisfaction of the Lieutenant that I got credit for a round of guard duty.

In the afternoon, drill-call was sounded, but we went up and told the orderly sergeant, Utter, that we did not propose to drill on mush; that we could play seven-up on mush but could not drill. Frémont was in command at St. Louis, but no supplies were coming to us and we were not getting any mail. There were no clothes, no food, no glory. We were not hearing from our girls, and, worst of all, our girls were not hearing from us. The boys began to believe that we were neglected because we were three-months men. We noticed that the regulars got

things; they were clothed, better fed than we. In fact, our Lieutenant went over to the regulars and got a quarter of dressed beef. Our enlistment as a company was April 20th, and the boys said: Our time will be up on Saturday this week, the 20th. But others of the boys said: We are liable to have a fight now at any time: who is he who is going to quit just before a battle? Bill Fuller said he could lick any two men who wanted to go home. After a good deal of talking it all at last simmered down to one proposition, viz.: "We want to go home mighty bad, but not without a fight." Still there were some dissenters who wanted to quit on the 20th.

The creek-water and the corn-meal began to have an effect upon the men; painful diarrheas and dysenteries broke out. Old Mace said he knew all about this. He said that they had issues of corn-meal in the Mexican War, and that it was all right if cooked long enough; that brief cooking made the men sick. He said, "There is a verse I remembers:

"Cook kawn meal six hours
Or you get the scours."

Bill Huestis paraphrased a bugle-call thus:

Come to mush; come to mush; come to mush, you d—n fool;
Come to mush; come to mush; come to mush, you d—n fool.

Corporal Churubusco came in at evening with his hat full of beautiful ripe blackberries; he had been wandering around and had struck a patch of blackberries, eaten all he could and brought back all he could. We had blackberries and mush for supper. I forgot to tell about a new kind of chewing-tobacco

that we got this afternoon. A man came into camp selling "boot-heel" plug. It was a very fine tobacco, and made without machinery. Around Springfield is a very fine tobacco country, and the way "boot-heel" plug was made is as follows: The tobacco was carefully selected, dampened, and a trace of molasses given to each leaf. A two-inch auger was used in boring holes into hickory or walnut logs, into which a strong, loose-fitting, flat-ended plug was fitted to act as a ramrod; then each leaf was rolled up into a wad and put into the hole, and it was pounded down, leaf by leaf, with this plug driven by a heavy maul. After the hole was mauled nearly full a new tight plug was driven in to hold the tobacco down, and it stayed there all winter until needed for use. It was chopped out with an axe as needed. When taken out it could be broken up into disks, whence its name of "boot-heel." We all liked "boot-heel" very much, and I do not know that I ever saw better. Chewing-tobacco seems to be a necessity with those who live on coarse food, especially those who live on pork. It apparently is a germicide favorable to man. The tobacco seems to go along with the food that is eaten, and to destroy antagonistic germs; evidently the human system calls for the help. Those who live well and have properly cooked food in civil life do not seem to require the strong assistance of chewing-tobacco, and only the partial assistance of the much milder cigar. Hence man will be civilized out of the tobacco-chewing habit, some of these days. He will quit using tobacco when he does not need it.

CHAPTER 20.

July 16th.—Syester and I.—The Old Mill.—A Seecesh Family.—Half-soling Shoes.—Inflammatory Rheumatism.—Lyon Disliked.—Fault with Frémont.—July 17th.—Typhoid.—Blackberry Root.—Tribute from Distillery.—Whisky and Blackberry.—Recovery.—July 18th.—Very Short Rations.—Growing Dissatisfaction.—McMullin's Story.—Loyalty Among Regulars in Texas.—General Banks's Order.

July 16th, Reveille at 3:30, as usual. Those were the days of early rising. Back in those years there was a fad about early rising. "Early to rise" was the rule; my father always rose at 4 A. M. in summer and 5 A. M. in winter. When an obituary was printed in the newspapers in those old days the notice always told at what time the deceased was in the habit of rising. My father always waked me when he got up. The people who advocated only six hours of sleep were very numerous. "We sleep too much," was the cry. "A person can get used to six hours' sleep and it is all he wants," was the statement of others. It was not a question then so much of the quantity of work a man did in a day, as, "When does he begin?" But then, every generation has its fads.

We had nothing to-day for breakfast but mush and sassafras tea. Syester and I determined that we would go out and hunt through the timber and get a "razor-back" hog. Rules were getting quite strict; the seecesh were in large numbers within twenty-five miles of us; our cavalry were continually on the

scout so as to keep eye on them and gather forage and cattle. As there were no better scouts than roaming infantry, our company was allowed five permits every day to rove the country. Syester and I got permits, and started out. We went about three miles northwest; found an old mill, not running. We rummaged around it. In the office I found a worn volume of Burritt's Astronomy; this was a prize. We found a piece of 6-inch belting; this was also a prize. We could half-sole shoes with it. Saw a house afar off, and went there. We got all the bread and buttermilk we could eat for 25 cents each. Started on home, and found a cabin with a cross old woman in charge. She told us that we were the first Yankee soldiers she had seen. She said that all the people in her neighborhood were from Tennessee. She called it Ten-i-ey. She had some onions in a little garden; we asked her if she wanted to sell any of them; she said, yes, at 25 cents a dozen; we told her that they were worth only 5; she said she expected good prices from Yankees, and gold and silver at that. We asked her what kin she had in the seecesh army, and she said, "All I have—a husband, three sons, two brothers, two brothers-in-laws, and a son-in-law,—that's nine, and we will never give up." We bade her good-by, and went toward camp; we never saw a "razor-back" that day. After my return I got the harness-awl that Tom Ryan made, and half-soled my shoes. It was a neat job. I got an oak stick, then I made an awl-hole in the leather, then I whittled down the stick to a point and drove it in and cut it off even with the hole; then made another hole, whittled the stick,

drove it in and cut it off again. It was slow work, but it was a good job, and did me excellent service. I turned the leather belting over to the other boys, and it was used up by them for half-soles. That night I had a funny experience. We were all sleeping on the ground as usual. We had been telling stories as usual, and I had fallen asleep. We always slept with our clothes on. I woke up with the greatest pain in my left shoulder; it was exerceuiating. My shoulder ached so that I could not help shouting. I never had such an ache in my life before or after. I writhed around on the ground in the greatest agony. A lot of the men got up and came to me; among others was the Fife-major, Kilmartin. He said, "I know what is the matter with him—he has got a touch of inflammatory rheumatism." He got a camp-kettle of creek-water and a big tin cup, and stood up high on a box that we used as a mess-table; he had them take off my shirt and hold me down on the ground and he stood on the table as high as possible and raised the tin cup of water as high as possible, and commenced dripping it down at a height of about ten feet onto my shoulder. One tin-cupful lightened the pain, a second one did much more, a third and a fourth stopped it. It took only five quarts of water to entirely end the pain, and I slept peacefully and soundly for the balance of the night. I never had the same kind of pain again in all my life. I never could explain it. Kilmartin, the Fife-major, had been in the Mexican War, and when made Fife-major of the regiment wanted to be conspicuous; he bought

my zouave jacket and red trousers, on which he owes me ten dollars which he has never paid. His services that night led me to never ask him for it.

We began to dislike General Lyon very much. He never seemed to sleep any, he never smiled, he always appeared nervous and irritated, and he never had a pleasant word for anybody. We made up our minds that he did not care much for us and we did not care much for him. The report came that we had got about all the beef cattle there were in the country, and that mills at Springfield were grinding up all the corn which could be found and brought in. All the Government furnished us on the 16th was corn-meal and salt. We were told that coffee and bacon were on the way from Rolla to us. We found all kinds of fault with Frémont for not hurrying things up and re-enforcing us with men and supplies.

On July 17th we arose at the usual hour of early dawn; my mush breakfast went back on me and I found that I was sick. I had a raging case of diarrhea, and wanted to drink all the water in the creek. It was reported that two men of the regiment had died of typhoid fever, and I thought that I might have it. The doctor came to see me and told me that I did not have typhoid, but that I needed some Dovers powders, which he would send. I always objected to medicine, did not know what Dovers powders were, and I made up my mind that I wasn't sick, anyway. My symptoms increased, until at noon I was in great pain. Old Mace came to me and told me he knew exactly what to do, and for me to wait. He went out with the company

spade, hunted a blackberry patch, dug up a lot of the roots, came in and washed them clean, cut them up into pieces and began to simmer them on the fire. About 5 p. m. I began to drink this bitter astringent decoction. I knew what it was, and hence it was not "medicine." Medicine is something that we don't know what it is. Old Mace made me about three quarts of this; after I had drank a quart, a pleasant circumstance occurred; it was this: Five men of our company had got leave in the forenoon to roam for the balance of the day, and they started to go out where nobody else had been. When out about three miles in the timber they heard of a whisky-still running, about a mile further down in the timber. Corporal Churubusco was in charge of the squad. They started quickly for the still; on arriving there and finding it in full blast the corporal went up to the still-house door and halted his squad and ordered them to "fix bayonets"; then he demanded to know who was in charge; when the man was pointed out, the corporal arrested him and ordered him to march off in front of a fixed bayonet; after going a little way the still-house man wanted to have a private talk with the corporal, and on getting off to one side he started in to bribe the corporal. The corporal allowed himself to be bribed. That was what he wanted. He took the man back and left him at the still, but brought off a demijohn of whisky and each canteen in the party was filled. It was at about 6 p. m. that the corporal came in and turned me over a canteen of whisky, which, although new and highly flavored with fusel oil, was very welcome. I mixed one decoction with the other—blackberry root

and whisky. It had a taste the like of which cannot be found in any cook-book or pharmacopœia, but I stayed with it, and in twelve hours was well. In the afternoon of the 17th we drew one-eighth ration of hard-tack, balance corn-meal. I had a cracker for supper.

During the years before the war, after the panic of 1857, there was a series of years that were indeed "hard times." A song originated during those days called "Hard Times," and its refrain ran like this:

"It's the song and the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more;
Long time have you lingered around my cabin door,
O hard times come again no more."

A man in Co. "C" named Fowler wrote a verse shortly after we left Boonville and it was considerably sung, and finally ran into many verses, on "Hard Tack come again no more." I have one only verse; it ran as follows:

"There's a lazy, hungry soldier and he lies around all day;
His clothes are torn, his better days are o'er;
He sighs for nice hot biscuits, and spring chickens far away,
O Hard Tack come again no more.

"It's the song and the sigh of the weary,
Hard tack, hard tack, come again no more;
Long time have you lingered around the cook-tent door,
O Hard Tack come again no more."

There were lots of other verses to it, but after we had been through "Camp Mush" No. 1 and had got to "Camp Mush" No. 2, Mr. Fowler changed the text and got up some new verses, of which I have retained only one, as follows:

“It’s the song and the sigh of the hungry,
Hard Tack, Hard Tack, come again once more;
You were old and very wormy, but you’re pie beside that mush,—
O Hard Tack, come again once more.”

In that latter sentiment we all joined, and we sang it lustily.

On July 18th we were up at 3:30, as usual. We drew a quarter of fresh beef, some corn-meal, and a mess-pan full of salt. I got a piece of the beef and roasted it over the company fire on the end of my steel musket-ramrod. The weather was very hot and the grumbling over the rations was very loud, but it was explained to us that the rebels were all around us and that we could not get any supplies or assistance from St. Louis or Rolla. There were two roads from Rolla to Springfield, one called the “high” road and the other called the “low” road. The “high” road was also called the “ridge road,” because it ran on ridges; it was the longer, had fewer good camping-places, and was the lesser traveled. Bands of rebels were harrying both roads. There was a good deal of feeling against Lyon on account of the way we were fed and on account of our lying around, neither keeping our lines in the rear open nor going out and having a fight. We felt that we were inactively going to pieces, as a command, and that we would soon all be either starved to death or captured. The feeling against him was growing. The boys wanted to fight and they wanted something to eat; they had no tents; they were outdoors, the sun was very hot, and they were hungry. It was always with horror that they afterwards remembered “Camp Mush.” During this day, 18th, I went over to the battery forge to fix the hook on

my gun-sling. There were the battery horses eating the same food as we, some of it cooked into mush and some mixed up with water into a mash; I was sorry that I could not eat it with the relish that the horses did. While at the battery I got into a talk with an old regular army soldier that was really interesting. The story which he told deserves to be perpetuated. His name was McMullin, and the story runs this way:

He said that he was in the regular army in Texas, and that during the winter of 1860-61 the officers were all the time talking to the soldiers about joining the Confederate army. The soldiers were all promised lieutenantancies if they would go into the rebel service, and more, too. They were promised a discharge, and payment to date, and then were to have a commission, and be sent immediately to the State where commissioned, or were to have a leave to visit their friends, and then after sixty days to report to the State where they were to be commissioned. McMillan said that the boys talked it over in the barracks privately, and none of them were anxious, and all felt like staying with the Government; but they were all yet in the United States service. It was rumored around that if they did not join the Confederacy they would be surrendered to the Confederacy and be confined as prisoners of war. McMullin said that he made up his mind that if they were going to play tricks on the Government he would play tricks on them, and go to fighting them. So he pretended that he would take a lieutenantancy in a Mississippi regiment if he could get discharged, and paid off, and given sixty days to visit his good old mother in

north Missouri. He had no good old mother in north Missouri, but he got an honorable discharge and his pay and a passport through all the rebel lines as being a Mississippi officer, and they gave him a Government mule. He struck north in search of his good old mother, and went through the army of Rains, of McCullough, of Price, and into the camp of Lyon, where he enlisted in the artillery for three years or during the war. After he had left the Texas post where he was stationed, it was surrendered to the Confederates. The men would not join. He said the men planned to take their officers prisoners and all march north, but they were surrounded and were made to surrender afterwards, though he was not with them then. He said that many other soldiers did as he did, with the plan of going north and getting into the army and going back to help punish the treason. He had no good to speak of the officers: he said that they were all traitors; but in this he was perhaps partially mistaken. Long afterwards, while I was still in the army, a document came out that so well corroborated McMullin that I take leave to give it in full. It is a wonderful story of loyalty and fortitude:

“GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 31. }

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF
THE GULF, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
OPELOUSAS, April 25, 1863.

“Sergeants Brady, Stapleton, McCormick, Renhardt, Sheble, Neal, Harris, Darken, Brannan, and two hundred and sixty-nine men of the Eighth Infantry, Army of the United States, whose names are affixed, having been exchanged by the rebel Government, whose prisoners they were, arrived at New Orleans on the 25th of February, 1863, and a portion of them, under

command of Lieutenant Copley Amory, Fourth Cavalry, reached this post on the 23d instant, to share with us the honor of this campaign. It has been deemed but an act of justice to these gallant men to relieve them from this service, and to expedite their return to the North. They separate from the command this day. In honor of their departure, the Commanding General has ordered a national salute, and a similar honor will be paid them at their departure from New Orleans. Captain Bainbridge, at Opelousas, and Brigadier-General Sherman, at New Orleans, are charged with the execution of this order.

"These troops were shamefully and unconditionally surrendered to the rebel authorities in Texas, by their commanders, on the 9th day of May, 1861. Separated from their officers, divided into squads, and removed to different posts on the frontiers of Texas, deprived of pay for more than two years, they were subjected to degrading labors, supplied with scanty food and clothing, and sometimes chained to the ground, or made to suffer other severe military punishments. Recruiting officers visited them daily, offering them commissions and large bounties, to desert their flag. Notwithstanding the false reports of the overthrow of their Government, which seduced so many men of higher pretensions and position, unsustained by counsel with each other, with few exceptions they repelled the bribes and avoided the treason. Those who chose a different course, did it to escape their prison.

"No Government had ever more loyal supporters. Officers of the army and navy, to whom they had a right to turn for counsel and example, who had been educated by the Government, who never received a month's pay that was not drawn from its coffers, nor bore an honor that it did not confer, at the first suggestion of treason betrayed the mother that nursed them, and deserted the flag that protected them. With every branch of the Government within their control, and the continent under their feet, they yielded to the indecency and folly of the rebellion, and without a shadow of cause sought to blacken the name of America and Americans, by fastening upon them the greatest crime of human history—that of destroying the best

government ever framed, and annihilating the hopes of the human race in republican liberty. Thank God! The officers could not corrupt the men they commanded. Not a soldier nor a sailor voluntarily abandoned his post. The poisonous subtleties of secession never touched the hearts of the people, nor led them to substitute the guilty ambition of popular, vulgar, low-bred provincialism for the hallowed hopes of national patriotism.

“Soldiers! Let the gallant men that part from us to-day receive the honors they deserve! Let them hear the peal of cannon, the cheers of the line! Let them receive, wherever they go, the homage of the army and navy together—the army and navy forever!

“By command of Major-General Banks:

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Adjutant.”

CHAPTER 21.

July 19th.—Hard Storm.—Diary Saved.—Raw Dough.—Longing for Discharge.—Ordered to Springfield.—Coffee and Corn-meal.—Burritt's Astronomy.—My Constellation.—The Stars.—Captain Schofield.—Our Chaplain.—July 20th.—Sponge-Cake.—Springfield.—Rolla.—The Ridge Road.—Letters and Newspapers.—Money and Purchases.—Soap.—March to James River.—July 21st.—General Sweeney.—New Sort of People.—Ozark.—Load of Whisky.—The Distribution.—Right Dress.

On July 19th the bugle sounded at 3:30 A. M., but nobody was awakened, because everybody was awake. At midnight a storm began that was unusual. The wind began to blow, and soon a cyclonic gale was in progress. We had no tents, and we just stayed and stouted it out. All the headquarters tents were blown down and away. Some of them were afterwards recovered down in the timber. The rain fell in torrents. It seemed to be in ropes hanging down. The lightning struck around with indescribable noise. It cut through the air with a siz-z-z. We smelled it. A piece of artillery was hit. The artillery boys were holding onto their horses by the halters and following them around in their frantic capers. So with the company teams. A lot of the horses were panic-stricken and got away, and made for the tall timber. Wagons were blown over. We fixed bayonets to our guns and stuck the bayonets down in the ground to nearly the muzzle and let them stand off a hundred feet from us; this kept the water out of the barrel and did not attract the lightning. I saved

my diary by turning a mess-pan upside down and putting my diary with its oilcloth case on the mess-pan, and then turning another mess-pan down over it and sitting on the mess-pans. When the bugle called in the morning it was pouring down, and none of us had slept. We were all as wet as drowned rats, and it kept on drizzling. The evening before we had drawn rations, and all we got was a sack of flour, 98 pounds, and a quart of salt; no meat, no coffee, "no nothing." We had skinned all the sassafras trees in the country, and there was little of that. Everything was so wet we could not make a fire or get "breakfast," whatever that meant. The sack of flour had not blown away, but had got wet and stained with muddy water. Our mess got its share and Old Mace made it up into dough for what he called "salt-rising bread," but we could not get a fire and we could not wait; our mess ate the raw dough and poured down onto it a round of still-whisky, of which a little was left from Corporal Churubusco's raid. It drizzled off and on the whole forenoon, and the men just had to stand up and walk around. The want of food, clothing and tents made itself felt in a longing to get out of the service. The enemy were camped and reported to be fortified within forty miles of us. They were in a friendly country and were well fed; they outnumbered us several to one, and we expected a fight. We could not see how we could get any glory out of it. We did not want to get into a fight unless we had an even show, for we did not want to go home beaten; and nothing but repulse was in sight. I thought I saw that all of my fond anticipations were ruined; we, I

thought, will go home whipped and we can never explain it,—better go back to Rolla and wait for supplies and reinforcements. On the morrow our term of service expires, three months from April 20th. Suppose we do get discharged, then how will we get home?—the enemy has ten thousand cavalry. We talked it all over; they were very unpleasant forebodings. In the afternoon the sun came out hot and dried us off; a roll-call and inspection was held; only four were so sick that they could not come up to the scratch. Our shoes were inspected, and nine of the boys were found to be about barefooted, and their names were taken, with list of sizes of shoes. We were told that we would march in the morning to Springfield. This occasioned joy. “We will go there and be shod up and marched home,” said one, “for to-morrow our enlistment expires.” This evening we drew half-rations of coffee, and double-rations of corn-meal, for the morrow. The rebels had taken about everything in the country; they were whipping our foragers and had made up their minds to starve us out and take us in.

My Burritt’s Astronomy had got badly soaked, but I dried it out when the sun came out, and I went to studying the constellations. I had already made up a lot of them myself and had got a sky-full of geometrical and animal figures of my own. Those who sleep out of doors look up into the sky and cannot help forming constellations. It becomes a habit and a delight. I had got so charmed with the sky that I liked to look up into it and pick out the stars with which I had become familiar. It was so with all the boys: they each picked out his own particu-

lar star. Jim would say to John, "My star is the biggest." "No," says John, "mine is bigger than your'n, only it is further off." My particular constellation was a cup. I found out afterwards that it was the Corona Borealis. We would lie on the ground at night and look up at the stars and into the sky for hours. We talked over how little man was and wondered if we would ever know any more about it. Burritt's Astronomy was delightful. Others were as charmed as I was and read the book with the same pleasure that I did, and we knew all of the larger summer stars by name.

It was on this day that I remember to have first seen Captain Schofield, the Adjutant of General Lyon. Schofield was a handsome young man, and was full of steam, just like Lyon. Lyon was a sleepless man, and so was Schofield. The latter finally got in command of the entire army of the United States as Lieutenant-General, and well deserved it. The blame for not getting provision down to us from Rolla was said to rest on Lieutenant Phil Sheridan, who was a quartermaster. But there must have been some mistake about this, for Sheridan never neglected anything, and became Lieutenant-General before Schofield.

This evening I again saw the so-called Chaplain of our regiment; he was a ridiculous figure: he was dressed as an officer in a nice uniform with a plug hat on (?) Think of that! I never knew of his doing any duty whatever; I never heard him preach, and in fact do not remember of seeing him afterwards except once at Forsyth, under circumstances which I will here-

inafter describe. He was really a private soldier of Co. "I," as I have before stated.

On July 20th we were up bright and early. We were to march into Springfield and were to be, of course, as we thought, mustered out, as our term of service had ended. We were full of happiness, and the sun rose with a warm welcome. Old Mace had been up about all night boiling corn-meal; this he stirred until cool and made up into "pones," a sort of large biscuit, with a leaf of spicewood in each; this "spicewood" grew all around the rocky places near camp. The pones were placed in the hot ashes and slowly baked, and when it came time for breakfast Mace had them and the coffee ready. These pones were baked clear through, and we gnashed our teeth on them as if they had been made of sandstone. We called them "sponge-cakes." My memorandums show, "A quart of coffee and a sponge-cake for breakfast."

We started, and marched to Springfield, a distance of about fifteen miles, by the route we went. We reached Springfield at about noon. Springfield is on the summit of the Ozarks, and was at that time a nice inland town,—not very large, but doing a great business. It had some large wholesale stores, principally grocery stores. Goods for Springfield were shipped from St. Louis up the Osage river to Warsaw during high water, and wagoned south through Bolivar, about seventy-five miles by the road, to Springfield; or were shipped up the White river to Forsyth, and wagoned north over the Ozarks, by a road of about fifty miles. The two routes just mentioned were

the old routes; in July, 1861, goods mostly came by rail to Rolla and were hauled to Springfield by wagon, a distance of 130 miles. The present railroad very nearly follows an old wagon-road, which was called the "ridge road."

We were marched into the middle of the city of Springfield, halted, and told to stack arms and to reassemble at the call of the bugle, and were told that there was a lot of mail for us. I got a lot of letters, some of them a month old, two or three from my sister telling me all the news, also letters from the girls wanting to know why their former letters were not answered, also a lot of newspapers giving the news in Virginia and showing that a big battle was in contemplation, also two letters from father with a good five-dollar bill in each. I went into a restaurant and had all I could eat, and I took along two of the good boys who were busted and had not heard from home. I then went into a confectionery store and drank all kinds of soda-water, while I wrote a big letter home on the white wrapping-paper of the store. I bought a new pair of cool summer shoestrings, a new two-dollar woolen shirt, a new cotton bandana, and some candy. I then loaned the boys the balance of my money, and was now ready to march to Rolla, and be mustered out. I went into a hotel and washed up and got myself in shape; the soap in the hotel was fragrant and very slippery; it slipped out of my hands and onto the floor and finally slipped into my pocket, where I afterwards found it, much to my satisfaction.

About this time our company wagon drove up and there was a bugle-call. We "took" arms, and the command was, "For-

ward—march.” The weather was hot, and we soon discovered that we were marching south and not toward Rolla. We kept on marching until, after about seven miles, we reached the James fork of White river, where we all went into camp and soon all plunged into the river, just below a dam and a covered bridge. The weather was hot, but the water was cool and we stayed in until dusk. We were all the time wondering what was up and where we were going. We were all puzzled; it was evident we were not going home. The company wagon had four days’ rations of bacon, four of coffee, half-rations of hard-tack, and a lot of big wheat loaves as big as buckets and with a shell on as hard as a turtle. We got supper, and before dark a storm came down from the northwest that was cold and chilly. It rained steadily all night. We got very little sleep. We could not cook breakfast, but took a snack of raw pork and bread. We started late in a southerly direction in the morning; the teams could hardly get through the mud. We went very slowly, and had to help the teams and keep together, for we feared the rebel cavalry, some of whom we saw in the distance. There were only six companies of our regiment on the trip, as we found when we got past Springfield; the other four companies stayed back for some reason which I never ascertained; was told they were sent to protect a mill. Our six companies made about 500 men. Along with us was Captain Stanley, of the First Regular U. S. Cavalry. There were about 200 of them; then there was the Second Kansas Infantry, under Colonel Robert B. Mitchell (afterwards Briga-

dier). This Second Kansas Regiment in coming through Missouri had captured some horses, so that a part were mounted and called themselves "Kansas Rangers." I should say that there were a hundred of them; then there were four pieces of artillery under Totten; there was also a squad of Union natives, clad in all sorts of clothes and armed with shotguns and rifles and carrying powderhorns and shot-bags. The entire force numbered 1800, and was under the command of General Sweeney, the loyal Irish Lieutenant who was with Lyon in the beginning at St. Louis. He had one arm off, and was a picturesque sight on a horse. He was a typical Irishman, full of fun, strict in discipline, and with a kind word for everybody. We all liked him very much.

On July 21st, as stated, we started late and trudged through the mud. We were going south and getting into the breaks of the Ozark Mountains. We followed the main-traveled road used by the teams in freighting goods from Forsyth to Springfield and in freighting furs and skins back. The road had then been traveled for thirty years, and was well worn. The people on the line of road were all from Kentucky and Tennessee. I had begun to notice a change in the personnel of the people: they were all lean, and there were very many of a new type, that is, black hair and blue eyes. At first they seemed to me to be misfits, for black hair and blue eyes do not seem to go together, but they did there; and it finally grew, as we went on, to be the prevailing type. I found out that men of that type were good fighters. They all seemed to be from the moun-

tains of East Kentucky and East Tennessee. We also began to find very many loyal people, and women and men rode alongside of us on horseback with little home-made American flags in their hands. It was explained that the country into which we were coming was not a slave-owning population and was not in favor of fighting the United States. It was afternoon before we struck the little straggling village of Ozark; it had some good large stores. There was a mill there and we got a lot of flour, perhaps two wagon-loads. A man fearing our approach was running off a wagon-load of whisky; he had it stored in town but lived two or three miles south. He was in town and heard of our approach, and loaded his team to haul it off, but he loaded too heavily and he got stuck in the mud out on the edge of town, and the cavalry got him and made him haul his load back into town. It had rained all the forenoon and was raining when we went into town. We took a lunch of raw side-meat and crackers. There was a large lot of boots in the stores, and those of our men who really needed boots got them. The storekeeper was a prominent secesh, and what we wanted we took. Finally the bugle called, and we got into line and waited; the first sergeants were called to the front of the long line; it was about a half-mile long. Soon the first sergeants came each to his company with something filled with whisky; some had buckets, some had crocks, and some had very inappropriate earthen jars. Each sergeant had a half-pint tin cup, and all along the line at the call of the bugle each sergeant beginning at the head of his company began giving

each man a half tin cup of the whisky; this the soldier took into his own tin cup and drank at leisure. General Sweeney was riding up and down the line. As the issue began at the head of our company, the boys at the other end naturally got excited and wanted to see the fun and were anxious for the stuff to get down their way. The utensil that carried the whisky was not large enough to go more than half-way down the line, and by that time the tail of the company was bent around like a fish-hook. The orderly sergeant went off to refill, and while he was gone General Sweeney rode up in the rain and shouted "Right dress!" "Get back there, get back!" The boys, taken somewhat by surprise, were a little slow, when the General shouted, "Right dress there, right dress! I'm pretty drunk, but I could right dress if I were you." Back into the line the boys went, and with the rain dripping down their noses laughed at the good-natured general. Of course he was not drunk, nor partly drunk, but that was the way he got at it, and that was why the boys liked him. The boys would do anything for General Sweeney. Finally we all got all we wanted, and started off singing the "Happy Land of Canaan." Under the influence of the whisky the whole regiment got good-natured and happy, and went into camp about three and one-half miles southeast of Ozark. The rain was still falling, and the regiment was wet and tired but happy.

We had seen some Confederate cavalry south of town who disappeared in the brush, and it was the bad luck of our company to be detailed on picket that night. We went about a

half-mile south to where the roads forked, and established our picket-post. We tore down fence and built a good stout rail pen so that the rebel cavalry could not run over us, and then with our arms in our embrace we tried to sleep alternate hours until morning. We were ordered to make no fire and no noise; it rained and drizzled all night, so we got but little sleep. We had no tents or shelter.



CAPT. THOMAS W. SWEENEY,
Second U. S. Infantry, as he appeared on the Forsyth Campaign.



THOMAS W. SWEENEY,
As Brigadier-General U. S. A , 25 years after the battle of Wilson Creek, where
he was wounded.

CHAPTER 22.

July 22d.—The Cards Sacrificed.—The Forests.—Chert.—The Ozark Mountains.—Wheat.—The Loom.—The Prophecy.—Double-quick Three Miles.—Twenty-nine-Mile March.—Shell into Court-House.—Capture of Forsyth.—On Guard.—Refugees.—Atrocities.—Union Sentiment.—Union Territory.—Stone County.—July 23d.—The Chaplain.—The Bandanas.—Jaynes' Carminative Balsam.—Prisoners.—Prison Pen.—Parol.

On the Morning of July 22d at call of bugle we went into camp, and by tearing down an old log stable managed to get enough dry wood to start a good fire, and made a quart of hot coffee all around. My Burritt's Astronomy got to be a mass of pulp and I had to throw it away. I parted with it sadly. The mess deck of cards got wet and swelled up like a bunch of shingles, and was sadly consigned to the fire in the presence of the grief-stricken mess. General Sweeney in the morning said: "Boys, you have got a hard day's march ahead of you to-day; save your strength all you can. You may have a little fight before night." We then started southerly over the chert hills. Missouri, in that part, must have been at one time covered with a heavy limestone ledge full of flint nodules. There are places in Kansas on high lands where this vast limestone ledge yet remains, and in the valleys the flints are packed in the bottom of the watercourses. This great ledge had been dissolved in the portion of Missouri of which I am speaking, and the hills were covered with the flint, which is there called "chert." In this chert, on the hills, the blackjack, a species of oak, densely

grows, while in the bottoms are fine specimens of oak, walnut and other woods. Upon the hills every once in a while we saw a clump of pine, and occasionally we passed a cabin, where were sheaves of the finest wheat. The artillery horses ate the sheaves of wheat. That's the way it is in war—the artillery horse eats the wheat and the women and children go hungry. The road finally turned down into Swan creek, an insignificant little stream and not named on the map, but now a river; it was waist-deep, and we waded it and crossed it about every half-mile. We stopped at noon, and opposite our regiment on the side-hill was a rude double log cabin. I went over to it out of curiosity, and looking in I saw a girl of about thirteen, weaving cloth. She was nearly scared to death, but I told her to go on; that I wanted to see how weaving was done. She made the loom go fast. A tubful of brown-black walnut dye was out on the porch. An old woman was rocking backward and forward as if she were much perturbed. I asked her if there were many secesh round these parts. She said: "No, not so many as you might think; there are lots more Union men here than secesh. I've been reading the Bible right smart all my life, and I knowed there was going to be a war. It's prophesied in the Bible. And I've told some of these people that if they go to war they will get whipped, because it's prophesied in the Bible. The North always whips the South in the Bible, and, besides, this war was foretold and the North is to whip the South." The bugle sounded, and I had to go without reading the prophecy. I have told this story to many a clergyman and asked for a solution, but have never got it.

We went on down the creek: we waded it I guess twenty times, and kept soaked from the waist down. Finally the road turned to the right and crept up on the ridge, which was not very high nor steep, and our road became a slight down grade. Finally it was getting along towards sundown, and we had gone that day without sleep *twenty-six miles*. All at once General Sweeney dashed up and said: "Forward double-quick! Go it, boys,—don't stop 'til you catch 'em!" A double-quick is 165 steps a minute and 28 inches to the step, as the drill then was. For boys that had not been very well fed and hadn't had much sleep for some time, and had marched twenty-six miles, an order for double-quick with our load came unwelcomed, but the boys got in motion and under headway, and began on the "Happy Land of Canaan." The road was slightly down-grade, and at it we went, and, incredible as it may appear, we kept it up for three miles, until we reached the secesh, a total of twenty-nine miles. General Sweeney says in his official report that we double-quicked *four miles*. The artillery horses were crowded down-hill, and the cavalry were pushed out to the flanks as skirmishers: we went in yelling. As soon as a bend in the road brought the town in sight one of the six-pounders unlimbered and drew a bead on the brick county court-house. Our company was at the head of the regiment, and just as our company caught up with the artillery the gun went off. I watched the shell; it made a beautiful hit: it was aimed at the floor of the second story so that it would rip up the joists of the floor and then explode. It went just where it was in-

tended. It appeared that there was a big, well-advertised secession convention in town, and Lyon thought he could break it up and capture a lot of prominent secessionists and get away unhurt from the swarm of rebel cavalry which was west of Forsyth. We went rushing into town; there was some shooting—not much. One of our men was killed, 12 of the seecesh were killed. We had some horses killed, and Captain Stanley of the First Cavalry had a horse killed under him. Everybody in town fled; we saw hundreds of horsemen take to the river and swim over with their horses. We got a lot of horses that the owners did not have time to unhitch. Forsyth was surrounded with high, wooded hills; the scattered Confederates fleeing got up into the hills and, knowing that we could not get them, fired furtively all night. The whole thing was over in thirty minutes in town. The burden of pursuit was on the cavalry. We went into camp about eight p. m. and began to cook supper. We had captured some fresh beef and we had a good square supper. I ate about four pounds of beef. At about nine o'clock I had rolled up and was about to go to sleep when the orderly sergeant came to me and said it was my turn for guard duty. This announcement almost gave me heart-failure, for I was about as tired as a boy could be and yet stay alive, which I was trying my best to do. I reported for duty and was put on the exterior camp guard. Each regiment had a line of guards around it, and there was placed a second line at some little distance around the whole camp, and then pickets outside of that; I was on the middle line. I had to go on for

three hours. A lot of people had joined us; we had at least 200 refugees now with us. Several came in at Forsyth. They offered to go on duty. I picked out four to go with me. They were all armed with squirrel rifles. They were all bright, sturdy-looking fellows of middle age. It was a beautiful moonlight night. We walked around and talked, and covered our territory well. They told me strange and diabolical stories of the outrages being perpetrated on the Union men across the line in Arkansas. They kept me shuddering until my relief came. It seemed that in the country immediately around Forsyth the secession sentiment was very strong and bitter, and from there east and south; but west of there, along the James river, called "Jeems's Fork of White river," the Union sentiment was very strong; and there was an armed Union organization in that part embracing what is now the west part of Taney, the east part of Barry and all of Stone county, to fight and keep the rebels out of their territory. The said territory was mountainous, and some of the home-guards who were with us at Forsyth had joined us *en route* from there. Stone county seems to have been almost unanimously loyal. In fact, it seemed to us that the further north one went in Missouri the more disloyal the communities became, and that while atrocities were everywhere in progress, the middle and northern half were the worst. This because most of the slaves were north of the center of the State.

Our regiment was encamped about a half-mile from Forsyth, on Swan creek. When my time on guard was up I went

to camp and lay down on some grass near a tree at about 12, midnight, and went to sleep, courting rheumatism.

On July twenty-third I was awakened about 8 A. M. I heard that the boys had taken what there was in the town, which was not much; I ate my breakfast and drank a quart of hot, strong coffee, and determined to go down-town and see if the boys had left anything that was loose. As I got right into the edge of town I met the Chaplain with his uniform on buttoned up to the chin, with his plug hat on, well corrugated; he was riding a lean sorrel horse with a rope headstall and rope reins. He was reeling up, clothes-line style, hand-and-elbow movement, a bolt of silk bandana handkerchiefs, woven in one piece, probably sixty feet long. They were thirty inches square, and he was dragging the piece and walking his horse slowly while winding it up. I asked him where he got them, and if there were any more. He seemed puzzled to explain. He said one of the boys gave it to him; that he did not know whether he ought to take it or not; that he hated to see it wasted; and wound up by telling me that I could cut a handkerchief off from the end. I proceeded to do this with alacrity, but owing to my haste and the wobbling of my knife I cut off two handkerchiefs in one piece; thanked him, and rushed into town. I was much too late. Everything worth taking was gone. There had been a large depot of rebel hats, socks, woolen shirts, boots, cloth, and some blouses and pants. These were all turned over to the home-guards except such as our boys got first and needed. There was also a lot of sugar and molasses, also lead,

salt, mule- and horseshoes. Altogether there was quite a large and valuable lot of military supplies. I was favored with a canteen of molasses, but everything else seemed gone or in the hands of the quartermaster. I went into the drug store, which was standing open and had been previously visited and examined. I looked around for something to carry off; everything that a man in good health would want was taken; but there was a very ornamental box labeled "Jaynes' Carminative Balsam." It had half a dozen pint bottles that cured everything that I did not have. The printing was decorative and ornamental. There was nothing else that I could get. The box said "TAKE" Jaynes' Carminative Balsam. I looked around, and went back to camp with my gun at "right-shoulder-shift" and the box of Carminative Balsam under my arm. I regretted that I could not find a red-hot stove to carry off, and I took the "Balsam" by special invitation of the label. I never remember of seeing the Chaplain afterwards. When I got to camp and began reading the labels on the box I found that it cured many things, and I began to think that perhaps I had some of the things that it would cure. So I opened it and tasted it, but it was not good; it tasted like medicine. My feet were troubling me a little; the 29-mile march of the day before had worn the white, dense, indurated porcelain cuticle through in places where wrinkles of the shoes impinged. The epidermis had holes in. The "Carminative" was on the bottle advertised as something that could be used internally or externally, and it was, among other things, an "Anti-spasmodic" and it also cured "Afflictions of the skin."

I concluded after much thought that I did not wish to have any spasms, and that my skin inside of my shoes was "afflicted" within the meaning of the advertisement, and so I poured a bottle into each of my shoes; it smarted and stung so much that I had to get up and walk around so as to lessen the pain, but it turned out all right, and benefitted me greatly.

At 10 A. M. we started back. By the time we started our Union friends in butternut clothes had increased to several hundred, and they were going back with us to Springfield; we also had about 100 prisoners, some of whom had been taken in the town or brought in by cavalry, or who had come in as voluntary spies and been identified by Union men who were with us, and arrested. The day and the weather were beautiful. We marched only fourteen miles; a fourteen-mile march was nothing—it was only gentle exercise. We got into camp about 6 P. M. When we camped the prisoners were taken up to a high rail fence and ordered to tear it down and to build a rail pen, stake-and-rider fashion, around themselves. It was a high circular fence, about fifty feet across. When built, the prisoners were all ordered in, and it was easy to guard them. They made a fire on the inside and were furnished beef and corn-meal. I may say here, that after we got to Springfield these prisoners were all paroled and sworn not to take up arms against the United States Government, which parole they afterwards violated, as being a contract made under duress and not binding on their consciences. The only punishment for its violation was death. It was very hard to get them afterwards and administer the punishment.

A funny discussion took place in the prison-rail-pen, which illustrates the condition of the weapons of that day. These secesh were a talkative lot; and the discussion was concerning the relative value, as a weapon, of a revolver and a bowie-knife; they went into it pro and con. One set showed how the revolver might not work, how it might not revolve, then how the cap might not go off, (in those days percussion caps were sometimes uncertain,) then how the revolver might not "prime," then how it might "flash in the pan,"—and so on. One man was whittling a splinter from a walnut rail and from it made a bowie-knife; he shouted to one of the adorers of the revolver, "Ready for me?" and rushed at him with the wooden bowie-knife, and they had a scuffle from which the bowie-knife man exultantly emerged, saying, "See that; I could have cut him all up before he could have worked his pistol on me." This sentiment explains the wonderful prominence that the bowie-knife had in that "good old age." It was considered a reliable and indispensable weapon.

I talked to many of these prisoners, and they seemed to have emigrated mostly from Georgia and South Carolina.

CHAPTER 23.

July 24th.—Return to Springfield.—Order of March.—Rebel Cavalry.—Shoes and Moccasins.—Beautiful Country.—The Forests and Streams. Roasting-cars.—Scientific Corn-cooking.—July 25th.—Return to Jeems's Fork.—Hot Weather.—Arrive at Springfield.—Mail and Money.—Bull Run.—General Scott.—Fuss and Feathers.—Frémont.—Benton.—Fight or Discharge.—Soda-water, Pie and Candy.—Dress Parade.—Lyon's General Order.—Brigade Organization.—Schofield's Published Letter.—Corpular Mace.

On July 24th we were up at 3:30, as usual. Corporal Churubusco said: "Six hours of sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." Bill of fare for breakfast: coffee, beef, and hard-tack. Camp-rumor said we were surrounded, and might be cut off from Springfield. In the light of subsequent events I do not see why we were permitted by the rebels to return. We did not fully realize the danger we were in. We marched back slowly because we had to march slowly. A lot of Confederate cavalry and guerrillas kept hanging on our rear. Our march was something like this: An advance company of cavalry, with a flank patrol. These men being deployed out at an interval of twenty yards each, kept us from falling into ambush. Back nearly half a mile were about 500 infantry as an advance guard for the cavalry to rally on in case of emergency; back of these was the artillery, flanked on each side by a company of infantry to repel a dash of rebel cavalry. Back of these came the wagon-train with a flank patrol of cavalry, and a detail of eight men to each wagon as a wagon-guard. The wagons were kept solidly together and hence moved slowly.

Back of the train, close up, came the main body, and back of them 200 yards were twenty infantry and two cavalymen. The rebels rode all around us all day; they fired at us from long range; they kept right up with our rear guard, and we expected they would give us what was called "the running bulge,"—dash through us and wreck our train and stampede the horses and mules. Bill Huestis said: "I wish I was home. Why didn't I send my big brother?"

We marched this day only fifteen miles; it had got so that we did not consider fifteen miles as a full day's work, but this day was over the breaks of the Ozarks; the ground was very broken and the soil and road rocky and cherty. Lots of the boys were suffering for want of good shoes, as the roads had cut out the soles. Several of the boys had thrown away their shoes and made moccasins out of deerskins. A pair of moccasins could be made in thirty minutes. Several tied gunny-sacking over their soleless shoes. No one really suffered; everybody took things good-naturedly; the boys were resourceful, and did not have to suffer. If our boys had been at Valley Forge there would have been no blood on the snow.

The country through which we marched, while rough and flinty, was nevertheless a most beautiful country; the hills and groves were captivating, but above all, the springs and streams: they had a crystalline flash and beauty that enchanted us. It had stopped raining, the roads were no longer muddy, and the streams were no longer discolored. They were running with water as pellucid as air and sunlight. The trees were not

in dense thickets, as they become in an old country; the forest fires swept the country every fall or spring and burned out the masses of fallen leaves, and destroyed the underbrush. The woods were more like groves or parks; the fires kept them thinned out, and one could see anywhere a deer if within 100 yards. The trees were often very gnarly, owing to the experience through which they had to grow, but it made the forests beautiful, and all among the trees the grass grew in wild luxuriance. The march of July 24th, although the weather was warm, was the most enchanting and enjoyable of any in the campaign, in spite of the situation and dangers, and we often referred to it in our conversations afterwards.

We camped in the evening at the same place where we camped in going down—three and one-half miles southeast of Ozark City. Our company did not intend to go into camp on arrival, but were temporarily detailed, and marched off to one side as a picket-post until the regular details could be made. Near this post, about half a mile west of camp, was a log cabin in a clearing and some early corn, and we got a lot of roasting-ears which we took back into camp when we were relieved, which was about sundown. How to cook these roasting-ears was a problem which Old Mace soon solved by burying them in the ashes of the big camp-fire and putting some wood over them and making the fire stronger. From time to time Old Mace raked out the corn and threw some of it back in again and buried it. It was cooked deliciously and withal scientifically; it was boiled in its own juice; the moisture in the green

husks boiled the corn, and by the time the husks were dried up in the fire, and burned off, the ear was cooked. I have often wondered since why we boil the corn, in our modern system of cooking, and boil the good and fragrant part out of it and waste it instead of boiling the corn-juice into it. After this we often put the corn with husk into the ashes in the evening and let it slowly boil itself all night, so as to have it for breakfast in the morning.

Our pickets were fired on considerably during the night, but no damage was done and we slept soundly until reveille.

On July 25th we were up at 3:30 and started at sunrise. We marched by the same road that we came down on, to the bridge and dam on "Jeems's Fork of White river," where we all went in swimming on the Saturday before (20th), and where we had the cold storm. We halted here to let the teams rest and then to let them pull out ahead, while we went in swimming and took a lunch. One of the boys here took in a "razor-back" that happened to incautiously approach the edge of the timber and survey the camp; we toasted him in pieces on the ends of our steel ramrods. We resumed our march feeling very blithe and gay, although the heat in the afternoon was soaring up to 100 degrees. We marched into Springfield and had a halt, and a large quantity of mail was delivered to us. It was all old and of various dates, showing that it had traveled around and been held up until it could be forced through to us; among others was a letter from my sister, mailed June 19th, more than a month before; but I was glad to get it. There was also a five-

dollar bill for me, and I was glad to get it. We also got some newspapers, and heard for the first time of the battle of "Bull Run." That battle very much discouraged us. We felt that the South had not only the best arms and equipments, and had been drilling longer, and were more prepared, but had in addition to all that the best, most active and most effective officers, having had the choice of the old regular army. Besides that, there was no confidence in Lieutenant-General Scott; he had got the name of "Old Fuss and Feathers," and the ridicule seemed to be deserved. On the other hand, General Frémont had been in command of our department at St. Louis since July 9th, and we had not been supplied with either clothes, food, or reinforcements. If there ever was an empty, spread-eagle, show-off, horn-tooting general, it was Frémont. I have no time here to go into the story of his eccentricities and follies, but we all despised him forever and forever more. He had no abilities of any kind. He married the daughter of one of the greatest men (Senator Benton) that ever graced the Senate of the United States, or any other Senate. The daughter was a great woman herself; she and her father tried to make something out of him, spent money advertising him, and ran a literary bureau in puffing him and exploiting his alleged talents. They got Frémont ambitious details, and gave him chances for great deeds, braced him up with good advice, and gave him the advantage of the most intelligent and judicious guidance. He was weak and vain, and with a heavy touch of what "Orpheus C. Kerr" called the "damphool." If he had been elected President in

1856, things would have gone greatly different; the South was ready for war; they would have seceded; Frémont would have been wholly incompetent; the North defeated, and the Union broken up.

Lincoln seemed to be having at this time much trouble. He was caricatured and abused. He had begun raising a beard, and it was much ridiculed. All of the politicians seemed to be trying to make his job a hard one. Lincoln in whiskers looked more "ugly" than ever. They seemed to make him look silly; and in the coarse engravings of the times he appeared unprepossessing. He was smooth-shaven before election and during his contest with Douglas. There was a virility about his unshaven face which attracted attention. It set a man to guessing. It had no curves of beauty; it was unusual; it was coarse; it had no lines of weakness, and it demanded attention. An observer instinctively said to himself: "I wonder what kind of a man it is behind that kind of a face?" Whiskers changed this: he was as much concealed by them as if he wore a mask. He could not have been nominated for the presidency if he had worn whiskers. Ridicule made the most of this, and Lincoln now looked weak and unattractive. As the mails brought us the illustrated literature of the day and we looked at Lincoln's recent pictures we made all sorts of comments, among the mildest of which were "O, rats!"

The battle of Bull Run, together with our treatment by Frémont, was the occasion of our discussing considerably whether we were going to be mustered out or not. We felt that we were

being neglected and ill-treated, and that our services to the Government were of no value and that it would end in our disgrace; we did not want to go home whipped. The more we talked about this thing the more earnest we got. Our time had been out July 20th. We demanded now that we either have a fight or a discharge. We wanted both, and that became the feeling and sentiment of the regiment, "*A fight or a discharge.*"

In Springfield I took my five-dollar bill and filled myself and Corporal Bill up on soda-water, pie, and candy. I bought four sheets of assorted emery-paper for ten cents, concerning which I will say more hereafter. I wrote a lot of letters home and to various persons, but the letters never, any of them, reached their destination.

We encamped southwest of town and had a dress parade, for the first time for a long while. We were the raggedest, toughest-looking lot of soldiers ever seen, but we could drill all right, and could form as straight a line, and go through the "Manual of Arms" as well as the best dressed soldiers in the world. At dress parade one of General Lyon's general orders was read, as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 24, 1861.

The following brigade organizations will take effect from this date:

FIRST BRIGADE.

Major S. D. Sturgis, First U. S. Cav., commanding, will consist of—

Companies "B," "C," "D," and "I," First U. S. Cavalry.

Company "C," Second U. S. Dragoons.

Light Co. "F," Second U. S. Artillery.

Companies "B," "C," and "D," First U. S. Infantry.

Lieut. H. C. Wood's company of recruits.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Colonel Sigel, Missouri Volunteers, commanding, will consist of—

Third Regiment of Missouri Infantry Vols.
Fifth Regiment of Missouri Infantry Vols.
Major Backof's battalion of Artillery Vols.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Lieut. Col. G. L. Andrews, of First Mo. Vol. Inf., commanding, will consist of—

First Regiment of Missouri Infantry Vols.
Companies "B" and "E," Second U. S. Infantry.
Lieut. W. L. Lothrop's company of recruits.
Lieut. C. E. Farrand's company of recruits.
Lieut. John V. DuBois' Light Battery U. S.
Major Osterhaus' battalion, Second Mo. Infantry Vols.

FOURTH BRIGADE.

Colonel George W. Deitzler, First Kans. Inf., commanding, to consist of—

First Kansas Infantry Vols.
Second Kansas Infantry Vols.

This order was signed by J. M. Schofield as Asst. Adjt. Genl.

When this order was read and we were not mentioned and not brigaded, we thought it meant that we were left out, to be immediately discharged, and we emphasized our demand, "*A fight or a discharge.*" In addition to this there was published in the papers a letter by Adjutant-General Schofield in which he said to headquarters in St. Louis that General Lyon had only 7,000 men and the enemy 30,000, and he used this language:

"All idea of any further advance movement, or of even maintaining our present position, must soon be abandoned unless the Government furnishes us promptly with large reinforcements and supplies. Our troops are badly clothed, poorly fed, and im-

perfectly supplied with tents. None of them have as yet been paid, and the three-months volunteers have become disheartened to such extent that very few of them are willing to renew their enlistment."

This letter, the battle of Bull Run, the facts before us, and the enemy around us, made us feel melancholy, and we did not sing "The Happy Land of Canaan" for perhaps a whole day; but we did do something which deserves more than a passing notice. Old Mace with his African dialect seemed to be unable to say "Corporal"; he called it "Corpular." He addressed me as "Corpular Link" although I was no corporal. On account of the bravery of Mace in the "Forsyth Campaign" we all voted to promote him to "Corpular." He had acquired an old blue army blouse somewhere, which he wore without any shirt. The badge of a corporal was a "double V," one inside of the other, worn open end up on the sleeve below the shoulder. Frank Johnson, an artist of our company, sewed, on Mace's blouse, corporal's chevrons upside down. We got Mace down on his knees, and Corporal Churubusco took the mess frying-pan and struck Mace hard on each shoulder and said, "I dub thee Corpular," in true knightly fashion. We all enjoyed it and Mace was nearly tickled to death, and from that time went by the name of "Corpular Mace." Two years or more after that time one of our company (Crowder), being in the army down South, ran onto a negro artillery regiment near Vicksburg, and there was Mace with red corporal's chevrons on. He was delighted to meet Crowder, and said, "I'se a real sure-enough Corpular now." Since that time none of us have ever heard of Mace.

CHAPTER 24.

July 26th.—Butter and Sausage.—Little York.—Lake Spring.—Putrid Beef.—The Protest.—The Lieutenant's Address.—Economizing on Poker.—Polishing Gun.—Picket-firing.—July 27th.—Cavalry Active.—Spies and Artillery.—Commissary Stores Give Out.—Schofield's Letter.—Lyon's Letter.—John S. Phelps.—The Hegira.—The Wagon-Train.—Letter per Phelps.—Needs of the Occasion.—Wheat and Mills.—Lyon Worried.—July 28th.—Mush and Coffee.—Whisky.—Mace's Story About Col. Clay.—Mace grows Nervous.—Camp McClellan.—Camp Mush No. 2.

On Friday, July Twenty-sixth, we awoke to the sound of the bugle at 3:30; we had been sleeping around in groups, among the sumac bushes on the edge of town. Corporal Churubuseo came in along toward morning with two pounds of butter and seven pounds of link sausage dried and smoked. As he never would explain where or how he got them, or if there were any more there where he got them, we came to the conclusion that they came from the lower regions and had some conscientious scruples as to whether we should eat them or not; but as we had no rations issued to us the evening before except turtle loaves of bread, we swallowed our scruples and subsequently the sausage. All at once we started marching, and took a westerly course, instead of east as we expected. Our Lieutenant knew nothing of where we were going, or why, but one thing was clear: we were not being mustered out. We marched about twelve miles; we went near a village called then Little York (I do not find it now on the map), and from there a mile northwest to a place called Lake Spring, and camped out on the prairie. Our

march was a silent one; the boys were disconsolate and the weather red-hot. We camped on the prairie, out in the hot sun without any shade except a fringe of sumac along a swale where there was a large spring. As we had no tents, the heat of the sun made the camp almost intolerable. Here our rations broke down again. We had mush and sassafras tea for supper. A quarter of beef had been sent to our camp, but it was found to be fly-blown and putrid, and to have been issued to the regulars and by them rejected and then sent to us. This irritated us very greatly, and we went to our officers and wanted our Lieutenant to head an armed delegation of us, to go to headquarters and present our grievances, and, in the language of Corporal Churubusco, "raise hell." Our Lieutenant smoothed us down the back, told us that we would soon be out, that we must not do anything to blur the good name of the regiment, that we were as well treated, if not better, than any other company in the regiment, that we must not lose our grip, that the country needed saving and needed it bad, that we were doing bully by holding the enemy back until our people in the North got ready, that a soldier who could not stand privations was not worth a "tinker's dam," that the Government was just now hard pressed and that just now was the time for us to show that the Government could depend on us; that now was the time to show that there was not a "galoot" in the company. He wound up by saying he would see what he could do for us.

The word "galoot" had just been invented and nobody knew its exact meaning, but the patriotic speech of our First Lieu-

tenant got us back onto our pins and we stayed there, with a little wabbling, through the trying days to come. We took that quarter of beef out and buried it with full military honors. As it was consigned to the tomb we all took off our hats and Corporal Churubusco read something from the "Revised Army Regulations." Then Bill Huestis with profundity of tone and the air of an archbishop closed the ceremony by slowly saying: "My dominieca rooster can whip your dominieca rooster—you bet, you bet."

I had long noticed that the new Springfield rifled musket of the regulars was a bright and polished weapon; it looked and gleamed radiantly, and as I had made up my mind to take my old musket "Silver Sue" out of the army with me and hang her up, as I had seen my grandfather hang his, I determined, as I had plenty of time, that I would economize on poker, and use my odds and ends of time in fixing up and polishing the gun. So on this 26th of July I took my gun, which had a rusty brown enamel on, and getting some sandstone and using it with the emery-paper which I had bought in Springfield, I scoured up the old gun in good style. Then Corporal Bill got a steel tube-wrench and showed me how to burnish the barrel and fixtures. It took me several days to get the gun into a state of perfection, but the steel was polished like a mirror and the black-walnut stock was as smooth as a piano-top; how it turned out I will hereafter relate.

Several times during the day we were called together by the long roll, which meant that the enemy was making a demonstra-

tion on the pickets. We were told to stay in camp and to be ready on a moment's notice. The long roll means business; we fell in three times during the night of the 26th, and on one of the occasions a troop of our cavalry dashed past us going to the front on a run in a southwest direction, where had been heard firing on the pickets.

On July Twenty-seventh we were called up at about 3 A. M. by the long roll and did not go to sleep again. All day we laid around and I worked on my gun, except such times as I dozed off or fell into line. Our cavalry were dashing around unceasingly. Our picket-posts were formed of whole companies instead of squads. The artillery changed position every night so that the spies of the daytime could not tell where the artillery might be in case of a night attack. In my memorandum I find this entry:

“Our commissary stores have given out; we have had nothing to-day but coffee and corn-meal, without sugar, or anything else. We do not know how long we are to remain here.”

A letter to headquarters in St. Louis, which Schofield wrote on July 26th, contains this statement:

“We have heard of the defeat of our troops in Virginia, though hardly enough to judge of its extent. I fear this will prevent us from getting reinforcements. If so the next news will be of our defeat also. Reinforcements should be sent on at once. Our men are very much in need of clothing, particularly shoes. Many of the men are entirely barefooted, and hence unable to march. I hope that something can be done for us soon.”

General Lyon on July 27th wrote to Adjutant-General Harding at headquarters in St. Louis as follows:

“Now that matters North seem more quiet, cannot you manage to get a few regiments this way? I am in the deepest concern on this subject, and you must urge this matter upon Frémont as of vital importance. These three-months volunteers would reenlist if they could be paid, but they are now dissatisfied, and if troops do not replace them all that is gained may be lost. I have not been able to move for want of supplies, and this delay will exhaust the term of the three-months men. Cannot something be done to have our men and officers paid, as well as our purchases paid for? If the Government cannot give due attention to the West her interests must have a corresponding disparagement. N. LYON,

Brig. Genl. Comdg.”

At Springfield was a celebrated Union man, who was a Congressman from that district, JOHN S. PHELPS, afterwards Colonel and General, and afterwards Governor Phelps. The United States will always be under a debt of gratitude to him and his heirs forever. His wife was a most superior woman, and as staunch and as influential as he. Phelps visited our First Iowa camp and talked with us boys and gave us chewing-tobacco. Twenty per cent. of our men were sick; they couldn't stand corn-meal; they were not used to it; our company from 99 men had got down below 80. A large number of the local inhabitants of Springfield wanted to get out with their wives and children and go North, for they feared a rebel victory. There was a regular hegira, and it took the form of a great train of wagons and people on foot and horseback under escort of the home-guards. Lyon with them sent off all of his sick soldiers that could be hauled off. He could not feed them, and they could not be cared for, and it was humane to send them to Rolla,

130 miles distant, where they could get something to eat. Phelps went through with this great caravan, bearing a letter in the shape of memorandum for verbal presentation to Frémont. The memorandum was drafted by Lyon, and was in these words :

“See General Frémont about troops and stores for the place. Our men have not been paid, and are rather dispirited; they are badly off for clothing, and the want of shoes unfits them for marching. Some staff officers are badly needed and the interests of the Government suffer for want of them. The time of the three-months volunteers is nearly out, and on returning home, as most of them are disposed to do, my command will be reduced too low for effective operations. Troops must at once be forwarded to supply their place. The safety of the State is hazarded; orders from General Scott strip the entire West of regular forces and increase the chances of sacrificing it. The public press is full of reports that troops from other States are moving towards the northern border of Arkansas for the purpose of invading Missouri.”

Such was the condition of things on July 27th while we were encamped on the sunburned prairie about fifteen miles west of Springfield, Missouri. Northwest of us for a short distance, where the people were protected, there was a preponderance of Union sentiment. The wheat was in the shock; there were a few thrashing-machines scattered through the country, and they were being worked to the utmost. Some were “Union” and some were “Secesh.” Off at a distance in different directions were water-mills for grinding flour. Some of the mills were “Union” and some were “Secesh”; each side, and the adherents of each side, were trying to get all the supplies they could. Our cavalry was constantly engaged in escorting

wagon-loads of flour and meal in from these distant mills. Of beef cattle the country seemed stripped. Lyon always looked worried and mad. He was sleepless and constantly on the go. We never saw him except when he was dashing around with some cavalry following him on the run. Huestis said: "Old Lyon is busier than a snake-doctor." The dragon-fly was sometimes called the "snake-doctor."

July Twenty-eighth, up as usual, before dawn. Long roll sounded about 4 A. M. We fell into line before breakfast. Corpular Mace was so scared he could not cook; he had a brain-storm. Couriers were dashing around, and we were told that an army was moving around us to the north. We stood in line of battle for an hour, and then the word came to stack arms for one hour and get breakfast. For breakfast, indeed for the whole day, we had only meal and coffee. I find this in my diary: "Nothing all day but mush and coffee. We hear more of the battles at Manassas Gap and Bull Run. Here we are, camped on a flat prairie, and the miserable rations have given everyone the diarrhea."

Late in the afternoon there was issued to us some whisky; a barrel of it had been sent out from Springfield, but whether as a gift or as rations we did not know. Each got a quarter of a pint. It was good old whisky, and the effect was instantaneous. In thirty minutes we were all singing the "Happy Land of Canaan"; we wanted "A fight or a discharge," *with a preference for a fight*.

What a blessing whisky is and how grossly it has been slan-

dered! When the griefs and burdens and miseries and cares which we are bearing cut down and into us, and chafe and gall us, how grateful it seems to shift the load a little and let the raw spot heal. Wretchedness that bears down with an unendurable weight becomes lighter. Whisky is a great curse, but it is a greater blessing. It does much harm but it does more good. Those who are on "soft duty" in life's great detail cannot understand it; but those who do the world's work and carry its burdens do. Let them alone; they know what makes life endurable.

Old Mace told a whisky story this evening about the Mexican War, that I preserved. I cannot give the Corpular's dialect manner, and will only try to tell it in substance:

"You see I was owned then by the Clay family ob Kentucky and my massa was young Harry Clay, who was Kunnel ob a regiment. When he was killed in Mexico they took him down to the coast and put him in one of them long wine-casks. They had bolted down on the bottom of the cask on the inside a great big block of laid [lead], and then headed it up and filled it with whisky with him in. And they put it on a ship with the laid end down and sent me along to take keer of it. I slept alongside of it, and them sailors said they done seen massa Clay every night come outen that barl. And they done drunk the whisky offn Massa Henry Clay three times before we got to New Yorlins, and the captain had to fill it up three times. And he sword offul. Sailors tried to make me think that Massa Clay done drink it up his own self and come out for mo."

Mace has got so nervous that he can hardly cook. The negroes seem to have a sort of grapevine intelligence line; Old Mace seems to know where all the rebel regiments are lo-

eated; he says we are going to have trouble and that the man that gets him is two thousand dollars ahead. When asked who his last master was and where from, he refuses to tell. He would only say, "I'ze a free niggah now and I'ze dun gwine to stay free, hear me."

It seems that all General Lyon's army is now encamped in and around this place; not all together, but so near that they can all get together in an hour. Our place is called "Camp McClellan," but the boys call it "Camp Mush, No. 2." Twice during the afternoon the long roll was sounded and we formed in line of battle facing west. And while in line a company of our cavalry went past us to the west on the dead run.

CHAPTER 25.

July 29th.—Dade County Demonstration.—Picket Duty.—The Huddleston Girls.—July 30th.—A Sorry Breakfast.—Company Quarrels.—Fresh Beef.—Corporal Churubusco Tells Story.—The Mexican War.—Champagne.—Brevets.—July 31st.—Blackberry Root.—Our Lieutenant.—Beef and Wheat.—Assembly at 1 A. M.—Night Inspection.—August 1st.—Coffee, Beef, and Bread.—Guthrie and the Mule.—Lize.—Ordered to March.—Going South.—No Orders to Halt.—Sleeping among the Flints.—The “Wire Road.”

July Twenty-ninth brought welcome daylight. Ever and anon last night we heard a shot fired or a bugle-blast. Seems that the enemy was trying to keep us from going to sleep. We had to stay in camp closely all day. If they would allow us to go out and forage we might get something, but we are told to stay in camp waiting for the call. We are told that we may have to march out and have a fight any minute; so we stay in camp and blaspheme the rations and the officers. We did not have any coffee to-day but did get a 50-lb. sack of wheat flour. The enemy is making cavalry demonstrations northwest of us in Dade county, Missouri. This forenoon 200 regular cavalry, two pieces of artillery and a thousand infantry, part First Missouri and part Second Kansas, were sent northwest to head off any demonstration in that direction. They struck over into Dade county and headed off the rebel detachment that was going after the “Union mills.” The rebels fled and our boys captured and brought in several wagon-loads of secesh wheat. We were on mush, and this wheat was very

welcome. We boiled the wheat whole and ate a lot of it; it was very good food. Why don't people eat boiled wheat? It is good stuff; the same as boiled rice. The only fault we had to find was that it was not issued to us more; we only got it then for that one day. During the day I was put out on picket about a half-mile from camp, on a little knoll where there was an apple orchard and prairie. At the house was a very old man who said that we would get licked out of our boots inside of two weeks, and that the United States could not borrow any more money to carry on the war with. I saw horsemen riding around about half a mile south, near the timber; I was posted south of camp; there were seven big solid, corn-fed girls at the house. They said their names were Huddleston. They laughed at me and joked me for being a "Yank"; they said they had tied up the cow for fear she would eat me up, I was so green; they asked me where I got my clothes; they said the Confederate officers were well dressed and very handsome gentlemen, and that some of them had been in to visit our camp and had just left their house. They offered me a plate of stuff to eat, but I did not dare take it,—I was afraid it was "doped"; and I was awfully hungry for something good to eat. They laughed, and said I was afraid. I stayed away from them—had to do it—they evidently had some plot. I stayed away and kept up my watch from the orchard out of sight. I was to be relieved at eight o'clock p. m. About seven o'clock I was out on the edge of the orchard when all of the girls came out laughing; they wanted to talk, but I knew they wanted to

take me in and do me up. They could have taken me in, in a moment, if I permitted them to close in on me. I told them to stay away; I mounted the bayonet on my gun and went out into the prairie and told them to keep off. They pranced around at a distance and laughed and whooped, and yelled "Cowardly, cowardly calf!" It was pretty tough, but I had to stand it. It was a scene that a young man in my situation could scarcely forget. I am satisfied that my action saved my life at this time. When I was relieved I told the corporal of the guard all about it, and put my successor onto the situation. I was afterwards told that two Missouri soldiers were never heard of afterwards who were put on duty at this place, and that the girls disappeared. I had a tough night of it owing to my chewing so many sour green apples in the orchard while on guard.

On July Thirtieth we were up at 3:30. We had a sorry breakfast, a sorry dinner, and a sorry supper. We just ate our mush and laid around. We could not even go out and hunt for a sassafras tree; we just simply laid around in the hot sun. Mush all day and nothing else. Our time had expired ten days. Some of the boys got off their balance and wanted to stack arms and march back to Rolla. Everybody got quarrelsome; there must have been twenty fights that day; the company seemed to be going to pieces. Our Lieutenant-commanding must have been alarmed, and probably reported it. In the evening after supper in came a big hind-quarter of beef, weighing, I should say, over 200 pounds; it was quite tough, but we immediately went to work on it; there were about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

to the man, and by breakfast-time it was gone. That night Corporal Churubusco got to telling us about the Mexican War, and how much better the Government then took care of its soldiers than now. These were the outlines of his story:

“I was only a private in the rear rank; I wasn't even acting assistant flunky to a lance corporal's bunky—I was just a common freckled-faced ‘Dough-Boy’ in Co. ‘G.’ Well, at Vera Cruz before we started up the hill for Mexico the officers had the wide-openest blow-out I ever see. They had up a big long tent, right out there on the sand—sand two feet deep—they must have put several tents together. All the officers were there; not much to eat, but just dead-oodles of champagne, and speech-making until you couldn't rest. They hollered and yelled and shouted; said what they was a-going to do to the greasers when they got up there. I was put on guard out twenty feet in front of the tent, so that nobody could break in on them from that direction. My Lieutenant stuck his head out of the tent to get a fresh breath of air and saw me. Says he, ‘Shannon, is that you?’ and I said ‘Yes,’ and saluted him. He went back and got a quart bottle of champagne and came out with it, and with a niggah to open it. I thanked him and he went back, and I drank half of it and stuck the bottle down in the sand and then in a little while drank the other half. Well, the big hoodoo went on in the tent and I got tired of standing guard and went off to my tent *or somewhere*, and next day I was told that I had been reported and was a-going to be court-martialed and shot for deserting my post, but nothing came of it, for it was fixed up somehow. Well, we walked up to the City of Mexico and marched around and had dress-parade in the cathedral square and then out onto the campus. Old Fuss and Feathers marched in at the Belen gate because that's where Cortez marched in; he was playing the Cortez act all the time. There was a big Mexican building out near the camp, and the officers had to have another banquet. And they did. They had a Jo Bowers of a time. Wagon-loads of champagne.

Bright beautiful moonlight. Gee-whiz, what a time they had! Speeches galore, stars and stripes, halls of the Montezumas, bald eagle of victory, whiz, bang,—every time they cheered a barrel of champagne disappeared. It just happened to be my luck to be drawn for guard duty again that night, and there I was about 1 o'clock in the morning a-walking up and down in front of the big picket-gate where all of this was a-going on. An officer came out to get a breath of air; I wasn't over a hundred feet from him, and he says, 'Jo, is that you?' Says I, 'Betcherlife. Can't you send out a little something?' and he disappeared and out came a cold quart and a niggah with a corkscrew, and that fluid saturated into me in about four minutes. I shouldered my gun and went to my tent *or somewhere*. We had 'em licked anyway. The next day I was put in the guard-house and told that I would be court-martialed and shot the next morning. My Lieutenant came to see me, and he told me to keep still and not give him away; that it would ruin him if I told about it. Told me to just stand trial and say nothing, and that he'd see General Scott and have it all fixed up. I promised him. The next day I was court-martialed, and they sentenced me to five lashes well laid on, a ten-pound ball on my left leg, confinement in the castle of San Juan D'Ulloa until the war ended, and then my head was to be shaved and I was to be dishonorably discharged. Wasn't that a dandy sentence? It was 'Dandy Jim from Caroline.' And my Lieutenant came in the next day and said: 'Keep a stiff upper lip; you toted fair with me and I will tote fair with you.' So he went off and saw Old Fuss and Feathers, and he made an order expunging the sentence and restoring me to duty on account of my gallantry in action, and my soldierly qualities. Now the funny part of it is that my Lieutenant did not give me the quart of champagne. He evidently had given some guard a bottle or thought he had, and supposed it was me.

"That Mexican War was a champagne war. It was just like chasing rabbits. All them officers got two or three brevets; those what had seen a Mexican anywhere got it for 'gallantry

in action,' them that hadn't seen any got it for 'meritorious services.' There's Price and McCullough and others in front us—they've all got those brevets. Price never saw a Mexican soldier, but got to be a general. But this war ain't that kind of a war, you'll see; this ain't no champagne war."

We then called on Fletch Branderbury to sing us something, and he sang, "Did you ever go into an Irishman's shanty, where the boys and the girls and the whisky was plenty?" Then we rolled over on the ground and looked up between the stars and tried to look beyond them and see what kind of a roof there was over it all.

Then we wished the war was over, and then we went to sleep with "Lize" barking at something.

July Thirty-first. It has stopped raining, and has been dry for several days. Things are beginning to show the effects of heat. The boys are all tanned to a hazelnut brown. Our company has got down to about seventy-five men. One-fourth of the boys are knocked out. I don't know what becomes of the sick boys; they are hauled off somewhere and we don't hear of them again. We drew corn-meal only and about a full ration of sugar. We used a little, very little of the sugar to flavor the mush, and used the balance to sweeten the blackberry-root decoction that all were drinking. There were lots of blackberries growing near us, and we cut the roots up and boiled camp-kettles full of them. It was all that kept us from going to pieces. This was the worst day we ever experienced in camp. It was the most melancholy. We had quit playing cards. The boys were getting morose. Nobody had any friends.

Our Lieutenant-commanding lost his placid look and found fault with his superiors. Rumor said that he had a cussing-match with some one at headquarters every day, but he never talked harshly to any of his men. He is reported to have told those at Lyon's headquarters that if they did not feed his men he would march them off to where they would be fed, and that he would not wait any longer. Every once in a while at company headquarters he would jump up and begin to talk to himself and swear like a pirate, and then pike off to brigade headquarters with something on his mind. It was said that his ebullitions were artistic and were listened to there with attention. Then he would come back and say nothing for an hour or so, and then he would rise and begin talking to himself, and then begin to swear, and then he would rush off again to headquarters. We never did know exactly what was done by him at headquarters, but the result was that on that evening we got a big quarter of beef and sat up until a late hour cooking and eating it. With it we got several bushels of wheat. We parched this wheat in mess-pans and we pounded up the wheat with the butts of our guns in mess-pans, and to make a long story short we went to bed about 12 P. M., full of beef and wheat and feeling happier than dukes. We had been asleep about two hours when through our camp ran some cavalry blowing a bugle at a furious rate, sounding "Assembly." We got into line, and inspection of arms was ordered. Some officer whom we did not know went down our line inspecting the guns, then beginning again at the head he inspected our cartridges. To

some of the boys he issued new cartridges in place of those that had been "caked" by moisture. In front of our company a box of ball-cartridges had been unscrewed so that the company could be supplied. There was no light but starlight, and not a word was said. As soon as the inspection was over, no order being given, we lay right down on the ground and went to sleep in ranks. We had got into the habit of it. We could go to sleep whenever we wanted to, and we took a sleep whenever we could or deemed it best. We could sleep at any time or place. There was some firing on the pickets west of us, but it was scattering and desultory; it was not strong enough to show a night attack.

On August First we rose in ranks at call of bugle. We had coffee, beef, and a wagon-load of bread,—big turtle loaves of bread. It had been baked in Springfield and hauled out to us. We ate a large strong breakfast. We were told to keep together and not get away from the bugle. We laid around and put in our whole forenoon eating and sleeping. We would eat an hour and sleep an hour. I here wish to state a circumstance that I had overlooked, and that is about Guthrie and the mule. On our trip to Forsyth, Guthrie had acquired a mule. He did not impress or levy on it—it just came poking its head out of the brush where Guthrie happened to be, and walked up to Guthrie and offered its services. Guthrie put his gun-sling around the mule's neck and rode on in the column. Then he let one of the tired boys ride, and in a little while Guthrie had established a hospital with an ambulance attachment.

Everywhere that Guthrie went that mule was sure to go. The mule seemed to place the utmost confidence in Guthrie, and Guthrie hung on to the mule. Guthrie had lived on a farm once and fully understood mule language and mule diplomacy, and getting some rope he made a lariat and kept the mule picketed out and fed and watered. Although we as soldiers might have little or no food, there were oceans of grass for the mule, and Guthrie, who was one of our brightest boys, had sense enough to take good care of the mule and claim ownership and refuse to turn him over to the quartermaster. Guthrie and the mule became inseparable. So, when the orderly sergeant called the roll and got to the "G's" he would call "Gregory," "Grimes," "Guthrie and the mule." So the mule got into the roll-call and Guthrie would answer "Both here." Our company dog "Lize" had grown fat and became of no practical use except to keep us supplied with fleas. Shortly after noon our company wagon drove up; it was filled with barrels ofhardtack, a sack of coffee, and some boxes of bacon; we were ordered to break camp and put our stuff into the wagon, and be ready to start at two o'clock p. m. None of the captains or officers knew where we were going, but we all felt that we were now going to go back to Rolla and be mustered out. We felt that the time had come to get out of the miserable starved country. We did not start at two o'clock, and we went into the wagons and began eating again. Then the order was given for four o'clock, but no start. At six o'clock p. m. the order was to go, and off we went in the direction of Springfield, but after a while

we turned south. We all thought we were going home, until the turn was made. We marched south down a rough and rocky road until we got into a better one that seemed to be turning southwest. It was the old "wire road." At three o'clock that night we halted on the side of a mountain. The clay of the road was red and washed, and the trees extended into the blackness on both sides. The road was rocky and full of flints. We had been going for nine hours in the direction of the enemy, at a slow rate; I guessed it at eighteen miles. No orders were given to halt; those in front of us stopped and then we stopped, and in five minutes we had curled up among the gravel and flints and were all sound asleep in the middle of the road, each man holding on to his gun. There is a lot of art in sleeping among the rocks and gravel. You have to spread your blanket and then get your hands under you and pull out the rocks and gravel at places where they stick up too far; at last you get the ground so that it just fits you. Then you can sleep splendidly if you don't move. If you want to move you must get the gravel and flints moved again so that they will fit again. It is no trick sleeping among the rocks—it's easy when you know how.

The "wire road" was the main thoroughfare southwest from Springfield, through Cassville, Keitsville, and down to Fayetteville, Ark. It was an ancient road, following probably an old prehistoric Indian trail. A telegraph wire had been strung along it among the trees on the roadside, for it went through forest most of the way. This telegraph line gave it the name of the "Wire Road."

CHAPTER 26.

August 2d.—Up Early.—Line of Battle Formed.—The Rebel Divisions.—McCullough.—Rains.—Pearce.—Steele.—Hunting McCullough.—Deploying as Skirmishers.—The Rally.—The Cavalry Charge.—The Sabre Drip.—Changing Positions.—Trying to Find the Enemy.—Totten.—Went into Camp.—A Picket-post.—August 3d.—Line of Battle.—Reaching for Land Warrant.—Woman and her Children.—Forward Movement.—The Store and Camp.—The Supplies.—The Buttermilk.—The Charge.—Jarvis Barker's Company.—Paddy Miles.—Boot-heel.—The Well.—Bake-oven.—Bogus Camp-fires.

On August Second there was no bugle-call; some one came around and waked us up quietly about six o'clock, and we were told to go to our company wagons and get a cold lunch, and to make no fires and no noise. We were told that we were in the presence of the enemy and that we had better put a day's lunch in our haversacks, for we did not know when we would see our company wagon again. We were also told to fill our canteens the first chance we got, no matter what kind of water it was. We then got lunch and marched into the woods, and formed a line of battle. Then we waited a little and marched forward in line of battle. Then we heard a gun or two go off in our front. Then we marched forward; we were on the right side of a road that seemed to go southerly and we were stretched out at right angles to it. On the left of the road were some regular infantry; I also noticed a piece of six-pound artillery; the road was kept clear and cavalymen were dashing up and down, apparently carrying dispatches. About 9 o'clock the enemy's calvary began feeling of us.

The way of it was this: Three Rebel armies were approaching Springfield. (We called them armies then; afterwards we called them "detachments.") These armies were under different generals, all old Mexican War officers; they were called "Mexican War veterans"; everyone who was in the Mexican War was a "veteran" whether he had ever seen a Mexican or not. Of the armies advancing from the south on Springfield it seems that the Confederate General McCullough was the senior in Confederate rank, and commanded the first division of the Confederate corps. His advance guard was commanded by General Rains; and, as McCullough's forces had been pushed the farthest forward, General Lyon had made up his mind to hit McCullough before he united with the others. After he had got through with McCullough, Lyon was then to try Pearce and Steele, who commanded the other two divisions. McCullough was from Texas, Pearce was from Arkansas, and Steele was from Missouri. They were all separated from one another. Sterling Price was then Major-General of Missouri, commanding only the Missouri State Guard, which guard was lying around loose in the country and engaged in giving us trouble generally and veiling the movements of the other troops. McCullough was the best general of them all in many respects; he was killed within six months thereafter, at the battle of Pea Ridge.

At nine o'clock on the morning of August 2d we were hunting for McCullough, and did not exactly know where he was. They were feeling of us to see who we were and how many of us there were. Two companies of our regiment were deployed as skir-

skirmishers to see what there was ahead of us. On the other side of the road the regulars moved forward with four companies. Two companies were of Second U. S. Infantry, "B" and "E." They were deployed as skirmishers, Captain Steele commanding. (Steele was afterwards Major-General and commander of the Seventh Army Corps, that had for its badge the "crescent and star.") A great cloud of dust was in our front. It had not rained since July 23d; the sky had been parching and the travel of the troops and the wind that blew strongly that morning made it difficult to see very much on account of the dust. All at once the rebel cavalry appeared scattered along our front, but at a considerable distance, and we could not tell whether they were few or many. I happened to be out on the skirmish-line. A sort of desultory firing had begun in the brush all along the line, but it was wild and did not amount to anything. As a matter of fact, I never shot my gun, nor did my comrades near me; there was no good chance. We kept going slowly forward, until all at once we heard a rush and racket in our rear, and to the left. It was some of our cavalry who had come up and were forming in line for a charge. We were ordered by bugle to "rally by company," which was the order to be given to a body of skirmishers to get together to resist a cavalry charge. We were probably 150 yards in front of our regiment, and we rallied in good shape with fixed bayonets, when bang! went the piece of our artillery on our left, and the cavalry made a charge which but few saw, but I was one who did. The charge was by our friend Captain Stanley of the First U. S. Cavalry,

who had been with us down to Forsyth. This charge was one of the prettiest things I ever saw. It was made by "B," "C," "D," and "I" of the First U. S. Cavalry. I was then told that there were about 200 men, which probably was all there were in the four companies, as I suppose they were down to about 50 men to a company. Old Captain Totten was swearing around and keeping his eye on the fight as well as he could; our cavalrymen in charging stayed together and did not cover the entire front of the enemy, and Totten got a chance to drop another shell into the enemy's left, our right; and away the secesh all went in a whoop and hurrah. The bugle called our men back and the cavalry returned. They had several of their number killed and wounded, but brought them back and led the horses with empty saddles,—ten, it was reported. I remember one of the cavalrymen having his sword out and shaking the blood from the tip of it. He said he was going to dry it on. Some of his comrades told him to wipe it off, but he said, "no." They halted near us for a few minutes; this man said he had run the saber through a man and pulled him off his horse with it. All this made an impression on my imagination: this, I said, is war, this is the way it looks in the books; this is the real thing, the real, sure-enough war. We then started to maneuvering around in the woods. First we would march in one direction and then we were marched in another; we went a little forward and fronted in one direction at one angle, then changed position and fronted in another. Hour after hour was consumed in this; sometimes we would see a few enemy in the far distance, and

then they would disappear. We would from time to time see a great deal of dust far off to the right or left, and then it would subside. We waited and then changed our line and waited again; we sent men with the canteens down into the ravines to fill them, and they brought back hot, scummy water. We chewed tobacco in great quantities and were not frisky. The picture of the cavalryman with the bloody saber retained its vigor, and I made up my mind not to let a secesh cavalryman treat me that way, and I did not believe he could if I had my bayonet.

Lyon was evidently trying to find the enemy, and did not know quite where they were nor how they were fixed. Our cavalry had gone off to the extreme right and extreme left. Totten had fired but two shots. The number of the enemy who had run up against us was about 800, and finding a greater number than that of us had wisely retired. But they had not gone out of business. They were smart enough not to pitch onto us until they found out how many there were of us and how *we* were fixed. Bill Huestis said, "They're afraid and we dasn't." About sundown, to our great surprise we were ordered back. We went back about a mile and a half to a running stream and went into camp, built fires, cooked bacon and coffee, filled up on hard-tack, and, loading our pipes with "boot-heel," we talked it all over. It was always my bad luck to be drawn for guard duty when times were serious. There was an expression, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night." This idea was probably not warranted, but was often acted on. This night our

picket-post was put out on a side-hill commanding a deep and dismal ravine. A house back a little distance had been abandoned. There was there a miner's pick and a long-handled shovel; we got a place between two oak trees; we were six in number; we brought rails, dug a rifle-pit that would hold us all, and made a pen around ourselves. The officer of the guard was to visit us every hour with a sergeant, both on foot. We were right up against the enemy. No talk or hailing was to be made, no picket or sentry challenges; the officer was to come to a certain place, then he was to rap on his saber with a stone three times, we in response once; then he again three times, then we in response once, and he was to go back, knowing we were all right. Several persons were prowling around in the night, but no armed body. We crept out and prowled around a little ourselves. There was motion and spying on the part of the enemy, but no armed force. We were not looking for individuals, but to prevent a surprise of our camp, which was very seriously apprehended. Three of us napped while three stayed awake. We could see a flush in the southern sky as if a thousand camp-fires were burning. Our sense of hearing was keyed up by our situation so that we heard everything; the woods seemed alive with game. We went back into camp at dawn, being relieved by some Kansas boys.

I never knew where any of the Missouri or Kansas soldiers were during the day of August 2d. I was so busy attending to my own business that I only saw what was in the front, or near me on the side. We were nominally brigaded with the First and

Second Kansas Infantry, but I did not see them that day. We were handled separately; I suspect they were off to our right, and perhaps protecting us from a flank attack from the west, which was the direction from which an attack would come if the enemy in front of us were reinforced.

On August Third we were under arms at dawn. We had a coarse solid breakfast. Corpular Mace had been boiling beef all night. We had taken some cattle, and were feeding heavily to make up past deficiencies. We started to march about 8 A. M. straight for the enemy's position, but we went slowly in order of battle, and when part of the line had a defile to pass we waited until it was passed. We went very slowly until we passed our former position. The enemy were in great numbers in front of us, but retired slowly. They did not seem to either want to fight or to run. Finally we passed the place where the enemy were the day before. During the night the dead had been buried by the enemy in trenches beside the road. They had been lightly covered; there were perhaps 25 Confederates buried there. Our company went close to the trenches in passing. One of the men that was buried had had his arm extended in the rigor of death with his hand spread out like a chicken's claws; his arm now stuck through the dirt covering, that was thrown over him, and reached up at least a foot. The position might have been caused by the grim humor of the army sexton. The sight was ghastly and the trenches already emitted an odor. We would have passed in silence, but Bill Huestis spoke up and said, "That soldier is reaching for his land warrant." We

passed a two-story log cabin with a porch on the south and west ; it had no fence. On the porch was a woman in a pink calico dress walking up and down the porch in a frantic manner, wringing her hands and screaming loudly. Three little girls were hanging on to her dress and bawling in sympathy. I never forgot that scene. I never heard the cause. After we had marched about three miles we came to where the road descended to a deep wide valley in front of us. Our regiment was put in position at right angles to the road, and looking down into the valley. We stayed in line of battle for about an hour. Other regiments were drawn up behind us. We could see across the valley, and saw the woods full of cavalry. Down in the valley, which was filled with trees, we saw houses and what appeared to be a camp and a lot of loose horses. All at once Totten came up behind us with two guns of his battery. We could hear Totten giving orders: "Take that limber to the rear, G—d d—n you, sir." "Wheel that caisson around, G—d d—n you, sir." All at once our bugle said, "Forward," and we started over the brow of the hill and down among the rocks and brush. We went at a "trail arms" and in quick time, our regimental line being parallel with the valley. It would have been called a bayonet charge if anybody had waited for us to catch up with him. There was a large store in the valley, near the road, called McCulla's store. McCulla had been a well-known man in the community for years, and a very prominent and leading citizen, but now was said to be at heart a Union man. He was afterwards a Captain in a notable Union

regiment, the Eighth Missouri Cavalry. The Confederate camp was near the store, up the valley a little distance. It happened to be in the path of our company and we ran up against it. The woods were quite dense, but we could see men in butter-nut clothes tearing through the brush in front of us. A halt was sounded as our regiment reached the store and camp.

As we marched across the valley, going as much abreast as the conformation of the ground would permit, in our charge upon the camp, Totten fired his guns, loaded with shrapnel shells, right over our heads. They would burst about 100 feet in front of us and about 25 feet above us. We were very literally under fire, and we did not like to have it done, because of our ignorance of ballistics. We thought we were in great danger from the explosion of the shells, but, as it was afterwards explained to us, we were not. The forward motion of the shell was so great that it was not overcome by the explosive force of the bursting charge of the shell. The pieces of the shell when it burst went right on. The shell burst and went on in the form of a tulip. The way those shells were made was that they were about a half-inch thick, with a circular inch hole. The shell was filled with lead bullets, and then liquid rosin or sulphur was poured in and left to cool. The hole was then bored out down in the shell through the bullets, making an inch-round space across the interior of the shell. This space was filled with black gunpowder and a fuse plug screwed in, with second-marks on the outside, called a Bohrman fuse. The explosion of the shell was loud enough, and, when in the way of it,

it was dangerous. After the explosion the smoke from the shell held together in a little viscid, compact cloud that might float around in the air for half an hour without dissolving.

The secesh camp was a long shelter made out of rough oak boards from a country sawmill. The shelter was somewhat open, but able to shed water. We stopped, re-formed our line, and dashed into the camp. There were piles of forage, stacks of oats and corn and corn-blades. Lots of home-cured pork and jerked beef. There was a great pile of hogs' heads, smoked and cured; they called them "jowls." There were a few hats and shoes and socks; I got two of each and a jowl. In prying around I removed some sheaf oats from a box, and on turning over the lid I found a big stone jar with something like a white thick fluid. I thought it was buttermilk, and dipped in my tin cup; it was half-melted lard; it came near turning me wrong side out, but I called the boys and gave them all a chance to get a sip of it. One sample was enough for a boy, but they all sampled it and fought for the privilege. No one gave the cue and the lard was mostly all sampled. As a novelist would say, "It was a scene long to be remembered." All this took us about fifteen minutes, during which we filled our canteens. Then, on command of bugle, we formed a line and marched up toward the brow of the south side of the valley. Secesh who were concealed in the brush kept jumping up and running. We ran and caught several; Little Baldy got two at once, both bigger than he was. He kept them both. We went up to the brow of the hill, having crossed the valley, and were

halted; then we marched by the left flank and formed across the road south of the store as if to repel an attack of the enemy coming down the road from the hill south of us. Our company was immediately on the west side of the road, and the farthest south. General Lyon came down the road from the north all alone on horseback, and went past; we gave him a salute by present arms as he went by. He had not gone over fifty yards south of us in his reconnoissance when he started back, rather fast and looking over his shoulder. We all rose up, and in a few minutes the head of a company of about 150 butternut cavalry appeared coming down towards us in unconscious disorder, armed with rifles and shotguns, and entirely off their guard. Lyon rode up to the end of our line and shouted at them. "Who are you?" No answer. "Who are you?" shouted Lyon again. They were within a hundred yards. At the second call the leader shouted something, and dropping a beautiful double-barreled shotgun darted into the woods as he and the balance all turned tail with wonderful rapidity, not firing a gun. "Fire!" said Lyon. We got up our guns and blazed away into the woods, but not a man did we get. We could hear them bobbing through the timber shouting and yelling, and getting away from us in good shape. Lyon was much disgusted; he slapped himself on the leg, and then pulled his chin-whiskers, as was his wont when he was thinking, and said in a sarcastic way, "Well, I could do better than that if I was you." His anger was worse than his grammar. Miles of our company, whom we called "Paddy Miles's boy," went

out and got the fine shotgun that the captain had dropped, and we got a lot more of them that were dropped in the flight, and we bent them around trees. Miles got the finest gun and carried it as a trophy, and I believe back to Iowa with him. I afterwards told this story to a person down in that neighborhood, and he told me that the captain who lost the fine "stub-and-twist" shotgun was named Jarvis Barker, and that it was always a good joke on him; and further, that Barker was just getting in with a reinforcement from the East, and in great haste, and knew nothing of the presence of the Federal troops. Another regiment came up and relieved us and went up onto the hill south of us while we went down to near the store. I got permission to go over to the store; I wanted to see if anything was left that nobody wanted. I saw a log that I suspected of having some "boot-heel" in; I got an axe, and found my suspicions confirmed. I was going back with an armful when an officer stopped me and took it away all but one plug, and ordered me to go to drawing water at the well. The way was this: In front of the store was a large well with a canopy top; it was only about six feet down to the water; there were two well-buckets; the men were quarreling for the water and trying to fill their canteens. This officer made me and another soldier get inside the well-curb and go to pulling up water just as fast as we could and pouring it into camp-kettles, mess-pans and all kinds of receptacles, so that the soldiers could all get some of it. I was kept in that well-curb three hours, and was sopping wet, and lost my "boot-heel" besides. When I was at last re-

lieved I found that some one had got off with the jowl that I had carried stuck onto my bayonet and confided to my mess. I found my shoes all right without socks but too tight with them; so I gave the socks away. There was a round Dutch bake-oven that I took a fancy to in the camp, and I went and got it. It weighed about twenty pounds, and when in the evening we moved up the hill toward the enemy to make our camp in front of them I took it along. I will never forget that night. We built a large number of bogus camp-fires to fool the enemy with; details were out chopping trees and building fires all night, while to the south of us and west of us the sky looked as if there were twenty miles of camp-fires,—and I guess there were. There was firing on the pickets all night; the enemy evidently intended that we should not sleep and they did not intend either that we should have a fight. They yielded wherever we pushed them, and they followed back every push with a push of their own. That night they rode all around us; we were in a semi-fortified position and also in a state of siege. We and the Kansas regiments were camped all together in close parallel lines.

My bake-oven was the admiration of the mess and of the Kansas men near us. Corpular Mace made “lob-scouse” in it, which was a combination of hard-tack, bacon and beef. The wind blew strongly through the woods all night, and we slept as much as we could and looked up among the stars and leaves overhead and wondered if we would get mustered out by a bullet or by a Government officer.

McCulla's store was in the township forming the northwest corner of Stone county, Mo., being in Township 26, Range 24. I think the stream was a part of Crane creek, and that the present town of Curran may be near the spot.

CHAPTER 27.

August 4th.—Loss of the Bake-oven.—The Return.—Intense Heat.—Killed and Wounded.—Captured.—Dog Springs.—McCulla's Store.—Disappointment.—Lyon's Letter.—Rains's Report.—McIntosh's Report.—Price's Report.—The Return to Springfield.—Night-firing.—August 5th.—The March.—The Cracker-barrel.—The Dust.—Controversy with Lyon.—The New Musket.—Watch Trade.—“Orphan.”—August 6th.—Camp near Phelps.—New Pants.—Term of Service.—Lyon Cross and Petulant.—Refugees.—Caravan to Rolla.

On August Fourth we were up as soon as it was light enough to see. We had a good hearty breakfast and drew up in line, and at six o'clock were ready for the march and were packing the company wagon, when a trick that I cannot forget or forgive was perpetrated by the Second Kansas on me. Our company was camped about 150 feet from the Second Kansas, and, on ground at that part of the line, about 25 feet higher. Four Kansas boys did this: Two of them at some distance from us walked up along our regiment, stopping at each camp-fire; another came up to me and told me that General Lyon was very angry at the stealing done by the soldiers, and that all captured stuff would be turned over to the quartermaster, and the person in whose hands any of it was found would be dishonorably discharged with loss of pay. He pointed down the lines and said: “There are two men coming this way; they have been detailed to look for stolen property. Where did you get that bake-oven? Better roll it down hill.” I proceeded to roll it. The two men passed our camp-fire while man

number four down the hill caught the rolling bake-oven and put it into his company wagon and I lost it.

We started back to Springfield; no enemy in sight. We had an infantry and cavalry advance guard going back. The wagons next, the artillery next, and the left of the army in the rear guard. Our company was put in front. There were no cavalry in front of us. We started back feeling that our expedition had been a failure, but not knowing why. We marched slowly and compactly. The weather was intensely hot, and we suffered a good deal from heat and want of water. The thermometer was about 105 in the shade. I will stop here to look back at the trip. It was a failure. We lost on the expedition, first and last, about 10 men killed, about 25 wounded, and about 20 disabled or killed by sunstroke on the road back to Springfield. Of the enemy, including spies and pick-ups, there were about 125 captured; of our men there were probably 25 stragglers captured; they were men that gave out in the rear guard that could not be saved. Of the enemy there were probably 50 killed and 125 wounded. The reports of the times that there were 175 of the enemy killed, and a good many more wounded, were not probably near the truth. Our artillery and the cavalry charge did most of the damage. The first day's fight was called the battle of "Dug Springs"; the second day's fight, the battle of "McCulla's Store." General Lyon was disappointed that he could not get a battle that would decide something. He saw during the two days, first and last, perhaps three or four thousand of the enemy, with more behind

them, but they were too wise to hazard a battle or let him have any advantage. They kept just out of his way, and the moment he started back they closed right up to him and took in every broken-down team and straggler. They were wise, and played the game right. In a letter which Lyon wrote from McCulla's Store on August 4th he said:

"Prudence seems to indicate now the necessity of withdrawing, if possible, from the country, and falling upon either St. Louis or Kansas.

"In fact, I am under the painful necessity of retreating, and can at most only hope to make my retreat good. I am in too great haste to explain at length more fully. I have given *timely notice of my danger*, and can only in the worst emergencies submit to them."

The foregoing was written in the morning as we were about to return, and was directed to Headquarters in St. Louis, Missouri.

General Rains, in his official report, among other things says:

"The enemy, reinforced by the regular United States Cavalry, renewed the attack on Colonel Craven's command, when the conflict became severe and hand-to-hand. I then took the remaining portion of the [advance] guard with the view of cutting off the attacking party on the right, when, on reaching them, the enemy opened upon us with two batteries [guns], dispersing the mounted men, a portion of whom became panic-stricken and retired in the utmost confusion. I had been led to expect reinforcements of infantry and artillery at McCulla's Spring, and not finding any, fell back, in accordance with instructions, to the main army. . . . I cannot speak too highly of the gallantry of the officers and men, particularly that portion who acted as infantry."

The foregoing was written on the morning of the second day,

August 3d. After falling back on the army, it, when confronted by Lyon, did not see proper to fight.

Upon August 3d, and before the fighting of that day, Captain McIntosh, adjutant-general of the commanding officer, General McCullough, made a report, a very brief one, to his commanding officer, he says:

“GENERAL: I was sent forward yesterday by your order with 150 men to ascertain the position of the enemy. . . . When about three miles from your camp the command of General Rains, as I expected, came down upon us in full flight and in the greatest confusion. I drew up my men across the road and rallied the greater portion of them and sent them on in regular order. General Rains had engaged the enemy unadvisedly, and had sent for my small command to reinforce him, *which I respectfully declined*, having no disposition to sacrifice it *in such company*.”

This shows the feuds and contentions that racked the Confederate service, at this time, and did much to embarrass its efforts. Rains never amounted to much. McIntosh was particular about his “company.” He became a General, and was killed in less than six months afterwards at the battle of Pea Ridge.

General Price, in his report to the Governor of Missouri (who was at that time somewhere around in the brush), says:

“General Rains soon discovered, however, that he was in presence of the main body of the enemy, numbering, according to his estimate, more than 5000 men, with eight pieces of artillery, and supported by a considerable body of cavalry. A severe skirmish ensued, which lasted several hours, until the enemy opened their batteries, and compelled our troops to re-

ture. In this engagement the greater portion of General Rains's command, and especially that part which acted as infantry, behaved with *great gallantry, as the result demonstrates*, for our loss was only one killed and five wounded."

Of such stuff is history made; that is to say, the rebel official report says that they had 650 men and held us off with "great gallantry" for five hours, and then they *fled in confusion* with the loss of *only one man killed*. No. They were lots braver than that. My observation is that when Confederates behaved with great gallantry they did not gig back until more than one of them was killed!

On August 4th we made, on our return to Springfield, only about twelve miles. We were all very tired. It is a good deal of a strain, being in line of battle and hunting or expecting an enemy all day. Besides this, as we were on the return we had to flank through the hills and brush to prevent an ambuscade or a surprise, or to insure against a cavalry dash from the sides. At evening we camped on a little stream; our company was near a deserted house. We encamped in a cabbage-patch from which all the young cabbages had been taken by those in front of us. Guthrie's mule had been helping boys all day, and was permitted to eat up all of the cabbage plants that were left. Some poor woman, perhaps, had worked hard to set them out in the spring. The mule cleaned up the patch. Our pickets were being fired on all night, and we were quite nervous lest it would become a battle before morning, but it did not. As dawn came the firing ceased. Our cavalry and artillery

ate up a large cornfield that night, and we got a lot of roasting-ears. A small stack of sheaf wheat was loaded into some of the empty wagons and hauled along. The two most nervous men in the outfit were General Lyon and Corporal Mace; they each had everything to lose. McCulla's store was afterwards burned by the seecesh.

On August 5th we were up bright and early; we started marching about 5 A. M. It was found necessary to reinforce the wagons against a possible attack, and men were detailed from each company as a wagon guard. I was detailed on such guard. I did not like it any. The dust was thick and almost intolerable; it filled the air with a yellow-brown haze. We got our eyes, ears and mouths full of it. The horses suffered, and the drivers suffered most of all. We of the infantry could march at times through the woods on the side, but the drivers had to stay with their teams in the road and suffer; at times we had to spell them a little, or they would give out. Lyon was in the rear, where trouble was apprehended. About noon the column had for some cause briefly halted, and I climbed onto our company wagon and dove down into a cracker-barrel for something to eat. The wagon-cover was off and rolled up on the driver's seat. The barrel was nearly empty. "What the hell are you doing in there?" I heard shouted at me. I looked up; it was Lyon. I said, "Getting something to eat." He said, "Get out of there. Where's your company?" I said, "On ahead." "Trail arms and double-quick to your company—Go!" said he. I started, and in a little while he passed me

on his horse, and as the command was not moving I soon caught up with my company. I was very glad to be officially relieved of guard duty with the wagons, but did not like Lyon's style. I thought he was wasting too much time on details. Besides, I considered it unjust and unreasonable. There was too much of the regular army in it. I told the boys, and it increased the general dislike for Lyon; especially was the whole thing ungraceful as our time was out and we were serving part on honor and part on compulsion. This incident was illustrative of Lyon. He was always looking around for something wrong, or hunting trouble. Huestis called him "the little red-headed cuss."

I caught up with my company; a detachment of regulars was in front of us, and one of the Kansas regiments. While marching along we passed off to the left, in a valley, a large spring-house; several soldiers ran in to fill their canteens. Ahead of me rushed a regular army soldier with his polished new Springfield rifled musket, and standing it up against the side of the log wall he went in to get a drink. The position which he chose for his gun was not altogether satisfactory to me, and so I moved it off about four feet and placed my polished gun in its place and went in to fill my canteen. What do you suppose that regular army soldier did? Why, he rushed out of that spring-house and without saying a word he just picked up "Silver Sue" and ran off with her. It was one of the coolest pieces of robbery that I ever saw, and being at the spring-house made it cooler. He ran on and disappeared in the dust. There

was no alternative for me—I had to take the only gun that was left. I smothered my indignation and also disappeared in the cloud of dust. That evening I traded my silver watch that had been on a strike for some time to a regular for two packages of ammunition—80 rounds, that would fit my new gun, which I called “Orphan.” “Orphan” was a Springfield rifle musket stamped 1861, probably made about March or April of that year. I called it “Orphan” because it had been so cruelly deserted. We reached Springfield about sundown, and camped out on the edge of town. The Dug Springs expedition was a failure, and we all felt it; but it gave us great confidence in the regular army officers. With a few exceptions they proved to be a superb lot of men. They showed up full of vigor, and bravery, and devotion to duty. From now on our admiration increased. The more we saw of them the more we liked them, except perhaps as to Lyon,—we did not like him, but had great confidence in him. Most of these regular army officers became generals during the war, made fine reputations, and deserved all they got.

We expected now to be discharged. I wanted to go home and take “Orphan” with me.

On August 6th we were up bright and early. We were not in the place where we were when we went into camp at night; about 2 o'clock in the morning we had been quietly waked up and had changed our camp by coming nearer into town, and drawn up in line, where we slept the balance of the night hugging our guns. Our company was near a large house and garden

which turned out to be the property of Congressman Phelps, of whom I have spoken.

In the morning about daylight a large six-mule Government wagon drove past us and threw out on the ground a lot of large loaves of fresh bread. We got drinking-water at the well at Phelps's house. Corpular Mace turned up this morning the best dressed man in the company; he had been out all night, and came back with a white shirt, blue blouse, genteel cap, and a necktie; also a saddle for Guthrie's mule. I went to him and told him that I wanted a pair of winter pants with heavy lining. He said, "I can getum sho." He turned up with them that afternoon. I rather imagined that some secesh family had skipped out and left their stuff in charge of their slaves, but I did not find out. We changed position twice around Springfield during the day. A few shoes and hats were issued, but I needed neither. In the afternoon I took time to fix up my new pants. They were of a slate-gray color, and just what I wanted. I cut the outside cloth off from the legs as before, leaving the lining and two inches at the seams, which I snipped across and made into a neat fringe as in my last pair. I did not attack the pants in the rear, as the enemy had tried to do with us, but left the original cloth as a reinforcement. I shortened them about four inches, split them up four inches at the bottom and put in shoestrings. I was now ready to march anywhere.

Couriers were dashing around all day, and we could hear drum-beats and bugle-calls, and see soldiers marching at all hours. Lyon had been rather doubtful as to what he ought to

do with us, and as to whether we would stay any longer. The term of other companies and regiments was also about to expire as ours had expired. Matters got into about this shape, that if we would stay he could have a battle and if we would not that a retreat was necessary. Another point was sprung on us, viz., that we had enlisted for three months to serve from the time we *were accepted by the United States*. This point was untenable; enlistment and muster-in were two different things. The point was not sprung upon us until late in the game. We talked it all over, and the Lieutenant talked it all over with us at a company meeting. Something had to be done. There was almost a mutiny over the food and clothing and the want of shelter from the sun. The sun was now our great burden. Our company did not have over 70 men for duty. We finally decided and voted that if we were going to have a fight we would stay, and if no fight, no stay. We felt that we would not spoil a fight if there was a show for one; we did not want to take the responsibility of a retreat and did not want to march off to the sound of booming cannon in our rear. Our officers reported to Lyon that we wanted a fight and would stay. Lyon is reported to have said that he was glad to hear it; that it was our duty to stay anyhow, and that the Government did not have to discharge a soldier until it got ready. That idea leaked out among the men and made them very angry. Lyon had given our regiment no recognition for patriotism or duty and had put it on entirely different grounds; that is, we had

to stay if he said so. Of course if we marched off he could not have the fight, but his idea was that we were just machines and had no right to do any thinking. On the other hand, we did not dare to go home and have any question pending as to our services, or the military propriety of our acts. Hence we did not like Lyon, and wanted to have the thing ended and over with, and if we were to have a fight we wanted it quick. That night we were marched out of town to some timber, as if we were to be there in ambuscade. We laid down in line of battle, hugging our guns.

During August 6th we had noticed a perfect panic going on around us among the civilians. Thousands of people were flocking into Springfield from east, west, and south. It seemed that all those with Union sentiments were coming in so as to be protected in their flight north. If Lyon had been provided with supplies he could have organized and armed several regiments; but he was powerless; he had been abandoned by his superiors to his fate. We could not see where we had any show even if we did have a fight. The refugees came in all sorts of rigs, horses, mules, and oxen. They all told the same story of the great number of the enemy and how their cavalry was eating up the country. These people were mostly armed with shot-guns and rifles, and finally a great caravan of them started for Rolla, under a sort of military organization of their own, taking with them a lot of Springfield people; also sick and invalided officers and soldiers. The city and camps were of course full

of spies, and so Lyon had to keep us in motion and continually change our locations. We had full rations of meat, bread and coffee, but it was not enough, because other portions of the ration were left out.

CHAPTER 28.

August 7th.—Change of Camp.—Mrs. Phelps.—Made Corporal.—On Picket.—Capture a Spy.—August 8th.—Boiling Clothes.—Chiggers.—Wood-ticks.—Treatment for Insects.—Supply Train.—Three Armies.—Wilson Creek.—Shoes and Love Letters.—Plan of Retreat.—Lyon's Speech.—The Enemy's Camp-fires.—August 9th.—Fight for Water.—Gift of Tobacco.—On Eve of Battle.—Picket-fighting.—Our Regimental Officers.—The Colonel.—The Lieutenant-Colonel.—The Major.—Our First Lieutenant.—Jo Utter.

On August Seventh we Changed Places three times. We came in at dawn to the Phelps place, then marched out to the south, then back and out to the west, then back to the Phelps place, where we arrived about 5 P. M. Mrs. Phelps came out to our company with a basket of tomatoes carried by a colored woman. Mrs. Phelps was a very sympathetic woman, and we all liked her very much. Here Corporal Churubusco was taken with something, and she had him removed to a cool place on her porch, and the surgeon visited him there. This evening the Lieutenant sent for me and said he wanted me to act as corporal, in the place of "Churubusco." I was much pleased. In about an hour I was detailed with twelve men to go out on picket, with another detail under Lieut. Pursell, an officer from Company "C." We marched out about two miles south of Springfield, to a place where two large fields of corn cornered. They were probably the northeast and southwest quarters of a congressional section. They had high rail fences around them and the country road ran between the corners. Looking south about a quar-

ter of a mile the forest began, with prairie between, on which there appeared here and there an occasional low bush. The officer posted me at this place with the twelve men and took the balance off somewhere else. He told me where there would be a company of infantry, far in the rear, to rally on; and for me to hold the post as long and hard as I could, so as to give those on the inside time to prepare a repulse. I felt the responsibility of the command; I saw what a great thing it was to be a corporal; and the first thing that we did was to build a rail fence across the road, with a little gap at the end so that we could go in and out. Then we made a glacis out of the fence by piling slanting rails down the outside of the center so as to make it bullet-proof for us. There was a very bright starlight. I sent out a man to crawl from bush to bush in front of us to see if he could discover anything in the woods beyond. At about midnight he came back with the information that there were a lot of horsemen in the woods. After that in the bright starlight we could see shadows come and go indistinctly in the woods. About 2 o'clock in the morning we saw a line of cavalry deployed in front of us, in the dim starlight; it appeared unexpectedly. We had not seen it form, nor had we heard it. All at once one of the boys had said, "Is not that a line of horsemen?" We strained our eyes and there in front of us was in fact a line of horsemen standing perfectly still; about 25 men deployed at about 100 feet apart. As we looked we saw a man about 50 feet in front of their line, holding a white horse. We had muzzle-loading guns; if we fired they could be onto us before

we could reload, and we must rely on the bayonet; we expected them to make a dash. If they did, we could get at least half a dozen of them. One of my men, being under somewhat of a strain, yelled, "Come on!" I chugged the man with the butt of my musket, and when I looked again the line was gone, and nothing was before us but dark empty space. We were then afraid of being surrounded, and I sent a man out into the corn-field on each side to listen for anyone riding through the corn. Things had quieted down and we were waiting, when all at once a horseman appeared in front of us. We halted him and took him in. He would not talk or answer any questions. He had two revolvers; we took them away, and tied his hands behind him with my big silk bandana which I had got from the chaplain at Forsyth. Then we tied his feet together with a gun-sling and put a man over him with a bayonet, to see that he did not run away. The prisoner was soon sleeping like a log. In a couple of hours, at dawn, we were relieved and went in to camp. The prisoner was marched before a bayonet, and I, being an officer of high rank, rode his horse. He would not talk. I was a conspicuous military figure then as I marched the prisoner to headquarters. An officer came out, looked at the prisoner and then at me, told the guard to untie the man and told me to dismount, then ordered me to take my men to my company quarters, which I did. I was a good deal puzzled at the reception I got at headquarters, and wondered why they did not pat me on the back and call me a hero of some kind. I afterwards found out that we had captured one of General Lyon's spies. He was

dead tired, wanted some sleep, and did not care to give himself away.

August 8th was a hot and dusty day. I have already told of the events of the early part of this day. About 9 o'clock we changed camp and went out to the edge of Springfield. We were not far from a residence where they had the usual large iron soap-kettle standing out in the yard. Several of us boys combined and got water from a well and made a fire and boiled the usual seven different kinds of insects from our clothes. The Dug Springs affair had filled our clothes with a superfluity of crawling things; chiggers from the grass and seed-ticks from the bushes were the worst. The chiggers started in on us low down and about all got burrowed in by the time they had got up to our knees. But the seed-ticks seemed to want to crawl; so they ran up or down, but when they came to the compression of the army belt and could not conveniently search further, they then began to bore in and begin business; so did the wood-ticks. The latter would bore their heads clear in, and if their bodies were broken off, and the heads left in, the place became a festering sore. At the time of which I am now speaking I was bitten all up and had a girdle of sore spots around my waist, and I put in the time, on August 8th, as much as I could, in getting these injuries healed. The prescribed treatment for chiggers was to take a smoked bacon-rind and resmoke it over a smoldering chip fire and rub with it the places where the chiggers had bored. Then in an hour or so wash it off with strong bar soap. This seemed to neutralize the poison and kill the

chigger, and recovery was rapid. But for the ticks, they had to be picked out with the sharp point of a knife, and then wet chewing-tobacco rubbed on. The tobacco seemed to kill the poison, but, if any part of the tick remained in, a sore was the consequence, no matter what was done. After tobacco had been well applied, then strong soap seemed to clear the spots out and hasten recovery.

During all this time in and around Springfield we got no mail from home, and no news of the war reached us except such as had an unfortunate tinge. The enemy around us were reported to be numbering all the way from fifteen thousand to thirty thousand; rumor magnified everything, and a private soldier with no means for verifying reports did not know what to believe. During the afternoon of August 8th we had roll-call every hour, so as to keep the men together. Some of the troops had been sent, it was said, to escort in a supply train from Rolla. It was passed around that we were to march on the enemy during the night of the 8th, and as evening approached it was supposed we were to march soon. After sundown we went back to town and bivouacked in line of battle in the open air. We laid down in rows with our guns. We expected that as we did not go out on the evening of the 8th, we would be awakened in the night by a dash of rebel cavalry. We did not expect to get through the night without a fight. We had heard that the three armies, as they were called, had camped near one another on Wilson creek, within ten miles of the city. They were embarrassed the same as we by the dust and heat, for it had not

now rained for over two weeks, and the sun poured down mercilessly.

An army bakery had been put up with a brick oven in Springfield, and on the 8th and 9th the rations issued to us were coffee and side-meat (which the boys called "sow belly," but there were those of lofty expression who called it "swine bosom"); also, big loaves of bread baked in army mess-pans, one of which loaves would fill an ordinary wooden water-bucket. The loaf was baked hard and had a thick crust on the outside, but the loaf was so large that there was a nodule of dough in the center. During the night of the 8th the supply train arrived from Rolla, escorted by a lot of Union men and home-guards and by a few troops sent out from Springfield as the train got near. The train was not a large one, and I know of no benefit it brought to our regiment except a few shoes, and a lot of love-letters from home and the girls, which we got the next day.

There is a story told by my friend Wiley Britton that Lyon and his officers had a meeting on the evening of August 8th. It was a council of war to exchange ideas and adopt a plan. It is said that on that occasion Lyon spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, there is no prospect of our being reinforced at this point; our supply of provisions is running short; there is a superior force of the enemy in front, and it is reported that Hardee is marching with nine thousand men to cut our line of communication. It is evident that we must retreat. The question arises, what is the best method of doing it? Shall we endeavor to retreat without giving the enemy battle beforehand and run the risk of having to fight every inch along our line of retreat? Or shall we attack him in his position and

endeavor to hurt him so that he cannot follow? I am decidedly in favor of the latter plan. I propose to march this evening with all our available force, leaving only a small guard to protect the property which will be left behind, and, marching up the Fayetteville road, throw our whole force upon him at once and endeavor to rout him before he recovers from his surprise."

This council of war must have taken place in the afternoon, because the rumor was all over the camp that we were to march on the evening of the 8th. For some reason the plan was postponed for a day. During the night the sky to the southwest was lighted up with vast camp-fires. It looked to us boys that escape was impossible and that we must fight, and that if not killed we must be inevitably captured before we got to Rolla, if we lost. Rolla, as stated, was about 130 miles distant through the enemy's country.

On August 9th there was no bugle-call in the morning. We changed our camp to a place on the outskirts of town and got our breakfast. We laid around camp and slept and ate, and had roll-call about every hour. We were told not to leave camp. Every man who missed a roll-call was to be court-martialed. All of our men who were barefoot got shoes; I would say six or seven. The weather was so hot that we had squads constantly carrying drinking-water from a distant well. Other soldiers fought with us for possession of the well until a guard had to be put over it and water issued by turn to the different companies dependent on the well. I forgot to mention that on August 6th I had sent my diary home by an express company that was doing business with Rolla when it could.

I count it one of my pieces of great good fortune that the book ultimately got through and arrived safely at my home in Iowa. I had some doubts at the time as to my ever getting home to see it. When it did get home the package had been opened; fortunately it was of no value to anyone; yet I cannot explain why it had been opened. I began to keep another one, in a book that a friend had started but had not kept up. Somebody in Springfield gave us all the chewing-tobacco we wanted. We had but little smoking-tobacco, and hence had got into the habit of smoking plug. I got pretty well slept up during the 9th. I made up my mind that I wanted to be as fresh and rested as circumstances would permit. I got to reflecting that if I lost a leg, or a man ran a saber through me, what kind of a fix would I then be in? I believe that no one wants to go into a battle if he has time to think it over. We all had time to ponder over it, and the contemplation of the fact did not give us much amusement, and some of the boys who were really ill so much lamented their condition that they suffered a good deal. One of them, a good friend of mine, I advised to go to the hospital and not start out with us, for he was too weak; he was bound to go, and when we afterwards did start he broke down and had to be pulled out into a fence-corner to prevent the artillery from running over him. But I am getting ahead of my story. For the last two nights there had been picket-fighting. Our pickets had generally been a mile or more outside of town, and stationed so as to command the roads. The secesh sharpshooters—and most of them were sharpshooters—came up occa-

sionally and picked off a man; on the other hand, our boys would slip out from the picket-posts and unhorse one of the enemy, generally some conspicuous Confederate cavalryman.

Early in the afternoon Corpular Mace had disappeared. There was great confusion in Springfield. The rumor was that the army of Price and McCullough would be in the city in less than twenty-four hours. Most of the people were making preparations to leave. It was given out that Frémont had refused to reinforce us, that Springfield was to be abandoned to her fate, and that we were to march to Rolla to defend the terminus of the railroad.

Up to this time we had seen very little of our regimental officers. We saw no more of them than we saw of regimental officers of other regiments. They were in town a great deal. I never saw the Colonel but once after July 15th; I saw the Lieutenant-Colonel oftener, but he never visited our company; the Major visited our company once while we were in the neighborhood of Springfield. An officer whose reputation depends upon the way in which the men of his command will fight ought to keep in close touch with them, spend all of his time in looking after them and in cheering them up and making them feel that he is interested. Our regimental officers did nothing of the kind. Of the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major I ought to speak. I don't like to do it, but must,—they were no good. Of the Colonel I may say that his appointment was a piece of pure political maneuvering. He was 30 years old, and knew nothing of military matters. He had a gifted way of leading

a squad of men up to a bar and shouting in a hoarse baritone, "Whisky for six." Being a failure as an officer, and finally so known to all the men, he did not go back into the service. When he was mustered out with us he returned to Dubuque and ran for his old office of clerk, and being elected he proceeded to turn Copperhead and join the Peace Party and did his best to break down in the field Abe Lincoln and the army. Society and the Iowa soldiers have long since forgotten what ever became of him.

Our Lieutenant-Colonel was a "township lawyer" who knew nothing of military matters and showed no aptitude in any other direction. He had no heart in the service, had no sense of duty, and left the men, as far as he cared, to look after themselves. He was older than the Colonel, and enjoyed doing nothing as well as he. When mustered out he did not get back into the service, but became a "peace-at-any-price" man, and then a Copperhead, and, it was so charged, became an organizer of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," who were the meanest of all rebels.

Our Major, who was about 55 years of age, went back into the army service. The history of the "Iowa Colonels" says that he was personally dismissed by President Lincoln, but resigned before the dismissal arrived.

Those were the men who were to lead us into battle; we had sized them all up, and did not like them and had no confidence in them. The confidence of our company was in our First Lieutenant. Bravely did he retain it. Our Second Lieutenant

was a hairy man. He had no ability. He was proud of his whiskers. He was put in on account of his relatives. The hair grew up to his eyes and down the back of his hands to his finger-nails. He ought to have lived in a tree. He stayed out when he got out. He never wanted any more war. Four months was enough for him.

No one of our field officers ever amounted to anything; this is saying a good deal, for, but few of the celebrated generals of the war had as good a start as our field officers; while, under them and in the ranks, were those who were to be and who became Generals, Governors, and Judges. But one thing must be said—our company was kept up and sustained by its First Lieutenant (aged 36), and by the Orderly Sergeant (aged 28). The latter was a man fit to be an officer. He was cool, brave, tireless, and kind. He, Jo Utter, afterwards became one of the best captains in the service. He rests now in his quiet and honored grave at Denver. Officers, to be good officers, ought to have decency, gumption, and bravery; of these the commonest is bravery. Most people have it. The Indians and the Malays have it. It is no distinguishing mark nor any particular credit to have it; but, gumption and decency are scarcer. Our First Lieutenant and our Orderly Sergeant had all three qualifications.

It was at this time that General Lyon made his last report to General Frémont, as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., August 9, 1861.

GENERAL: I have just received your note of the 6th instant, by special messenger.

I retired to this place, as I have before informed you, reaching here on the 5th. The enemy followed to within ten miles of here. He has taken a strong position, and is recruiting his supplies of horses, mules, and provisions by foraging into the surrounding country, his large force of mounted men enabling him to do this without much annoyance from me. I find my position extremely embarrassing, and am at present unable to determine whether I shall be able to maintain my ground or be forced to retire. I can resist any attack from the front, but if the enemy move to surround me, I must retire. I shall hold my ground as long as possible, though I may, without knowing how far, endanger the safety of my entire force, with its valuable material, being induced by the important considerations involved to take this step. The enemy yesterday made a show of force about five miles distant, and has doubtless a full purpose of making an attack upon me.

N. LYON,

Brigadier General, Commanding S. W. Expedition.

Maj. Gen. J. C. FRÉMONT,

Commanding Department of the West.

CHAPTER 29.

August 9th.—Orders to Fall In.—Lyon's Speech.—Getting Scared.—Bill Huestis's Theory.—Sweeney's Speech.—Lyon's Style.—Ammunition.—The Bread Loaf.—A Day's Rations.—Horse-thief Hat.—A Picture.—The March.—The Morning.—August 10th.—The Battle of Wilson Creek.—The Pelican Rangers.

On August 9th shortly before sundown the bugle was blown and we were commanded to "fall in." There were no tents to mark our regimental line. We were sleeping in the open air; the position of the companies was marked by the ashes where the company camp-kettles and mess-pans were standing. Each company of our regiment fell in, making an irregular line which was quite long, owing to the distances between the companies. After standing in line for some minutes General Lyon was seen approaching on his large dapple-gray horse; this was the horse he generally used. Lyon, as he rode by the companies, made a brief speech to each. We could not hear what he said to the companies on each side of us, owing to the distance apart of the companies and the low tones of his voice. When he came to our company his words were:

"Men, we are going to have a fight. We will march out in a short time. Don't shoot until you get orders. Fire low—don't aim higher than their knees; wait until they get close; don't get scared; it's no part of a soldier's duty to get scared."

This is all he said, and is, I believe, a verbatim report, for we often talked it over, and compared notes, practically com-

mitting it to memory. He said the same to the other companies, stopping about a minute at each. It was a tactless and chilling speech; there was nothing in it of dash, vim, or encouragement. It was spoken in a low tone and with a solemn look, and apparently with a feeling of exhaustion. He was dressed in uniform, buttoned up to the chin, as if he were cold, although the weather was dry and roasting. We boys considered the speech as a very poor effort and entirely wanting in enthusiasm. He had better not have made it. The absurdity of the last expression struck every one of us,—that it was “no part of a soldier’s duty to get scared.” It had no sense to it. As Bill Huestis said, “How is a man to help being skeered when he is skeered?” But the speech represented Lyon. His idea was duty; every soldier was to him a mere machine; it was not the “duty” of a soldier to think, and hence he was not to get scared until his superior officer told him so. Lyon might have spoken a few sentences that would have raised his men up to the top notch and endeared himself in their memory for all time; but that was not Lyon; he did not care to endear himself to anybody. This speech of his seemed to me just the kind of speech he would make. On the other hand, dear old Irish General Sweeney, who did not get killed, made a speech to his cavalry, of which I have no notes except that he said (so his boys told) among other things, “Stay together, boys, and we’ll saber hell out of them.” This had enthusiasm to it.

Among the men Lyon had bitter enemies for his occasional severity and want of consideration. The boys thought, as they

had agreed to stay with him voluntarily, that he ought to act better. He seemed to go upon the theory that he did not want his men to think kindly of him; that what he wanted of them was to have them understand that he was not to be fooled with, and that as they were in the employ of the Government it was his duty to see that the Government got everything out of them that could be got for the time being. On the other hand, the boys felt that strange confidence which soldiers always feel in an officer who they believe understands his business. So that speech which General Lyon made produced no particular effect one way or another, and had he not been killed would have been entirely forgotten. In fact, the boys did not like Lyon. They wanted a fight so that they could go home creditably, to themselves and their sweethearts; they knew just exactly how to fire a musket, and they did not intend to be scared, whether it was part of their duty or not, if they could help it.

The preparation for the battle was not very extended. Shortly after Lyon had made his speech, ammunition was distributed. I did not take any, because I did not now use the same kind that my company used; but I had plenty for my own use, and was carrying about six pounds of it. "Orphan" was in good fix, clean and ready. The boys filled not only their cartridge-boxes but also their pockets. Our woolen shirts had pockets in the bosom, and most of the boys, besides filling their breeches pockets, had some in their shirt pockets; in short, we were "fixed." A wagon also drove by and issued two days' rations of beef and pork, which we went immediately to cook-

ing. Corporal Mace was sadly missed, so we did the work ourselves. His whereabouts were unknown. Just then a large covered army wagon drove up with a sergeant, who asked us how many "present for duty," and on being answered by Sergeant Utter, threw rapidly onto the ground an equal number of the large turtle-shelled loaves which I have described. They bounced around in the dirt and bushes and we each got one. My action regarding my loaf was perhaps descriptive of what others did. I plugged it like a watermelon and ate my supper out of the inside. When I had finished eating I fried up a lot of beef and pork (my two days' rations) and crammed it into the loaf and poured in all the fat and gravy. My haversack had been worn out and abandoned. I took off my gun-sling and ran it through the hard lip of the loaf, hung them over my shoulder, filled my canteen, and was ready for the march. The hat I wore was a wide-brim, floppy, white-gray hat that I had got at the capture of the camp at McCulla's store. It was the kind then generally called a "horse-thief hat." With it and with the double bandana that I got of the chaplain at Forsyth, which bandana, tied around my neck, fell down on one side in cowboy style; and with my "Belle of the Mohawk Vale" breeches fringed down the leg-seams from waist to ankle,—with these—all these, and that loaf of bread and my bosom pockets full of ammunition,—without coat, vest or uniform,—a picture was made that I would give a large sum now for a photograph to recall.

About sundown we were all marched into the city of Spring-

field; only about 70 of our company were in line; the balance of our company had broken down and were things of the past. We soon found that we were going southwest. The city was in frightful disorder. Every available means of transportation was being used by the merchants on the city square to load up and haul off their goods. We had brought nothing along with us but fighting material, and had left behind, where we had camped, our blankets and cooking utensils. Storekeepers brought us out, during our very brief stop of a few minutes, tobacco, sugar, and things of that kind. Starting west, it was twilight. When we got out of town we marched along past cornfields. The day had been hot, and as the night began to grow cool, life became more endurable, and the marching was anything but a funeral procession. The boys gave each other elaborate instructions as to the material out of which they wanted their coffins made, and how they wanted them decorated. Bill Huestis said he wanted his coffin made out of sycamore boards, with his last words put on with brass tacks, which were: "I am a-going to be a great big he-angel." (Bill still lives.*) After going several miles in the night, the path we were following became a dim timber road leading tortuously around among the rocks and trees and brush among the hills, and we were ordered to keep still and to make no noise. About that time a cavalryman passed us from the front, and we noticed that he was going slowly, and that his horse's feet had cloths tied around them, banded at the fetlock. During the stoppage

*At Ferndale, Calif.

there was a passing to and fro along the line, and some one said that blankets had been tied around the artillery wheels. We moved short distances from twenty to a hundred yards at a time, and kept halting and closing up, and making very slow progress. Finally we were practically involved in the timber and among the side-hills of a watercourse. There were some little light clouds, but it was light enough to see a short distance around us, by starlight; it was in the dark of the moon. Finally word was passed along the line that we were inside the enemy's pickets, but were two or three miles from their camps. Rumor magnified the number of the enemy to twenty-five thousand. We could see the sheen in the sky of vast camp-fires beyond the hills, but could not see the lights. We also heard at times choruses of braying mules.

About this time, while we were moving along we passed around the brow of a low, rocky hill, and the line stopped at a place where our company stood on a broad ledge of rock. It must have been about 11 o'clock. I never did know the hour; I had traded my watch for ammunition. We all laid down on this rock to get rested. The cool, dewy night air made me feel chilly in the "linings" which I was wearing; but the radiating heat which the rock during the day had absorbed, was peculiarly comfortable. I went to sleep in from five to ten seconds and slept deliciously. I had made up my mind that if we were going to have a battle I certainly would not get killed, but might need all my strength and ability in getting away from the enemy's cavalry. The anxiety which novelists describe, and

the wakefulness on the eve of battle, are creatures I presume of the imagination of the novelists respectively, who were never there. I do not know what took place, until, early in the morning, just as there was a slight flush of dawn in the east, somebody came along and woke us all up, and told us to keep still and fall into line. We marched a short distance and struck an open piece of ground where we could see all who were marching, those in our front and those in our rear. The cavalry, artillery and infantry were marching in companies, abreast, and in close order. In a short time as it began to grow a little light we heard a gun fire. In a short time two or three more. Then some regular troops were detailed as skirmishers, and circled around to our left. In a short time we found that the enemy were alive and active. Our regiment was ordered to go in a direction to the left, and to take a position on a low ridge; the enemy in straggling numbers were shooting at us from the ridge. The skirmishers fell back. As we marched up the hill, it came in my way to step over one of the skirmishers who was shot right in front of us. He was a blue-eyed, blonde, fine-looking young man, with a light mustache, who writhed around upon the ground in agony. While I was walking past, I asked him where he was shot, but he seemed unable to comprehend or answer, and perhaps in the noise heard nothing. As we started up the ridge a yell broke from our lines that was kept up with more or less accent and with slight intermissions for six hours. We took a position on the ridge, and the country seemed alive on both our right and left. Wilson's creek was

in our front, with an easy descending hillside and a broad meadow before us, in which about five acres of Confederate wagons were parked, axle to axle. The hills bore some scattering oaks, and an occasional bush, but we could see clearly, because the fires had kept the undergrowth eaten out, and the soil was flinty and poor. Since that time a large portion of the country has been covered with a very dense thicket of small oaks. But in those days the few trees were rather large, scrawling, and straggling, and everything could be distinctly seen under them all around. Across the creek, which was not very far, perhaps about a third of a mile, a battery of artillery made a specialty of our ranks, opening out thunderously. We all lay down on the ground, and for some time the shells, round shot and canister were playing closely over our heads. Some few of the canister fell into our ranks. They were coarse cast-iron balls, about an inch to an inch and a half in diameter. Where they struck in the ground the boys hunted for them with their hands. The shells were shrapnels, being filled with leaden balls run together with sulphur. Our company did not have much to do for a while in the way of shooting; we simply laid down on the ridge and watched the battery in front of us, or sat up or kneeled down. When we saw the puff of the artillery we dodged and went down flat, and in the course of fifteen minutes gained so much confidence that we felt no hesitation in walking around and seeing what we could see, knowing that we could dodge the artillery ammunition. This battery was making a specialty of us, but we could evade their missiles; we could see the shells

in the air when they were coming toward us, and could calculate their routes.

In a little while two pieces of artillery were run up on the ridge between our company and the company on the right. These were Totten's, and were afterwards increased. They started in to silence the enemy's artillery, and a concentration of fire began in our neighborhood near the cannon. The duel was very interesting, and our boys stayed close to the earth. Considerable damage was done to our artillery, but they were not silenced. One of the large roan artillery horses was standing back of the gun and over the crest of the hill. A shell from the battery in front of us struck this horse somehow and tore off its left shoulder. Then began the most horrible screams and neighing I ever heard. I have since that time seen wounded horses, and heard their frantic shrieks, and so have all other soldiers, but the voice of this roan horse was the limit; it was so absolutely blood-curdling that it had to be put to an end immediately. One of the soldiers shot the horse through the heart.

In a little while, in front of us, appeared, advancing in the meadow, a body of men that we estimated at about one thousand. They seemed to be going to attack somebody on our left. Our artillery stopped firing over their heads at the enemy's battery, and turned upon the meadow; in a short time the enemy were in confusion.

On the edge of the meadow toward us, and between us, was a low rail fence; the enemy rallied under the shelter of it, and,

as if by some inspiration or some immediate change of orders, they broke it down in places and started for our artillery. As they got nearer to us, their own artillery ceased to fire, because it endangered them. When they got close the firing began on both sides. How long it lasted I do not know. It might have been an hour; it seemed like a week; it was probably twenty minutes. Every man was shooting as fast, on our side, as he could load, and yelling as loud as his breath would permit. Most were on the ground, some on one knee. The enemy stopped advancing. We had paper cartridges, and in loading we had to bite off the end, and every man had a big quid of paper in his mouth, from which down his chin ran the dissolved gunpowder. The other side were yelling, and if any orders were given nobody heard them. Every man assumed the responsibility of doing as much shooting as he could.

Finally, the field was so covered with smoke that not much could be known as to what was going on. The day was clear and hot. As the smoke grew denser, we stood up and kept inching forward, as we fired, and probably went forward in this way twenty-five yards. We noticed less noise in front of us, and only heard the occasional boom of a gun. The wind, a very light breeze, was in our favor, blowing very gently over us upon the enemy.

Our firing lulled, and as the smoke cleared away, sitting on the fence in front of us, on the edge of the meadow, was a standard-bearer, waving a hostile flag. I do not know its description, but it was not a Union flag. The firing having ceased, we were

ordered back and told to lie down, but the boys would not do it until the Rebel artillery opened on us again. Several wanted to shoot at the man on the fence, but the officers went along the line threatening to kill the first man that raised a musket, which was all right, that being the way the game is played. In the mean time, however, a little Irish sergeant, who appeared to stand about five feet high, and sported a large fiery mustache, turned a twelve-pounder on the man who was waving the flag on the fence in such a foolhardy way. The gun went off, the Rebel flag pitched up in the air, and the man fell to pieces gradually over the fence; and at least a thousand men on our side, who saw it, cheered in such loud unison that it could have been heard as far as the report of the twelve-pounder.

I am not able to give, in any moderate limits, the history of the charges and counter-charges on the slope of that hill, but they kept coming. In one of them the Rebel infantry, in its charge, worn down to a point, with its apex touched the twelve-pounder, and one man with his bayonet tried to get the Irish sergeant, who, fencing with his non-commissioned officer's sword, parried the thrusts of the bayonet. I fired at this "apex" at a distance of not over 30 feet. Other scesesh were around the guns, but none of them got away. The main body were started back down the slope; the twelve-pounder was then loaded, and assisted their flight.

At one time we were charged by a large detachment of Louisiana troops. They made the most stubborn fight of the day.

They had nice new rifled muskets from the armory at Baton Rouge, which armory had by the secession leaders been judiciously filled, before the war, from Northern arsenals. We were borne back by the charge of the Louisiana regiment, slowly in the course of the firing, as much as fifty feet. Squads of Rebel cavalry had been seen in our right rear, and while the enemy were safe in running, we were not. No man deserted the ranks. During that fight Corporal Bill* received a minie ball on the crest of the forehead. The ball went over his head, tearing the scalp, sinking the skull at the point of impact about one-eighth of an inch. He bled with a sickening profusion all over his face, neck, and clothing; and as if half-unconscious and half-crazed, he wandered down the line, asking for me; he was my blanket-mate. He said, "Link, have you got any water in your canteen?" I handed him my canteen and sat him down by the side of a tree that stood near our line, but he got up and wandered around with that canteen, perfectly oblivious; going now in one direction and then in another. From that depression in the skull, wasted to a skeleton, he, an athlete, died shortly after his muster-out, with consumption. How could it be?

We succeeded in repulsing the Louisiana troops, although we were not numerically superior. Our former victory had given us great confidence, and no man broke ranks or ran. As the Louisiana troops yielded back we followed them some little distance down the slope, and when they were gone we put in

*William J. Fuller.

about fifteen or twenty minutes gathering up fine shot-guns and fine rifled muskets, and looking over the poor fellows that were killed and wounded on the hill in front of us.

I was afraid I would run out of ammunition, and I helped myself to the cartridges in the box of a dead soldier who was labeled as a "Pelican Ranger." He had the same kind of gun that I had, and used the same kind of ammunition. I now have two bullets left that I took from that cartridge-box, my only mementoes of the battle. The Louisiana boys showed lots of grit.

After a few minutes another attack was made, but it was weak and feeble; it must have been a sort of "Butternut Militia" gang. One of them behind a tree, perhaps 50 yards in front of us, after his associates had retired, rose up and deliberately, fired a double-barrel shotgun, both barrels, at us. He injured no one that we knew of, but some one dropped him suddenly, and Seeger of our company ran forward and got his shotgun, kept it, and took it back home to Iowa, a splendid stub-and-twist gun. I saw it all done—in fact I fired at the man behind the tree while he was reloading his shotgun, but don't think I hit him.

About this time we heard yelling in the rear, and we saw a crowd of cavalry coming on a grand gallop, very disorderly, with their apex pointing steadily at our pieces of artillery. We were ordered to face about and step forward to meet them. We advanced down the hill toward them about forty yards to where our view was better, and rallied in round squads of fifteen

or twenty men as we had been drilled to do, to repel a cavalry charge. We kept firing, and awaited their approach with fixed bayonets. Our firing was very deadly, and the killing of horses and riders in the front rank piled the horses and men together as they tumbled over one another, from the advancing rear. The charge, so far as its force was concerned, was checked before it got within fifty yards of us. There were 800 of them. This cavalry charge was led by a man named Laswell, formerly from our State,—Ottumwa, Iowa,—who had gone to Texas; we got him.

In the mean time, over our heads our artillery took up the fight; then the cavalry scattered through the woods, leaving the wounded horses and men strewn around. We captured several dismounted men by ordering them in under cover of a gun. A flag was seen lying on the ground about 150 yards in front of us, but no one was ordered or cared to undertake to go and bring it in. In a few minutes a solitary horseman was seen coming towards us, as if to surrender, and the cry therefore rose from us, "Don't shoot!" When within about twenty yards of that flag the horseman spurred his horse, and, leaning from his saddle, picked the flag from the grass, and off he went with it a-flying. The flag bore the "Lone Star" of Texas, and we didn't shoot at the horseman because we liked his display of nerve.

In a few minutes a riderless horse came dashing over the ground, and as he passed a bush, a man with a white shirt, covered with blood, rose from the ground, stopped the horse,

slowly and painfully mounted, and rode off. The cry passed, "Don't shoot!" and the man escaped. In the mean time artillery fire concentrated on us, and the Irish sergeant yelled, "They are shooting Sigel's ammunition at us!" Sigel had been whipped. We resumed our place on the ridge.

Some few spasmodic efforts were made to dislodge us, all of which we repulsed. Finally the hostile artillery in front ceased firing, and there came a lull; finally the last charge of the day was made, which we easily repulsed, and the field was ours.

This last charge was not very much of a charge. It was a mixed, heterogeneous charge. I remember one very funny thing that happened in it. We were down on one knee, firing and loading as fast as possible, expecting to rise soon and repel them, for the enemy had slacked up and almost stopped advancing; along came a man in a Union lieutenant's uniform, inquiring for his regiment,—he was lost; we of course did not know where his regiment was; I was near the end of our company line; he pulled out a long plug of chewing-tobacco, thin and black; I grabbed it and bit off a chew; the man next to me wanted a chew; I handed it to him; then it went to the next, and so on down the line; the lieutenant followed it for a while and then gave up and passed on, leaving the remnant of the plug with the company. Every man that took a chew first blew out a big wad of cartridge-paper blackened with gunpowder, which he had bitten off in loading.

Word had been passed along the line that Lyon was killed. A big regular army cavalry soldier on a magnificent horse

rode down alongside of the rear of our company, and along the line; he appeared to have been sent for the purpose of bracing us up. He shouted and swore in a manner that was attractive even on the battle-field, and wound up with a great big oath and the expression, "Life ain't long enough for them to liek us in." After this last repulse the field was ours, and we sat down on the ground and began to tell the funny incidents that had happened. We looked after boys who were hurt, sent details off to fill the canteens, and we ate our dinners, saving what we did not want of our big crusts and hanging them over our shoulders again on our gun-slings. We regretted very much the death of General Lyon, but we felt sanguine over our success, and thought the war was about ended.

Our drill had given us more than one advantage: in the *first* place, not much of us could be seen by an advancing regiment while we lay on the ground; we were sort of an unknown quantity, and could only be guessed at. *Second*, we could take a rest and deadly aim and pour in a terrific volley while lying on the ground: this would shock the advancing line if it indeed did not bring them to a dead halt. It embarrassed their alignment and reduced their momentum. *Third*, when they began to fire we rose on one knee; the air was soon full of smoke, and while they always shot over our heads we could see them under the cloud of smoke. The smoke was inclined to rise, but if they were advancing they were on foot and could not see under the smoke. If they advanced they were soon enveloped in their own smoke, their officers could not see their

own men, and the men became bewildered at their situation and by their losses in killed and wounded. On the other hand, the air was clear behind us and our officers could manage their men, and we were not staggered by losses. *Fourth*, our men could not break to the rear and run, because they could be seen; while the ranks of the enemy could dissolve and the skulkers get to the rear in the smoke practically unseen. Hence by reason of our drill and situation we could not be dislodged by anything but a very strong force. And we were comparatively safe in comparison with an attacking column. Above all other factors of safety was our drill.

After a little while, there being nothing visible in front of us, an orderly came and told us to move forward, and the artillery to go to the rear. The artillery had to be helped off; we moved forward about one hundred feet, then wheeled to the right by company, marched some little distance down the line of battle, the company all abreast. We supposed that we were going to chase the enemy down Wilson's creek, but instead of this an order came for us to wheel to the right, and take up a position in the rear. We marched to the rear, perhaps a half-mile or more, and on a ridge found the artillery and some of the infantry drawn up in a new line of battle. We were the last off the field and never a shot fired after us. We were fronted about, but nobody pursued us, and several of the boys who had brought packs of cards along sat down in groups and played. In the meantime our ambulances and other transportation began a slow movement toward Springfield. In our new line of battle

we stayed about an hour while the Rebels were mostly retreating down Wilson creek.

The boys were highly pleased that they had got through with the day alive, and there was no idea that the day had gone against us. So much was this so, that myself and two corporals went off to a near farm-house to buy peaches, the lieutenant consenting providing we would bring a lot back to the boys, and return if we heard a gun fire. While at the house we bought some buttermilk, and stopped with an old man to tell him the story of the fight, when in a little while we saw the dust rising, and saw that the whole detachment was going through to Springfield by the main road. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon, as near as I can judge. A farmer boy came in shortly afterward, and said that everybody had started for Springfield.

In a little while we got rested, and we started on after the army. There was no enemy following; stragglers came along occasionally, and we sat down and rested from time to time. We were so hoarse from yelling that we could hardly talk. The reiterated kick of "U. S. 1861" made my shoulder feel as if I had the rheumatism. We did not get into Springfield until after sundown. There was absolutely no pursuit, and we felt no apprehension of danger.

CHAPTER 30.

Author's Review of Battle.—Our Officers.—Official Reports.—Schofield.—Sturgis.—Totten.—Lyon Killed Leading First Iowa.—The Pelicans.—The Reunion Story.—Confederate Quarrels.—Criticism of Sigel.—Poor Confederate Generalship.—Captain Mason.—Private Norman.—Discussion of Lyon.—The Mudsill.

This is the History of the Battle and of recollections on the field as told by a private soldier. I can only speak of what I saw. We had held the field about six hours, and the enemy had fled. The wonder with me then was why we did not chase them. The boys wanted to follow up their victory. We had stayed on our second line waiting for the rebels to stop running, to turn around, come back, and try us again, but they did not. We saw how Sigel had whipped the lower camp, down below us, without any trouble at all, although himself afterwards whipped. We said, "Why don't we follow them up?" When we left the battle-field, in front of us and down in the meadow and around the burned supply trains were a large number of killed Confederates, and none anywhere to be seen with weapons in their hands. Our company was intact. Our drill and our discipline had counted for everything. Our firing and loading on the ground had given us almost an immunity from injury. The enemy had fired over our heads all day. They had cut up the foliage badly. Wagon-loads of shells were wasted on us that day. The drill of our regiment was seen in the results. Other regiments had one killed to three wounded. Our regi-

ment had one killed to eleven wounded. No one in our company was killed. If we could see the cannon that fired we did not care for the result, because we could get down onto the ground before the ball could reach us, and could tell by the direction of the puff of smoke whether it was necessary for us to go to the trouble of dodging. Our First Lieutenant and our Orderly Sergeant on that day were cool and brave. Our Lieutenant walked out more than once so far in front to reconnoitre that we were afraid he would be picked off, but he was not. Our Colonel, instead of being at his post with his regiment, never came out of Springfield. He said he was sick. I do not recollect our regimental officers nor what they did. The Adjutant was wounded in the leg near our company, and sat down back of our line and dressed it himself. He was all right. I saw no Union soldier run on that day except Sigel's. General Schofield says: "Early in this engagement the *First Iowa Regiment* came into line and relieved the First Kansas, which had been thrown into some disorder and compelled to retire." I never saw this. We moved around somewhat on the battlefield, but not for any considerable distances. I know exactly what I saw, and I know that mistakes appear in the official reports. The report that the First Kansas became panic-stricken and ran through us and cut off two of our companies never was true, nor partly true. General Schofield says in his official report:

"Meanwhile our disordered line of the left was again rallied, and pressed the enemy with great vigor and coolness, particu-

early the *First Iowa Regiment*, which fought like veterans. This hot encounter lasted perhaps half an hour after General Lyon's death, when the enemy fled, and left the field clear as far as we could see, and almost total silence reigned for twenty-five or thirty minutes."

Again General Schofield says in the report :

"Captain Totten's battery in the center, supported by the *First Iowa* and regulars, was the main point of attack. The enemy could frequently be seen within 20 or 30 feet of his guns, and the smoke of the opposing lines was often so confounded as to seem but one."

General Sturgis, who afterward commanded, says in his report :

"Early in the engagement the *First Iowa* came to the support of the *First Kansas* and *First Missouri*, both of which had stood like veteran troops exposed to a galling fire of the enemy."

General Sturgis then speaks of the death of Lyon, and says :

"Of this dire calamity I was not informed until perhaps half an hour after its occurrence. In the mean time our disordered line on the left was again rallied and pressed the enemy with great vigor and coolness, particularly the *First Iowa*, which fought like veterans. This hot encounter lasted perhaps half an hour."

General Sturgis further says in his official report :

"Captain Totten's battery in the center, supported by the *Iowas* and regulars, was the main point of attack. The enemy could frequently be seen within 20 feet of Totten's guns, and the smoke of the opposing lines was often so confounded as to seem but one. Now for the first time during the day our entire line maintained its position with perfect firmness. Not

the slightest disposition to give way was manifested at any point. . . . Thus closed an almost uninterrupted conflict of six hours."

The official report shows the number of killed and wounded on the Union side was 223 killed, 721 wounded, and 60 missing, outside of Sigel's Brigade. Sigel's Brigade were practically destroyed because they went to plundering the rebel camp and turned up missing when countercharged, but they did no fighting. The killed and wounded of the whole Sigel Brigade was only 45, while that of the First Iowa Regiment was 150, and more.

Captain Totten says in his report:

"The enemy, also sadly dispirited, were making a demonstration to cover their retreat from the immediate field of battle. At this time the left wing of the *Iowa regiment* was brought up to support our brave men still in action, while two pieces of my battery were in advance on their right. The last effort was short and decisive, the enemy leaving the field and retiring down through the valley covered by thick underbrush to the right of the center of the field of battle, towards their camp on Wilson creek. After this we were left unmolested, and our forces were drawn off of the field in good order under Major Sturgis, who had assumed command directly after General Lyon's death."

During the battle I remember of seeing our Lieutenant-Colonel only once, and that was when he was riding along back of our lines wearing a linen duster, no uniform visible. He wore a gaudy uniform except when it was dangerous. This battle made about 30 Generals out of the officers engaged, of whom 7 were Major-Generals. It made no Generals out of any of

our regimental field officers; our Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, never Generals, have passed long into oblivion, un-honored and unsung. But from the subordinate officers there have been several, one of them, Herron, a Major-General. He was Captain of Company "I." In other words, the men fought the battle of Wilson Creek without the inspiration of their regimental officers; each company was a little army. The men knew what they were there for,—knew what ought to be done and what had to be done and how to do it, and each company inspired itself. Col. Andrews, our brigade commander, afterwards general, says in his report:

"The enemy now made another rally, and would undoubtedly have forced us back had not the *First Iowa Regiment*, led on by General Lyon and Major Schofield, arrived at the critical moment," &c.

Our regiment believes that General Lyon was killed while leading one of the charges we made over the ridge at an advancing body of the enemy; he was not in front but on the right end of our line. We never heard this disputed until a week afterwards, when the *First Missouri* claimed it and also the *Second Kansas*. While I did not see him fall, I remember that during the shock in which General Lyon concededly was killed, the word passed down the line, "Lyon is killed," which could hardly have been the case if, during the shock, he had been killed with another regiment. Colonel Mitchell of the *Second Kansas* claimed that he and Lyon were shot by the same detachment of the enemy, and that Lyon was leading the *Second*

Kansas, but Mitchell was wounded and taken off the field before Lyon was killed, hence his testimony is only hearsay. Frank J. Herron, afterwards Major-General, says :

“At the battle of Wilson Creek the last thing his [Lyon’s] eyes rested on was the First Iowa advancing in response to his order of ‘charge,’ and he fell within our ranks.”

History has tried but cannot rob us of this. *The official report of the Second Kansas says nothing about it*; its Colonel as an afterthought claimed it, and the Major of the First (not Second) Kansas says in his official report that when Mitchell and Lyon were shot they were in the rear of the First Kansas, which is impossible. General Schofield does not tell in his official report, and Major Sturgis did not know of the death until a half-hour afterwards. And there is where we are with “official reports.” I well remember the geography of the scene and the occasion, and have gone over the ground since and have studied it, but when I take the “official reports” of the movements of that day I find a jumble that it is impossible to reconcile. And of such is history made. The same difficulty is found in the reports of the Confederate officers; theirs are the most puzzling of all. They found twice as many of our dead on the field as we lost. Besides this, we hauled the dead and wounded of our regiment to Springfield, a detachment of wagons having come down from Springfield, starting at sunrise. About a dozen men of our company who were wounded were taken care of. Not a man of our company was left behind on the field.

We were not routed and had plenty of time to attend to our wounded, and we took good care of every one of them.

The Confederate returns say they lost of officers and men killed only 263. I saw more of them myself killed than that. Is it reasonable that an army of over 20,000, that had been engaged for six hours and had been driven all over the field, would quit and let us alone with a loss of a little over one per cent.? No, they did not let us alone until they had lost ten times that amount. I have but little faith in official reports of battles. In the official report of the battle by the Colonel of the "Pelican" regiment (Third Louisiana) I find nothing that I recognize except that he had a contest when he moved after Totten's battery, and that he "attacked the enemy and put them to flight." To this he adds:

"When the enemy made their final retreat my men were too exhausted to make a successful pursuit."

Yet he says that his regiment began fighting at 6 A. M. and lost in killed during the day only nine men. There must be some mistake about all this. The Pelican regiment were a brave lot of fighters, and for half an hour it was a question whether we could push them back. I saw a good deal more than nine of them killed, and they did not put anybody to flight, as far as I could see.

The Secesh called this battle "Oak Hills." I think that the reason that we were not pursued was that about 5000 of them had started for Arkansas and could not be halted. About 4000 more were *hors de combat*; they were very much "exhausted,"

as the Colonel of the "Pelicans" said, and besides all this their big supply train had been burned up and their mules scattered all over the country. How could they pursue us? It was a great sight to see their wagon-train burn; about five acres of wagons parked axle to axle. It was all set on fire in a dozen places by Totten's shells. I saw it all; I watched every shell, and the smoke rose in a heavy black pall over the landscape easterly of it, in which direction the wind lightly blew. We could have pursued them. Six months afterwards, engaged in taking to Rolla, from the Pea Ridge battle-field, what there was left of that Confederate army, I talked with many of the participants of the Wilson Creek battle. They all spoke of their great losses, and of the further fact that they were going toward Arkansas, when they were stopped, and turned back by mounted men who announced that we had returned to Springfield. Some of the Secesh had got 25 miles away in their flight south.

At a reunion many years afterwards an old Confederate soldier told a story of the battle in the following way:

"I was on camp guard that night and had put two roasting-eats in the ashes for my breakfast; when the Yanks came in I thought I would eat my breakfast and go; I pulled out the two roasting-eats, but could not eat them they were so hot. I ran about ten miles and then stopped to eat my roasting-eats, but they were still too hot, so I kept right on down into Arkansas."

A good story, of course overdrawn, but with a blue thread of truth in it.

The want of harmony between the Confederate generals helped us; McCullough was a regular Confederate general; while

Price outranked McCullough, the former, Price, was only a Missouri-commissioned General. The general story then was that they envied and disliked each other. In addition to this, the attack of Lyon was so unexpected and so furious that it could not be repulsed, except that it took time and numbers to do it. If Lyon had not been hurt we should probably have followed down Wilson creek and pursued the disorganized Confederate army, because they were burdened with mounted recruits who were so undisciplined that they did much harm and little good to their own cause, and only incited disorder and stampede.

Concerning Sigel I care to say but little. We Americans never liked him, but the Germans did. He was a little lean fellow, with a most impertinent face. He wore spectacles, and kept looking around like a weasel. He was said to have had a military education and to have been engaged in the German revolution and to have fought battles in the old country, and that all of his battles were fought while getting away from the enemy. The common sentiment and expression was, "Sigel is hell on the retreat." At the battle of Wilson Creek he was no good; he was timid and inefficient; one of his own men told me that Sigel in getting away from the battle, and a little distance therefrom, rode his horse headlong and jumped him over a stone fence. The road was too long; he was cutting across-lots. He rode on alone. He apparently lost entire control of himself and then of his men. They drove the rebels from their camp and then stopped to plunder it. It was a cavalry camp

and the number of horses was very great; each of Sigel's men wanted a horse or two, and went after them. They thought the battle was over. When the rebels had time to form and fight back, there were no troops in line of battle to oppose them, so they captured a lot of Sigel's artillery and ammunition and pointing it at us began firing it over our heads. All this took place across the creek from us, but at a distance farther down. We were all very sore at Sigel; the Germans stood by him, and so it was that he claimed afterwards the right to take Lyon's place. His brigade had been ruined, with a loss of only 15 killed, and we were all afraid of his generalship. Nevertheless he insisted on the supreme command.

Everybody supposed until evening that Sigel was killed on the battle-field, at least it was thus reported; so, when we drew back and formed our new line of battle, Major Sturgis took command, and held command until after we reached Springfield.

The Confederates had shown no tact or generalship. Their way of handling their men was brave but crude. During the battle, as fast as they could get a body of men together they went for us, but they never had enough men at one time. I am not sure that we were attacked by any very unequal numbers at once. They just came and kept coming at us as long as they could get any bodies of men to hold together. They did not all come at once or make any combined attacks. It was a process that would have worn us out if it could have been kept up for a long time, but it was vastly demoralizing to them. It taxed the bravery of their troops and kept them fighting at a

disadvantage. They fought well enough, but couldn't get anywhere. Their high officers were no good; they were like ours.

We boys on the death of Lyon wanted Totten to take command. His manner during the fight and his omnipresent way of getting around pleased us all. And in addition to that his lurid and picturesque language, and his volcanic commands, "Forward that caisson, G—d d—n you, sir," "Cut that shell one second and give them hell, G—d damnum," pleased us. Totten in his report tells how Lyon was twice wounded before he was finally shot and killed. He says:

"About this time, and just after the enemy had been effectually driven back, as last mentioned, I met General Lyon for the last time. He was wounded, he told me, in the leg, and I observed blood trickling from his head. I offered him some brandy, of which I had a small supply in my canteen, but he declined and rode slowly to the right and front."

If Totten had only one canteen and had "a small supply" left, this must have been about ten o'clock. "Johnny" Dubois, who had the other battery, was a dapper young gentleman, brave and educated, but Totten was older and was the man we liked.

The only officer we lost killed in the battle was Captain A. L. Mason, of Co. "C." He lived in Muscatine. He was a brave man and a very capable officer. The first soldier we had killed in the battle was Shelly Norman, from Muscatine, Co. "A." He was a young man, a large, blue-eyed blonde, and a great favorite. From his photograph the soldiers' monument at the State capital, Des Moines, was carved.

Concerning General Lyon, there has been much conjecture as to whether he did the right thing. I think that if he had not been killed he would have succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He had never been in any battle before that amounted to anything. It was new work for him, even if he was a regular army officer. He took dreadful chances. He never expected to rout the armies of Price and McCullough. He only intended to give them a scare and cause delay until he could get back to Rolla. But his raw soldiers fought better than he thought they would. He did not know much about war, but knew as much as the generals on the other side. It takes time and experience to educate general officers; they must fight some battles and learn how.

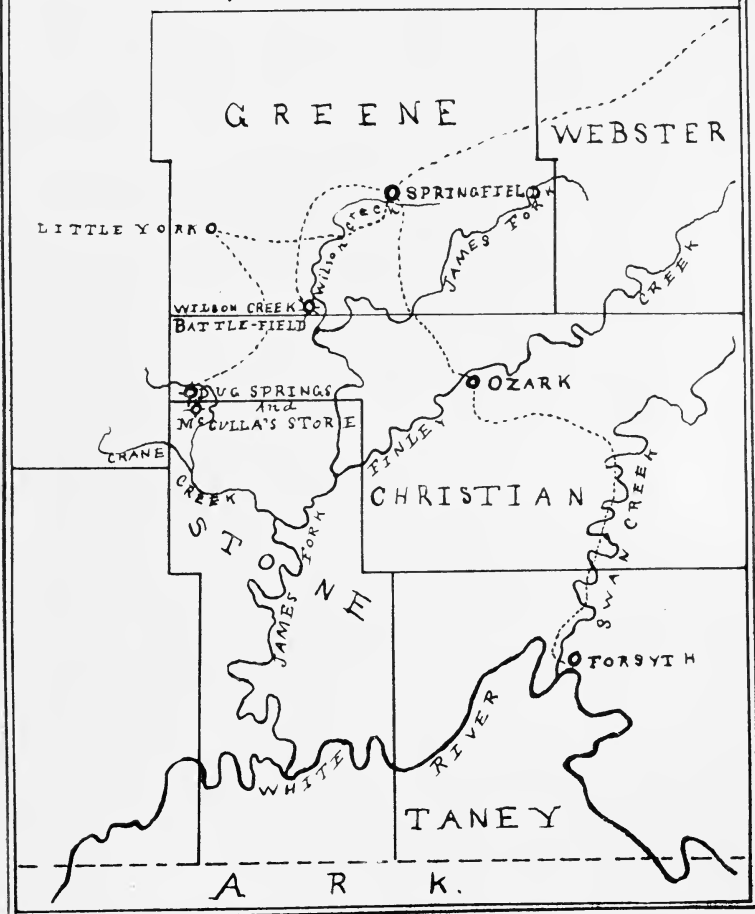
Lyon was a small man, lean, active and sleepless. He was not an old man, although he had wrinkles on the top of his nose. He had a look of incredulity; he did not believe things. He looked like an eccentric man, like an educated "crank." He looked like a man who knew absolutely that he knew. He looked like a man who would be willfully insubordinate. His hair was sandy-red and curly,—not kinky, but inclined to curl. His beard was worn full; it was a thin, struggling, meager, reddish, unattractive beard, and he pulled on it and jerked on it when he was talking decisively, probably pulling some of it out. He looked like a man who was ambitious and invasive; he was certainly hard-working and sleepless. There was something about his eyes that made me think they did not match, but I cannot describe how. His eyes seemed to look each sepa-

ately. He was not a man that had a poise. I think that mentally he was a good deal of a martinet. He believed in every man knowing his duty and doing it strictly. He was a man apparently with whom friendships would not count. He seemed to have no kind words for anybody. He was said to be an uncompromising abolitionist. I think that he was a harsh judge and disinclined to overlook any infraction of duties or military rules. His mental activity must have been intense. He believed in an iron rule. He was a man capable of grasping great occasions and doing great things, and at the same time a wasp to those around him. When he believed a thing he believed it hard. He had the courage and audacity of genius. I never liked him, nor did any of us as far as I ever could see, but we did believe that he was a brave and educated officer. He struck us all as a man devoted to duty, who thought duty, dreamed duty, and had nothing but "duty" on his mind. In the battle his beautiful dappled gray horse was also killed.

The body of General Lyon was brought to Springfield and turned over to Mrs. Phelps for burial, and buried near our former camp. It was afterwards taken up and carried to Connecticut and buried where he was born. His last words, after he was fatally wounded, were, "Lehman, I'm going up." Lehman was his orderly.

One thing which the battle of Wilson Creek forever settled, west of the Mississippi, was that a "mudsill" would fight. And another thing was forever settled, that one Southern man could not whip five Northern men. The delusion ended with Wilson Creek. It was never asserted, west of the Mississippi, afterwards.

MAP OF THE ROUTES
OF THE FIRST IOWA INFANTRY
TO DUG SPRINGS ^{AND} McCULLA'S STORE,
AND TO WILSON CREEK, MO.,
JULY 20, 1861, to AUGUST 10, 1861.



CHAPTER 31.

Sunset.—Arrived in Springfield.—Everything Hurly-burly.—Train sent to Rolla.—Paddy Miles's Boy.—Shoulder Painful.—Mace and Lize Turn Up.—Mace's best "holt."—Two Roads to Rolla.—Valley Road Blocked. Marched 32 miles August 11th.—Sturgis Takes Command.—Rear Guard.—August 20th.—Arrived in St. Louis.—Earthworks.—Camped in Arsenal.—August 21st.—Arsenal.—State Uniforms.—German Hospitality.—Frémont's Order.—Paid Off.—Provost Marshal.—Published Departure.—Reception at Home.—Thanks of Congress.

When we got into Springfield shortly after sunset we heard that at about noon the report of the death of Lyon had come in, and that all the army supplies and stores had been sent toward Rolla and that every merchant who could move anything had moved it. As we came into town, grocery merchants hailed us to come in and get what we wanted. One of our men took a ham, another found something to put some sugar in; some took one thing, some another. One merchant pounded in a sugar hogshhead on the street and told the boys to take all of it if they could. It was so with tobacco and nearly everything else. Union men did not want to furnish the rebel army with supplies. Everything was in a hurly-burly, and the officers were all swearing at each other. Having eaten the remainder of my loaf and toasted some beef on a ramrod, I found out that all of our blankets and camp-kettles had been sent off on the wagon-train. We wondered then why, if there were so much sugar and such lots of supplies in Springfield, our officers had not got them for us, long before this. This made us angry.

My companions and I then lay down on the ground, carefully folded the blue sky around us, and slept refreshingly all night until early in the morning, in the suburbs of Springfield. The sun rose then about a quarter past five and our rear guard did not leave Springfield until six o'clock. Up to this time we were absolutely unpursued and unmolested. Nor were we alarmed, because we thought they were going in one direction while we were going in another. All of our wounded boys were got into the hospital that night, but finally we got all those of our company into wagons and hauled them along. There was where "Guthrie and the mule" came in; the mule had been kept with the company wagon and now we had it, and the boys that were hurt took turns riding it, among whom was Milès ("Paddy Miles's boy"), who had been hit with a canister-shot or a shrapnel-bullet or something on his big brass army-belt buckle. It gave him a bellyache that was very painful but very ludicrous. For a while he walked a little, rode in the wagon a little, and rode some on Guthrie's mule; but in three days he was "for duty." From the night of the ninth I never had any blanket. Nor did I try to get one. They were full of "insects" and I felt better without. I had become like a deer. Deers do not need blankets. The weather was still hot, and it had not rained. I would not have carried a blanket if one had been given me. Before we left Springfield we were loaded up with ammunition.

I shot a gun either right- or left-handed, but my left eye was my best long-distance eye and I had fired my musket all the day of the battle left-handed; the result was that it had kicked me

so that when I got up the next day my left shoulder was black-and-blue and painful. I kept wetting my shoulder all day from my canteen. In addition to this, I was stiff all over. It will make any man stiff to stay in front of an active Confederate battery for five hours.

Corpular Mace and the company dog "Lize" turned up during the forenoon while marching away from Springfield. Both were fat and hearty. We asked Mace where he had been and why he had not helped us to fight the rebels; he replied, "Everybody has got their best holts—old Mace's best holt is cooking."

As stated before, there were two roads from Springfield to Rolla; one was the "mountain" road and the other was the "valley" road. On August 11th, the day after the battle, we marched 32 miles, with General Sigel in command; the boys did not like it. In the mean time rebel sympathizers on horseback had spread the word that we were retreating. The "valley" road was the best road for troops to travel on and the one over which the military trains and supplies generally came. In order to head off and ruin us the people along the valley route turned out, felled the trees, tore up the bridges and sealed up the road. We took the other one, and consequently the cavalry of the Confederacy were thus prevented from heading us off and beating us into Rolla, even if they had wanted to. At about the same time that we went into camp at the end of the day's march, on August 11th, the Confederate forces marched into the deserted little city of Springfield.

We had now, on our march, from five to seven miles of wagons in front of us. This march of 32 miles made the boys all angry. It looked like a flight. We got the impression that Sigel was scared, and had been scared all the time. The uproar grew and spread among the men, and grew and spread among the officers. We did not like to have it appear that we were running. The men demanded that somebody else should have charge, and the officers took it up and reiterated it. Among the upper officers backed by the men a great quarrel arose. We marched only three miles the second day. The officers finally demanded that Sigel step aside and that Sturgis should take command, and he did so. We then proceeded to Rolla and arrived by easy stages, camping near there on the afternoon of the 17th; we went into town on the 19th. Our company acted as rear guard on the 14th, but nothing occurred; we were not followed or harassed or troubled in any way. As we reached Rolla, McCullough and the southern troops marched back into Arkansas, leaving General Price with his Missouri troops at Springfield.

The First Iowa had left Renick and began marching June 19th. They reached Rolla and stopped marching on August 19th a space of two months. Henry O'Connor figured up that in those two months we marched 620 miles, an average of over ten miles a day. In our march from Springfield we passed through Lebanon and Waynesville, and crossed the Gasconade, Roubidoux and the Big and Little Piney rivers.

We were put into some flat and box cars August 19th, at Rolla, in the afternoon. We piled a lot of dirt into the center of each

car, held in place by fence-rails, and built fires on the dirt. We boiled coffee and toasted crackers and sang the "Happy Land of Canaan." We went slowly, inspecting every bridge. We were delivered near the arsenal in St. Louis toward evening of the 20th, in the presence of a vast crowd that yelled and cheered as if they could not make noise enough. We were then marched into a long room, where a square meal was waiting on some improvised tables. We each ate enough for two men. The moon was full. We walked around on the limited arsenal-grounds in groups in the moonlight, and then curled up on the grass and on the walks and anywhere we pleased, without blankets, and went to sleep in peace and quiet. It is such experience as we had had that makes a man appreciate a home. It is only through such experience that homes can be had.

Coming into St. Louis we noticed earthworks and rifle-pits extending for miles, as if a hostile army had been expected.

On August 21st we got up at 4 A. M. We had got into the habit of getting up early, and could not sleep in the morning. Jo Utter called the roll, and when he came to "Guthrie and the mule" the response was, "Guthrie here—mule on detached duty." The mule had gone into the Government corral at Rolla. Shortly after daylight and before breakfast a great accumulation of mail was delivered to us. We got mail by the bushel—letters and newspapers. Several letters from my father with money in all came at once. So with many others. We read our letters and had breakfast by sun-up. Then we all went down to the Mississippi river and had fun in the water.

On return to the arsenal there were boxes of uniforms sent us by the State. The State had been trying to get us clothed, but could not reach us. These State uniforms were very neat: a black hat, light-blue trousers, dress-coat buttoning up to the chin, made of fine cadet gray cloth, with light-blue collar and cuff trimmings. I got a uniform which fitted me as if a tailor had made it. In my gray coat I looked like a Confederate officer. We struck out for the barber-shops and bath-houses, and threw away everything we had. When we got our hair cut and got shaved and dressed up we all sought hotels and registered. That evening by order we had a *final dress-parade* at the arsenal and nobody would have known the regiment. We then received an invitation to march next day through the city and let the people see us. Next day, after dinner, we took a march up the city. We marched solidly in column of platoons. I venture to say that nothing in St. Louis ever received a greater ovation. The streets were packed for miles. We were marched, or rather run, for several miles on the double-quick. The people were immensely pleased. That was not the way that soldiers generally marched through the streets. We just went a-running and the people howled and yelled. Besides all this we were browned and tanned up like real sure-enough soldiers. This St. Louis reception was a great compensation to us. We felt very much gratified. When we were disbanded that evening at the arsenal we were told to go where we pleased and do as we pleased and report once a day at the arsenal, pending the making out of the payrolls. We were told that any man could keep his musket for eight dollars, to be charged on the payroll. We then disbanded. This was the

last time the First Iowa Infantry was ever together. We paid off Corporal Mace and bade him "Good-by." That night I found that I could not sleep in the hotel. It was hot and stuffy, and I floundered around until dawn. I found I could not sleep in a house. I was down at the arsenal in the morning at daybreak and found a lot of the other boys were feeling the same as I. I went to sleep out in the yard under a tree and was waked up about 9 o'clock by an orderly who told me to report to our Lieutenant at the Planter's House. I went there and he told me that he wanted me to work on the payrolls at five dollars per day. I began right off. Here my knowledge of what took place is obscured by my being busy, but I can say this much, that I never put my head out of the hotel but that—having on my First Iowa uniform—the first German who saw me took me by the arm to the nearest beer saloon, and after introducing me to every one he knew in the room, said: "You fights mit Sigel—you drinks mit me." I hardly dared appear on the street, otherwise I would soon be *hors de combat*. The boys all said that they never had such a time in their lives; they were not allowed to pay for anything; as soon as one of them gave out he was carefully put into a carriage and delivered at the arsenal. The Germans were fervently and joyfully patriotic; they could not do enough for anyone who had "fought mit Sigel." The intense rebel element in St. Louis was still alive and active, but it was driven entirely out of sight by the intensity and vigor of the enthusiastic patriotism of the Germans. I scarcely dared to put my head out of the door be-

cause I could not receive their vociferous hospitality and do any work on the payrolls. Most of our boys got, as Bill Huestis said, "fullern goats," but they could not help it. Museums, shows, restaurants and everything else were open to them without money and without price. The rebels got up a song that was circulated soon after, of which the refrain was,

"I've been to fight mit Sigel
And der G—d d—n Dutch."

The United States will always owe a debt of gratitude to the Germans of the Mississippi Valley. Most gallantly did they in hours of danger serve their adopted country, and uphold its flag.

About this time came out the following congratulatory order from General Frémont :

GENERAL ORDER, }	HDQRS. WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
No. 4. }	SAINT LOUIS, Mo., August 25, 1861.

I. The official reports of the commanding officers of the forces engaged in the battle near Springfield, Mo., having been received, the Major-General commanding announces to the troops embraced in his command, with pride and the highest commendation, the extraordinary services to their country and flag rendered by the division of the brave and lamented General Lyon.

For thus nobly battling for the honor of their flag he now publicly desires to express to the officers and soldiers his cordial thanks, and commends their conduct as an example to their comrades wherever engaged against the enemies of the Union.

Opposed by overwhelming masses of the enemy in a numerical superiority of upwards of 20,000 against 4300, or nearly five to one, the successes of our troops were nevertheless sufficiently marked to give to their exploits the moral effect of a victory.

II. The general commanding laments, in sympathy with the country, the loss of the indomitable General Nathaniel Lyon.

His fame cannot be better eulogized than in these words from the official report of his gallant successor, Major Sturgis, U. S. Cavalry: "Thus gallantly fell as true a soldier as ever drew a sword; a man whose honesty of purpose was proverbial; a noble patriot, and one who held his life as nothing where his country demanded it of him." Let all emulate his prowess and undying devotion to his duty.

III. The regiments and corps engaged in this battle will be permitted to have "Springfield" emblazoned on their colors, as a distinguishing memorial of their services to the nation.

IV. The names of the officers and soldiers mentioned in the official reports as most distinguished for important services and marked gallantry will be communicated to the War Department for the consideration of the Government.

V. This order will be read at the head of every company in this department.

By order of Major-General Frémont.

J. C. KELTON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Finally the payrolls were completed, and our company was the first one paid off. When we mustered for pay only two or three of the boys kept their muskets, I being one of the number; I hung onto "Orphan." But there were eleven of the boys who had fine rifles and shotguns which they smuggled through as souvenirs, though the finest one was the one that Seeger got, heretofore spoken of. When we came to be paid off at the rate of eleven dollars per month, the Government paid us cash for all the clothes which we did not get and fifteen cents each for all the rations which we did not get by regular issue; the result was that I got three twenty-dollar gold-pieces and five or six dollars of silver, for what I had done and endured. This sum did not look very large, but it was lots better than getting killed and

being dead. The balance we got in glory, which was very acceptable and in reality very valuable. Then our company was put on a river boat and we steamed up the Mississippi. I had suffered for want of sleep in St. Louis because I could not sleep in a house, and could not sleep if I were undressed. Going up on the boat I slept much of the time.

The only event of importance on our trip up the river was the quarrel between Huestis and Corporal Churubusco. The latter, as has been stated, was left ill on the porch of Congressman Phelps, in Springfield, and did not get into the big battle, but recovered, and reached St. Louis with us. While there he was principally engaged in telling to eager listeners the story of the battle. He always had a crowd standing around him in wrapt attention, with their tongues hanging out, listening to his lurid depiction of the fight, and what "my company" did. Some of the boys did not like it; among them Huestis. Besides that, the Corporal romanced. Afterwards, when going up home on the boat, Huestis followed the Corporal around, and when he found the latter filling up passengers and deck-hands with the details of the battle Huestis would interrupt and say that the speaker was not in the battle. Huestis stayed with the Corporal so persistently and shut him up so completely that a quarrel ensued, which ended by Huestis saying to the Corporal: "The seven biggest liars in the First Iowa are in Co. 'E.' I am one of them and you are the other six." Which was a paraphrase on one of Lincoln's stories.

In addition to there being an intensely rebel sentiment, at the time, St. Louis was full of rebel spies. They were being ar-

rested hourly. Every effort was made by the secesh to foment a rising, and to take charge of things. A General John McKinstry had been appointed Provost Marshal General, and he was kept quite busy. The working of all this was seen in the newspaper article that chronicled our departure from the city. On August 30th, the daily papers said: "Several regiments from Iowa, Illinois and other States departed yesterday by boat." This was all. It will be noticed that the destination was not given, nor any circumstances. The going home of several regiments, if published, would have brought joy to the hearts of the thousands of Copperheads and spies who wanted to see some evidence that the Union cause was waning and who wanted to give the glad news to their rebel friends in the South. And the condition of society was such, and the Union hung in such a trembling balance, that such news had to be suppressed. In addition to this, we were loaded on at night with a picket-guard all around, so that no one could get aboard or have a chance to ask questions. The war was on; and St. Louis was in the enemy's territory. It was on slave soil; but an army of loyal and brave Missourians helped save it.

We were slow in going from St. Louis to our Iowa home; we approached the city about 11 A. M., Saturday, August 31. Canons began to boom; 20,000 people were at the wharves to see us and welcome us. We sang the "Happy Land of Canaan," for the last time as a company, when the boat rounded to. There stood two new-formed regiments at a present arms; we marched up between them until we struck a triumphal arch and a platform; the Governor had to welcome us, and the Mayor had to

respond. We had to be thanked for not marching off from the field to the sound of booming cannon, when a battle was pending, as some of the Eastern regiments had done when their time had expired. And we had to be thanked for showing the soldiers of Iowa to all future generations how things ought to be done. And then we were thanked for a lot more things patriotic and historic, general and special, and then we were told that we each had written his name high on the scroll of fame, whatever that was. We did not care much for all this; we saw the same old girls in the crowd, and we wanted to hear a few words from them. We wanted the freedom of the city and a welcoming address from *them*. We wanted to make a few sensible remarks ourselves. We were marched into a large temporarily constructed "wigwam" and were given dinner and were waited on by our relatives, whom we thus got a chance to see. On the outside was a rushing, roaring, surging sea of humanity that wanted to see and talk with the boys. The two regiments protected us, and when dinner was over we were taken to carriages and driven to our homes or wherever we wanted to go. When I got home I heard for the first time that I had been reported killed at the battle of Wilson Creek, and my mother had been in agony and suspense until, ten days after that, my father, in response to telegram, had found out differently. We had been missed when we went off to buy peaches after the battle. On Monday, September 2, we gave an exhibition drill at the fair-grounds to 15,000 people.

Four months after this I was riding from Rolla to Springfield and Wilson Creek in an Iowa cavalry regiment that became

noted, and I went over the whole scene with as strange feelings as a mortal ever felt.

Why should we not thus go back into the army? The girls had been praising us so that we felt it incumbent on us to prove that we could do it over again if we wanted—and we did.

Without the inspiration of women there could be no armies, no great battles, and but little of what we call “history.”

We all wound up by getting the thanks of everybody, and finally of Congress. We were all proud of it; and the glory of it compensated us for all of our exertions and privations, especially as the President ordered it read at the head of *every regiment in the United States*. Here is the way it came as printed, and when so printed 500 or 600 of the First Iowa boys were already back again in the service for “three years or during the war,”—mostly as officers.

THANKS OF U. S. CONGRESS TO GENERAL LYON'S COMMAND.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 111. }

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, December 30, 1861.

The following acts of Congress are published for the information of the Army:

JOINT RESOLUTION expressive of the recognition by Congress of the gallant and patriotic services of the late Brigadier-General Nathaniel Lyon, and the officers and soldiers under his command, at the battle of Springfield, Missouri.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, 1. That Congress deems it just and proper to enter upon its records a recognition of the eminent and patriotic services of the late Brigadier-Gen-

eral Nathaniel Lyon. The country to whose service he devoted his life will guard and preserve his fame as a part of its own glory.

2. That the thanks of Congress are hereby given to the brave officers and soldiers who, under the command of the late General Lyon, sustained the honor of the flag, and achieved victory against overwhelming numbers at the battle of Springfield, in Missouri; and that, in order to commemorate an event so honorable to the country and to themselves, it is ordered that each regiment engaged shall be authorized to bear upon its colors the word, "Springfield," embroidered in letters of gold. And the President of the United States is hereby requested to cause these resolutions to be read at the head of every regiment in the Army of the United States.

Approved December 24, 1861.

V. The President of the United States directs that the foregoing joint resolution be read at the head of every regiment in the Army of the United States.

By command of Major-General McClellan:

L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.

Here I bid adieu to the First Iowa Infantry and the reader. I am glad my life has been spared, that I am hale and hearty, that my diary and memorandums were preserved, and that I could write this book. "CORPULAR LINK."

Finished this Sept. 1, 1907, at Topeka, Kansas.

APPENDIX A.

[Extract from article in Vol. 39, page 341, *Journal Military Service*.
Written by Brigadier-General Henry Clay Wood, U. S. A.]

“On the fifth of June, 1861, a detachment of two hundred and eight recruits—one hundred and fifty assigned to the Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, twenty-eight to Troops B and G, First Dragoons, and thirty to Troops G and I, Second Dragoons, all which organizations were then stationed, I think, in New Mexico—arrived at Fort Leavenworth from Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, under the command of Captain Washington L. Elliott, Mounted Riflemen. . . .

“Some fifty of these recruits were attached as artillery to a battery of four guns, immediately commanded by Second Lieutenant John V. Du Bois, Mounted Riflemen. The remaining one hundred and fifty-odd were organized into two companies, armed as infantry and commanded, infantry and artillery, by Captain Elliott.

“The command left Fort Leavenworth June 12th, and at first these recruits with other troops were engaged in dispersing rebel organizations at Liberty and Independence, Missouri; later, all the forces, assembling at Kansas City, marched through western Missouri to join the command of General Nathaniel Lyon, soon to move south from Boonville, Missouri.

“The column was commanded by Major Samuel D. Sturgis, First Cavalry, and consisted of Troop C, Second Dragoons; Troops B, C, D and I, First Cavalry; Companies B, C, and D,

First Infantry; E, Second Infantry; Captain Elliott's Artillery and Infantry Recruits, of the United States Army; and the First and Second Regiments of Kansas volunteers, about 2200 men. Having united with General Lyon's column of about 2400 men, all the troops called the Army of the West were concentrated in the vicinity of Springfield, Missouri.

"On July 24th Captain Elliott* was relieved from duty with the recruits and assigned to the command of Troop D, First Cavalry; Company B, of these recruits serving as infantry, was attached to the battalion of the Second Infantry, and Company A of these Mounted Rifle and Dragoon recruits (seventy-seven) was attached to the First Infantry battalion; a detachment of General Service recruits, then commanded by Captain Sweeney, was broken up and assigned to Companies B, C and D, First Infantry, in such manner as to equalize the strength of these companies."

*Captain Elliott became Major-General and commander of cavalry on the Potomac. Afterwards the writer of this book was chosen by him as an Aide-de-Camp.

APPENDIX B.

I append hereto a roster of the entire regiment. I have tried to make this roster as accurate as possible. I have not depended upon the Adjutant General's Report of Iowa, but have corrected it by all available means, among which are the records of the Pension Bureau and the War Department at Washington. The report of the Adjutant-General of Iowa was very faulty; it was made during the stress of war. I have corrected 298 mistakes and omissions in the names of the officers and men. I am not yet sure that I have the roll perfect. I have all the names, but some of them seem to have been spelled more than one way.

ROSTER OF FIELD AND STAFF.

John F. Bates.....	Colonel.
William H. Merritt.....	Lieutenant-Colonel.
Asbury B. Porter.....	Major.
George W. Waldron.....	Adjutant.
Theodore Guelich.....	Quartermaster.
William H. White.....	Surgeon.
Hugo Reichenbach.....	Assistant Surgeon.
Isaac K. Fuller, Pvt. Co. I...	Acting Chaplain.
Charles E. Compton.....	Sergeant-Major.
William W. Hughes.....	Quartermaster Sergeant.
Samuel Holmes.....	Hospital Steward.
Thomas H. Cummings.....	Drum-Major.
Henry M. Kilmartin.....	Fife-Major.

ROSTER OF CO. "A," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Markoe Cummings.....	Captain.
Benjamin Beach.....	First Lieutenant.
George A. Satterlee.....	Second Lieutenant.
Hugh J. Campbell.....	First Sergeant.
William C. Fessler.....	Second Sergeant.
Christian Mellinger.....	Third Sergeant.
William Jackson.....	First Corporal.
Henry Narvis.....	Second Corporal.
Joseph Bilkay.....	Third Corporal.
Henry Tschillard.....	Fourth Corporal.
Thos. H. Cummings.....	Musician.
George W. Connor.....	Musician.

. PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Baird, Robert B.	Dean, Edwin.
Barrick, Joseph.	Deming, Charles.
Bartholomew, Chas.	Donley, Felix.
Biles, Joseph.	Evans, Henry.
Bitzer, Galbraith.	Ewing, David L.
Blackcart, Christian.	Fengle, Peter.
Brown, Newton M.	Fisher, Francis.
Cargill, Alexander.	Fisher, William.
Clark, Judson.	Fitzgerald, Ezekiel G.
Compton, Charles E.	Fobes, Reuben.
Crabb, John.	Geiger, Francis.
Creitz, Lewis F.	Getter, William.
Cummins, Alex. S.	Gifford, Edmund J.
Daniels, George.	Greenhow, George F.
Davis, Peter E.	Hacker, Adam.

Heaton, Francis M.	Moritz, Charles.
Hine, Charles W.	Morton, Thomas.
Holmes, Ephraim C.	Norman, Shelly.
Holmes, Samuel.	O'Connor, Henry.
Hoover, Charles.	Orr, Samuel T.
Hyink, Henry.	Peckham, George O.
Ingersoll, Robert M.	Perry, Henry.
Jackson, Bennet F.	Pratt, James G.
Johnson, Samuel.	Richardson, Joseph W.
Jones, Thomas.	Richter, Henry.
Kean, Addison.	Reiley, George B.
Kearn, Christian.	Ritchie, William S.
Keife, Mathias.	Ritz, Christian S.
Kenneday, James.	Reed, Charles.
Kepner, Edward.	Rupp, William S.
Kilvington, George.	Seibert, Henry.
Kilvington, John.	Sergall, John H.
Kirkendoll, Edward.	Shaw, Francis L.
Lantz, George.	Stein, Madison B.
Lantz, Samuel.	Stockon, Charles.
Lobler, Joseph.	Strohm, John.
Long, Newton G.	Sweeny, David.
Lucas, Jesse.	Taylor, William G.
Maginnis, Thomas.	Upham, Emerson O.
Manly, Samuel.	White, Hiram A.
Mikesell, Martin L.	Wiley, John J.
Miller, Alexander.	Woodward, Asa.
Miller, John W.	Yazell, John J.
Moeller, Werner.	Zollner, John.

Total in Company, 100.

ROSTER OF CO. "B," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Bradley Mahana.....	Captain.
Harvey Graham.....	First Lieutenant.
Andrew Jackson Rians.....	Second Lieutenant.
Lewis William Talbott.....	First Sergeant.
Charles Newhall Lee.....	Second Sergeant.
Zachariah Shearer.....	Third Sergeant.
John Henry Gurkee.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Abraham Lenington McPherson...	First Corporal.
James Robertson.....	Second Corporal.
John Washington Kinsey.....	Third Corporal.
Phillip Thomas.....	Fourth Corporal.
Robert Steward Scott.....	Musician.
Andrew H. Statler.....	Musician.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Allen, Mark D.	Cleveland, David.
Austin, Samuel Bruce.	Corlett, Josiah Kinley.
Ballard, Henry Wyman.	Craig, Loren Russell.
Banks, Francis Bradley.	Decamp, William Miller.
Besett, John.	Dennis, George Washington.
Bick, John.	Dillon, Loyd Haynes.
Bick, William.	Douglass, Cyrus.
Boarts, James Andrew.	Edgington, James Edward.
Boots, John Wesley.	Ferguson, William.
Brooks, McHenry.	Ford, Ira.
Brown, Alexander Hamilton.	Gettings, James Andrews.
Burns, Patrick Henry.	Goldsmith, Oliver Burdett.
Butler, William.	Goodrell, Wm. H. Harrison.
Campion, Mitchell.	Hampton, Rich. Malcom.

Harbet, Thomas Jefferson.
Harbert, William Daniel.
Hills, William Henry.
Hilton, Chas. Henry.
Hirene, Timothy.
Holding, Nelson.
Hoyt, Thomas.
Hughes, Wm. Wallace.
Jackson, Leander Mavill.
Judson, Wm. H. Harrison.
Lake, Constance Sweeny.
Langdon, Burton Everington.
Lattie, Joseph Franklin.
Lewis, James Miller.
Lindsey, Thos. Wilson.
Linn, Richard.
Long, Alexander Q.
Lurwick, Jacob George.
McGuire, John Thomas.
Madden, Lemuel.
Marvin, William Edgar.
Moffitt, William.
Morrison, Thomas.
Muncy, William Redner.
Murray, James.
Parrott, Francis Asbury.
Payne, Thomas.

Total in Company, 95.

Pinny, Alvin Wilbur.
Pumphrey, Horace Boone.
Reynolds, John Nelson.
Rodgers, Wm. Lafayette.
Sailer, Henry William.
Sale, Timothy Hollister.
Schell, Joseph Franklin.
Schell, William John.
Sedgwick, Samuel Woolford.
Shockey, George Hoblitzell.
Simmonds, David Miller.
Smith, Aaron Miller.
Smith, Alcines Townsend.
Smith, George William.
Sweetman, John Wesley.
Teeter, John.
Thompson, Charles Edward.
Tillottson, Theodore.
Trask, Eugene Frederick.
Trimble, James Harrison.
Truesdell, James Theodor.
Tyler, William.
Walker, Alonzo.
Walters, George Alexander.
Watson, James.
Wheeler, John Henry.
Wolf, Wilson Wesley.

ROSTER OF CO. "C," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Alexander L. Mason.....	Captain.
William Pursell.....	First Lieutenant.
William F. Davis.....	Second Lieutenant.
William Grant.....	First Sergeant.
Charles G. Hayes.....	Second Sergeant.
Samuel V. Lambert.....	Third Sergeant.
Alexander Buchanan.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Walter F. Devereux.....	First Corporal.
Edmond L. Swem.....	Second Corporal.
Abram N. Snyder.....	Third Corporal.
Benjamin S. Stone.....	Fourth Corporal.
Leonidas Fowler.....	Musician.
Enoch O. Lundy.....	Musician.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Ake, Samuel.	Cassell, Eri F.
Armstrong, Robert.	Chamberlain, Henry C.
Auge, Marcel.	Cochrane, Matthew.
Baxter, George W.	Cogdal, John F. M.
Beatty, John.	Couch, Edward L.
Bennett, Orlando V.	Crooker, Lewis M.
Bouton, Jonathan B.	Crow, John H.
Branson, William.	Crow, Joseph.
Bridges, Jackson J.	Davis, Zechariah.
Buckingham, Silas.	Denton, Jacob.
Buke, William.	Etherton, Moses.
Burns, Edward C.	Fligor, David M.
Burris, Benjamin.	Fobes, Benjamin F.
Butman, Asa.	Fox, Charles S.

Friend, William H.	Mingo, Laurence.
Fuller, Henry M.	Morgrige, Henry S.
Gaskill, David.	Narves, Albert.
Gates, John C.	Norton, Jerome.
Gertenback, John.	Ogilvie, William.
Gibson, Charles D.	Oldridge, Jasper D.
Graves, Americus.	Patton, Eubert.
Graw, John M.	Parkin, William.
Hafemeister, Rudolph.	Pickering, William.
Hamilton, Frank L.	Pursell, Thaddeus C.
Harriman, John A.	Ray, Andrew.
Hart, William.	Ricketts, Jacob H.
Heckler, George W.	Schenck, Charles G.
Hendrickson, Andrew.	Schultz, Frederick G.
Huxly, E. Ritchards.	Shane, Abram A.
Jenkins, Samuel.	Skinner, William J.
Jewell, Aaron V.	Stewart, Samuel.
Kane, John.	Stewart, William M.
Karn, Jacob.	Stone, William G.
Kelley, Pierce.	Straub, Charles H.
Kent, Jephtha L.	Tompkins, Silas W.
Lane, Joseph.	Tullis, Smith H.
McCoy, Richard H.	Twigg, William M.
McNatton, Joseph H.	Underwood, James R.
Madden, Richard R.	Van Buren, Edwin P.
Manly, William.	Walters, Cyrus.
Meurer, Gotlieb.	Wright, Lyman.
Michener, Charles C.	Wright, Oscar.

Total in Company, 97.

ROSTER OF CO. "D," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Charles Leopold Matthies.....	Captain.
Mathias Keller.....	Captain.
Mathias Keller.....	First Lieutenant.
Joseph Enderle.....	First Lieutenant.
Theodor Waldschmidt.....	Second Lieutenant.
Joseph Enderle.....	Second Lieutenant.
William Alex. Haw.....	First Sergeant.
George Schaefer.....	Second Sergeant.
Henry Rose.....	Third Sergeant.
Theodor Waldschmidt.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Charles Knapp.....	First Corporal.
Charles Leopold.....	Second Corporal.
Frank H. Westerman.....	Third Corporal.
George Willett.....	Fourth Corporal.
William Christ.....	Musician.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Bates, Lewis.	Grünschlag, Philip.
Becker, Earnest.	Henn, John.
Bickler, Lewis.	Henrichs, Anton.
Bonitz, Edmond.	Hille, Frank.
Bouquet, Nicolas.	Hohkamp, Casper.
Bruokner, Charles.	Hohkamp, Henry.
Buss, William.	Hohmbrecher, Gustav.
Eberhard, Herrmann.	Hoog, Stephen.
Fahr, Ferdinand.	Hoschle, Frederic.
Feiertag, Laurens.	Hupprick, Anton.
Griese, Christ.	Jenger, Joseph.
Grothe, William.	Jockers, Charles.

Kamphofner, Fred.	Rommel, Fridolin.
Kasiske, Lewis.	Romminger, John.
Kaskel, Julius Wm.	Rothenberger, John.
Kettner, Herrmann.	Rotteck, Ernest.
Klay, John Ulric.	Ruokert, John.
Klein, Henry.	Ruff, George.
Klein, Theobold.	Schaeffer, Gregor.
Klett, Sebastian.	Schaelling, Henry.
Knaup, Theodor.	Scheuermann, Jacob.
Kohller, John.	Schlapp, George.
Koppenhöfer, Jacob.	Scholl, Jacob.
Kummer, Henry Chas.	Scholtz, Robert.
Lang, Philip.	Schoume, Martin.
Leonhard, Frederic.	Schramm, Frederic.
Limburg, Conrad.	Schrey, Christ.
Limle, Charles Fred.	Schulz, August.
Lotz, Adolph.	Schulz, Charles.
Mersch, Caspar.	Sequin, David.
Merz, Robert.	Soechtig, Fred. Charles.
Merz, Samuel.	Starkman, William.
Miller, August.	Stumpppy, Henry.
Mohn, Peter.	Wagner, Charles.
Nagel, Andre.	Wagner, John Conrad.
Nesselhaus, August.	Wasmer, John.
Ott, Godfred.	Weber, John.
Otto, John C.	Weber, Mickel.
Pieper, John Christ.	Wilde, Christ.
Rager, Christ.	Wolhaf, Gottlieb.
Rinker, Adolph.	

Total in Company, 94.

ROSTER OF CO. "E," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

George F. Streaper.....	Captain.
John C. Abererombie.....	First Lieutenant.
George W. Pierson.....	Second Lieutenant.
Joseph Utter.....	First Sergeant.
John Reed.....	Second Sergeant.
Abram A. Harbach.....	Third Sergeant.
Spencer Johnson.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Joseph O. Shannon.....	First Corporal.
Robert N. Heisey.....	Second Corporal.
William J. Fuller.....	Third Corporal.
Barton T. Ryan.....	Fourth Corporal.
Henry M. Kilmartin.....	Musician, Fife.
William I. Tizzard.....	Musician, Drum.
Charles J. May.....	Company Clerk.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Adams, Martin.	Cameron, Charles O.
Armstrong, Robert R.	Campbell, Wm. J.
Barnard, John.	Canfield, Thomas S.
Beatty, John N.	Carter, John.
Beltzer, John A.	Chapman, Samuel M.
Boeckman, John A.	Collins, John.
Bradley, George.	Cousins, Henry C.
Bradley, Jacob S.	Creighton, Hugh L.
Brandebury, Wm. F.	Creighton, Samuel H.
Bristow, George W.	Crowder, John E.
Brown, Edward P.	Deadrick, Frederick J.
Bruckner, Joseph.	Delaplaine, Joshua W.
Bush, Loren T.	Donsayes, Charles J.

Dreulard, James.	Mathews, John P.
Dreulard, John S.	Matson, Daniel.
Eads, Oliver P.	Merrill, Alfred L.
English, James M.	Miles, Reuben.
Espy, John.	Nesselhouse, Phillip.
Fairbanks, Augustus J.	Newland, John E.
Field, Henry A.	Payne, William R.
Galen, Peter.	Pollock, Robert M.
Ganz, William.	Rhamey, Richard M.
Gregory, William.	Riggs, Charles.
Grimes, Jacob M.	Roberts, Aurelius.
Guthrie, James H.	Robinson, Henry N.
Hart, Thomas H.	Rogers, Newton J.
Heizer, Samuel B.	Schaar, Joseph.
Hills, Henry A.	Schramm, Ernest.
Huestis, William P.	Seeger, John G.
Jaggar, Myron M.	Shedd, James A.
Johnson, Augustus.	Shiffert, Reuben.
Johnson, Frank.	Smith, James.
Johnson, Frank B.	Strasler, Mark.
Jordon, William F.	Stypes, Charles.
Kimball, Charles H.	Swaggart, John P.
King, Charles P.	Syester, William H.
Lawrence, George.	Ulrich, Albert.
Linton, Ira.	Vannice, Robert R.
McBeth, Brice.	Wall, Andrew F.
McClure, Joseph D.	Ware, Eugene F.
McLane, Richard.	Wetzel, Jerry K.
Martin, Stephen.	Williams, Clarence.
Mathews, Isaac P.	

Total in Company, 99.

ROSTER OF CO. "F," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Samuel M. Wise.....	Captain.
George A. Stone.....	First Lieutenant.
Simeon F. Roderick.....	Second Lieutenant.
Thomas J. Pugh.....	First Sergeant.
Henry C. Jennings.....	Second Sergeant.
Daniel C. Strang.....	Third Sergeant.
James W. Clark.....	Fourth Sergeant.
George W. Field	First Corporal.
Clement M. Bird.....	Second Corporal.
Nathaniel T. Smith.....	Third Corporal.
Jonathan R. Whippo.....	Fourth Corporal.
William K. Leisenring.....	Musician.
Resen S. Buffington.....	Musician.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Adams, Samuel A.	Buckingham, Goodcil, Jr.
Airey, Joseph P.	Clark, James S.
Bailey, Benjamin F.	Conklin, William.
Balbuch, Conrad.	Connor, Ansel B.
Barker, Charles E.	Cook, John P.
Barr, George W.	Cornwell, Alpheus.
Bartow, Cyrus.	Cramer, George.
Benson, Henry H.	Davis, Joseph B.
Bereman, Tilghman H.	De Long, Daniel J.
Bowman, Francis M.	Dewey, William W.
Boyles, William A.	Fegtle, Samuel M.
Brooks, William S.	Fluke, Lyman L.
Brothers, John.	Griffith, James M.
Brown, Richard T.	Hamilton, Robert W.

Hanson, Charles A.
 Hardenbrook, Thos.
 Hartman, Joseph.
 Heacock, William A.
 Hemenway, Edward.
 Hobart, Franklin.
 Hobart, William K.
 Holland, James C.
 Howe, Warrington P.
 Lane, Groves M.
 Lucas, Benjamin W.
 McClure, Andrew J.
 McGrew, John P.
 McMillan, Jos. W.
 Mann, Franklin.
 Marsh, Thomas J.
 Martin, Edward P.
 Miller, Thomas B.
 Millspaugh, John R.
 Mitchell, David T.
 Molesworth, Jos. S.
 Moore, James M.
 Morehead, John M.
 Moulton, Charles O.
 Munger, Jacob M.
 Murphy, William L.
 Murray, Edwin H.
 Parker, Hiram.

Pennock, Jesse D.
 Pollack, Nathaniel W.
 Porter, Watson B.
 Rhodes, Isaac N.
 Ritner, Jacob B.
 Roberts, John W.
 Rock, Francis.
 Roseman, James.
 Ross, William F.
 Satterthwaite, Joshua W.
 Schreiner, Edward L.
 Serviss, Lorenzo.
 Shulz, William.
 Smith, George W.
 Stevens, Andrew B.
 Stubbs, Daniel.
 Stubbs, Jesse.
 Thompson, Smith.
 Tibbetts, James M.
 Van Arsdale, Frank B.
 Van Arsdale, James O.
 Virgin, Alexander C.
 Virgin, William T.
 Whippo, Jacob V.
 White, James H.
 White, William L.
 Wooderow, Charles W.
 Zollars, Thomas J.

Total in Company, 97.

ROSTER OF CO. "G," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Augustus Wentz.....	Captain.
Theodore Guelich.....	First Lieutenant.
Johannes Ahlefeldt.....	Second Lieutenant.
Ernst Claussen.....	First Sergeant.
Louis Schoen.....	Second Sergeant.
Frank Dittmann.....	Third Sergeant.
Charles F. Stühmer.....	Fourth Sergeant.
William S. Mackenzie.....	First Corporal.
Gustav A. Koch.....	Second Corporal.
Claus Rohwer.....	Third Corporal.
John F. Doerscher.....	Fourth Corporal.
Theodore Rutenbeck.....	Musician.
August Anzorge.....	Musician.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Altmann, Charles.	Einfeldt, Peter.
Arp, Ernst.	Enderle, Anton.
Asbahr, Hans.	Enderle, Joseph.
Averbeck, Heinrich.	Feistkorn, Charles.
Baasch, Heinrich W.	Fellentreter, Andreas.
Barche, Christian.	Fey, Christian.
Becker, Peter.	Fischer, Julius F.
Benedix, Christian.	Fridholdt, Friedrich.
Brammer, Delter.	Giesecke, August.
Brammer, Hans.	Gradert, George.
Caldwell, James B.	Hansen, Johannes.
Dose, Fritz.	Hemmelberg, Heinrich.
Dresky, William Von.	Hess, Fritz.
Eggers, Johannes.	Jurgensen, Sievert.

Karstens, Heinrich.
 Kellemen, Alexander.
 Kiel, William.
 Koch, Ferdinand W.
 Kohlbry, August.
 Kortum, Christian.
 Kreiborn, Fritz.
 Lüthen, Johann.
 Lüthje, Marx.
 Magnus, Emil.
 Massow, Heinrich.
 Matthes, Carl.
 Matthiessen, Jens.
 Meisner, Armilius.
 Moeller, Claus H.
 Murbach, Johann Jacob.
 Nehm, Hans Juergen.
 Neire, August.
 Niemann, Heinrich.
 Nissen, Edward.
 Pahl, Henry.
 Paulsen, Claus F.
 Peters, Johann H.
 Petersen, Christian.
 Petersen, Fritz.
 Petersen, Johann.
 Pfaff, Jacob.

Popp, Johann H.
 Prien, Friedrich Joachim.
 Rahn, Hans.
 Reimers, Hans.
 Reinhardt, Bernhard.
 Roddewig, Friedrich.
 Rohde, Heinrich.
 Rohlf, August.
 Rosburg, Heinrich.
 Schlünz, Hans.
 Schnepel, Louis.
 Schroepfer, Yost.
 Selken, Henry.
 Siekel, Carl.
 Sievers, Heinrich.
 Sloanaker, Theodore A.
 Spohr, William H.
 Steffen, August.
 Stisser, Franz.
 Stoltenberg, Heinrich.
 Tadewald, Conrad.
 Tank, Juergen.
 Timm, August.
 Voss, Christian.
 Voss, Hans.
 Wegner, Friedrich.
 Wright, Heinrich.

Total in Company, 95.

ROSTER OF CO. "H," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Frederick Gottschalk.....	Captain.
Jacob Duttle.....	First Lieutenant.
Joseph Geiger.....	Second Lieutenant.
Julius Leinemann	First Sergeant.
Frederick Dettmer.....	Second Sergeant.
Charles Schaeffer.....	Third Sergeant.
Theodore Stimming.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Henry Meyer.....	First Corporal.
Frank Rhomberg.....	Second Corporal.
Frederick Gallee.....	Third Corporal.
Frederick Stange.....	Fourth Corporal.
Abraham Herbst.....	Musician.
Ulrich Wyss.....	Musician.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Aeby, Benoit.	Eichman, Nicolas.
Amberg, Ernst.	Emnett, Joseph.
Becker, William.	Fischer, Louis.
Bloechlinger, Antony.	Frey, John.
Bohlig, John.	Goennel, Louis.
Bossler, John.	Groetzinger, Theodore.
Brassel, Ulrich.	Guillien, Emil.
Bruderlin, Albert.	Haenni, Samuel.
Budden, Henry.	Henke, Charles.
Buchler, George.	Hoeffle, Jacob.
Buchler, Leonhard.	Hoffman, John.
Conzett, David.	Horr, George.
Deggendorff, Frank.	Jaeger, Bernard.
Doerr, Adam.	Jaeggi, Peter.

Jordan, James.	Schoeni, Andrew.
Jungk, August.	Schueter, Conrad.
Kargel, George.	Schumacher, Leo.
Keene, James.	Siegrist, David.
Krueger, Henry.	Steimle, John.
La Nicca, Simon.	Tuegel, Herrman.
Lampert, John.	Valerius, Jacob.
Lauffer, Henry.	Weigel, John.
Lichtenhain, Jesse.	Weirich, Ezekiel.
May, Victor.	Werb, John.
Merz, Edward.	Wiedmayer, Charles.
Meyer, Dietrich.	Wiedner, Gustavus.
Meyer, William.	Wiedner, Ernst.
Mohrmann, Adolph.	Wiedner, Julius.
Moy, Rudolf.	Wiegner, Michael.
Nessler, Mathias.	Wienand, Rudolf.
Otte, Frank.	Wille, William.
Rein, Jacob.	Winninghoff, Henry.
Roehl, Charles.	Wisner, Salomon.
Roepe, John.	Yount, John.
Sauer, Henry.	Zimmerman, John.
Schaus, Mathias.	Zimmerman, Martin.
Total in Company, 85.	

ROSTER OF CO. "I," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Frank J. Herron.....	Captain.
William H. Clark.....	First Lieutenant.
George W. Waldron.....	Second Lieutenant.
Samuel F. Osborne.....	First Sergeant.
Amos Russell.....	Second Sergeant.
Henry B. Gifford.....	Third Sergeant.
Jeremiah B. Howard.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Valconlon J. Williams.....	First Corporal.
Robert Williams.....	Second Corporal.
Edwin M. Newcomb.	Third Corporal.
Cyrus D. Fletcher.....	Fourth Corporal.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Baird, William R.	Darrah, Henry C.
Bale, Edward E.	Dickinson, Wm. P.
Ballou, George H.	Duncan, Nathaniel E.
Barron, Francis.	Eason, Theodore G.
Becket, Edward.	Edwards, John T.
Bell, John.	Emily, Anthony.
Bennett, Orson W.	Fishel, Robert.
Beveridge, James W.	Germain, George C.
Burrowes, Thomas.	Germain, Lewis J.
Carberry, Francis H.	Gift, John W.
Casnet, Joseph.	Gould, Charles.
Clark, Charles N.	Greaves, David.
Collins, James.	Green, David B.
Collins, Stephen P.	Gregory, Camma.
Conger, Hiram M.	Gunn, William H.
Cunningham, Wm. H.	Heath, George W.

Hill, Alexander J.
 Houghton, Edward F.
 Johnson, Henry Clay.
 Johnston, John H.
 Kelley, Henry S.
 Kelly, William.
 Lally, Shepherd C.
 Leary, John.
 Lorimier, William H.
 McDonald, Andrew Y.
 McDonough, James.
 McHenry, Joseph H.
 McKinlay, Robert M.
 Martin, John L.
 Mathis, William R.
 Mattis, Silas W.
 Miller, Michael.
 Milton, Edward S.
 Minchrath, Hubbard.
 Mobley, William H.
 Moreing, Christopher W.
 Moreing, Levi J.
 Morgan, James B.
 Morse, Charles R.
 Munroe, Augustus.
 Northrup, Henry H.

O'Grady, James.
 Parris, Edward K.
 Pierce, George S.
 Poole, Horace.
 Quigley, Elijah B.
 Redmond, Charles P.
 Reed, Charles A.
 Rittenhouse, Adanaram J.
 Smith, Charles M.
 Smith, Samuel.
 Spear, Loyd E.
 Spottswood, Thompson A.
 Stratzel, John.
 Taylor, John W., Jr.
 Thompson, Frye W.
 Tisdale, Edgar.
 Turner, John.
 Wall, Francis M.
 Wall, James J.
 Webb, Lawrence.
 Weigel, Charles J.
 Westlake, George.
 Williams, James.
 Wright, Melville C.
 Zublin, Ralph D.

Total in Company, 94.

ROSTER OF CO. "K," FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

Thomas Z. Cook.....	Captain.
John C. Marvin.....	First Lieutenant.
George W. Stinson.....	Second Lieutenant.
John H. Stibbs.....	First Sergeant.
Isaiah Van Metre.....	Second Sergeant.
Edward Coulter.....	Third Sergeant.
Benjamin F. Whisler.....	Fourth Sergeant.
Robert L. Wilson.....	First Corporal.
John H. Hamon.....	Second Corporal.
Emanuel B. Carpenter.....	Third Corporal.
Joseph McClelland.....	Fourth Corporal.
Waldo B. Pixley.....	Musician.
Benjamin E. Eberhart.....	Musician.

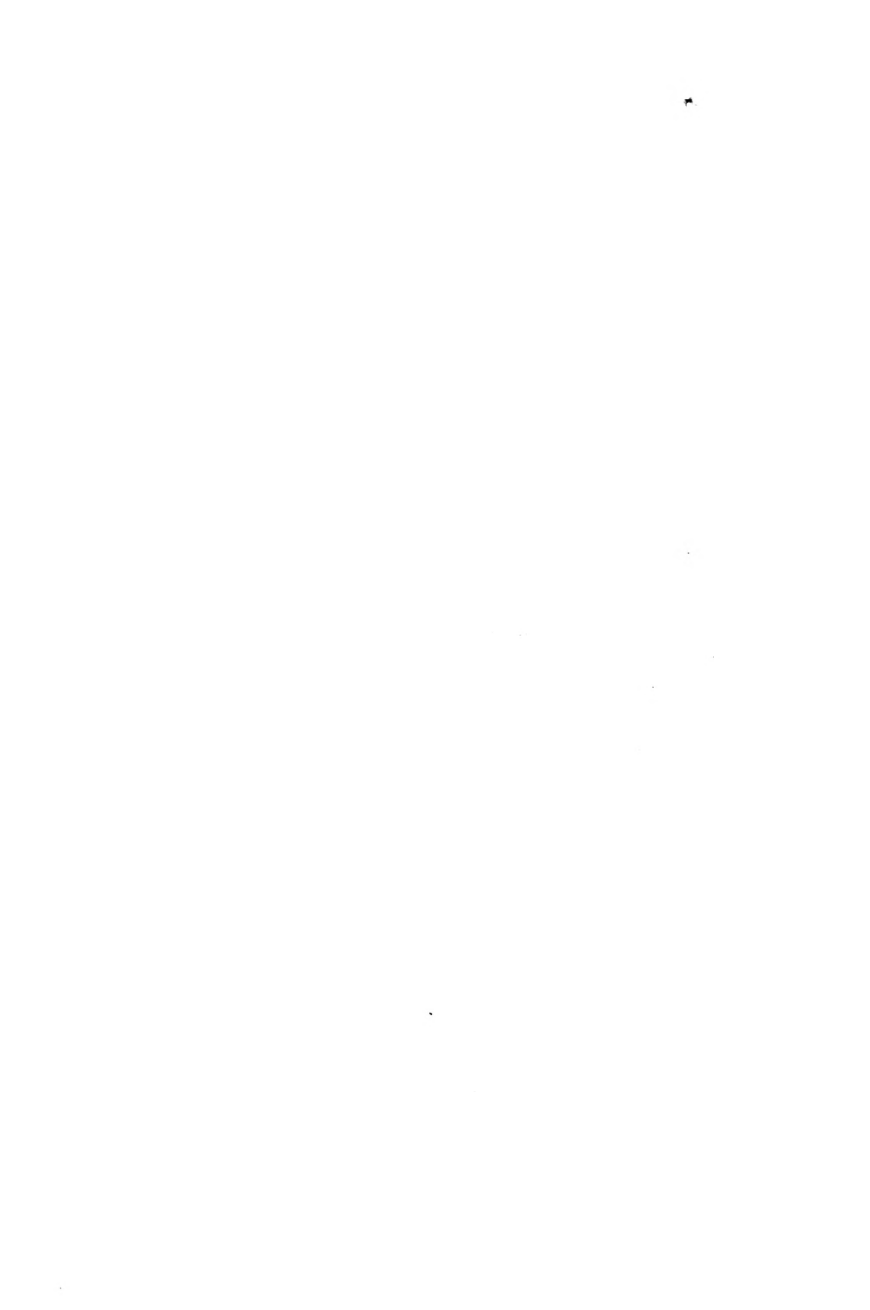
PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Agler, John.	Conley, William J.
Angell, George H.	Cook, Benjamin F.
Aylsworth, George W.	Coverston, Henry C.
Bates, Hiram C.	Daniels, John E.
Blood, Alvaro C.	Daniels, Joseph B.
Boyes, Harrison H.	Daniels, Samuel.
Burmister, George C.	Davis, Addison.
Butler, Benjamin E.	Deery, John J.
Calder, Edward.	Dewey, Robert P.
Carpenter, Paul.	Eckles, William G.
Chase, John M.	Ervin, Stewart.
Churchill, Almond J.	Esgate, Charles W.
Clark, John M.	Fellows, Edward P.
Collier, Alfred D.	Ferguson, Jason D.

Fisher, John B.	Robins, William D.
Fitzgerald, John H.	Robinson, John W.
Geddes, Andrew.	Rogers, Robert W.
Granger, George.	Ross, Henry W.
Hale, Hiel.	Russell, Nelson.
Hamon, Andrew.	Schoonover, Geo. F.
Hauger, Peter.	Secrest, James M.
Hayes, James C.	Shafer, William H.
Hazzlett, Richard W.	Sherry, Franklin J.
Holingrain, Augustus.	Smith, Christopher C.
Hollan, Joseph.	Smith, Joseph W.
Hoyt, Perry.	Soper, Erastus B.
Hubbart, William D.	Starkweather, John S.
Jacobs, William B.	Steven, Charles.
John, George A.	Stewart, Edward W.
Johnson, Nathaniel.	Stewart, Robert B.
Klump, Franklin.	Stewart, James O.
Little, James H.	Stine, John B.
McGowen, John.	Stinson, Robert.
McKee, Edwin R.	Taylor, Martin T.
McManas, Hiram J.	Thompson, Edward.
Mentz, Michael.	Vanarsdel, John N.
Miller, George C.	Vanderver, George F.
Morhead, James C.	Wilson, David H.
Murdock, Philip.	Winterstien, Lewis P.
Prescott, Barnet W.	Wynn, Cyrus.
Rifenstahl, George.	Yager, George H.
Rigbey, Allan T.	Zeigenfus, Lewis J. P.

Total in Company, 97.





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